PILLARS OF EMPIRE

W. L. & J. E. COURTNEY

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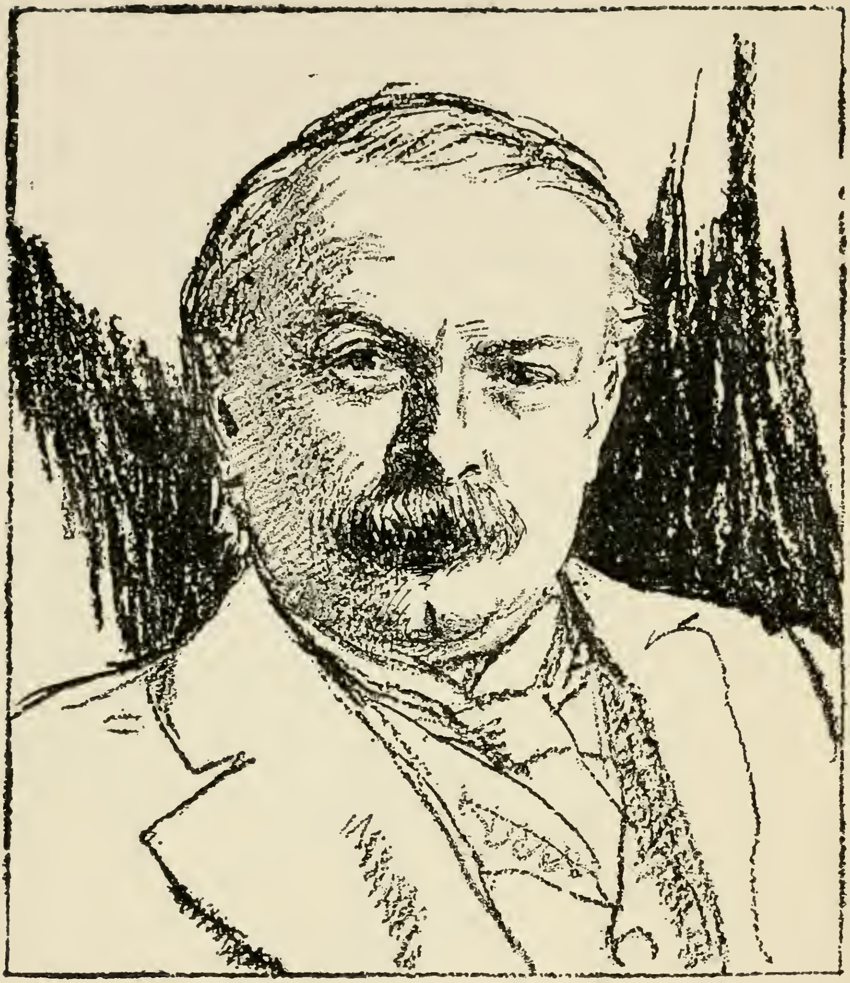

D Lloyd George

PILLARS OF EMPIRE

STUDIES & IMPRESSIONS

BY

W. L. & J. E.
COURTNEY

DRAWINGS BY CLIVE GARDINER

They builded better than they knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Emerson.

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I am greatly indebted to my wife for material assistance in writing this book, which, without her help, could not have been completed. I therefore desire to associate her name with mine on the title-page.

LONDON, *September* 1918.

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION :— I. POLITICIANS AND STATESMEN . 7

II. IMPERIALISM AND EMPIRE . . 25

CANADA

CHAPTER

I. LORD DORCHESTER 33

II. LORD DURHAM 44

III. SIR JOHN MACDONALD 58

IV. LORD STRATHCONA 70

V. SIR WILFRID LAURIER 79

VI. SIR ROBERT BORDEN 86

SOUTH AFRICA

I. AFRICAN EXPLORERS 93

II. SIR GEORGE GREY 102

III. SIR BARTLE FRERE 117

IV. CECIL JOHN RHODES 130

V. ALFRED MILNER AND JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN . 149

VI. GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA 162

VII. GENERAL SMUTS 177

AUSTRALASIA

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	CAPTAIN JAMES COOK AND THE EARLY EXPLORERS	193
II.	SIR HENRY PARKES	201
III.	COMMONWEALTH PREMIERS	208
IV.	SEDDON AND HIS SUCCESSORS	220

EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN

I.	GENERAL GORDON	229
II.	LORD CROMER	244
III.	LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM	259

INDIA AND THE FAR EAST

I.	LORD CLIVE	273
II.	THE HEROES OF THE MUTINY	284
III.	LORD CURZON	298
IV.	RAJAH BROOKE AND STAMFORD RAFFLES	313
	BOOKS CONSULTED	320
	INDEX	323

ILLUSTRATIONS

RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN 18

LORD STRATHCONA 70

SIR ROBERT BORDEN 86

LORD MILNER 149

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA 162

GENERAL SMUTS 177

MR. ANDREW FISHER 213

MR. W. M. HUGHES 217

MR. RICHARD J. SEDDON 220

LORD CROMER 244

LORD CURZON 298

PILLARS OF EMPIRE

INTRODUCTION

(1)

Politicians and Statesmen.

In a book which is dedicated to Empire Builders it is obviously inexpedient to include mere politicians. Mere politicians are for the most part concerned with essentially minor interests. Most days they have to battle with various divisions of the political community violently divided in their aims and their theories--some of them active on purely party grounds, others animated by personal rivalry, none of them supremely anxious as to the general structure and mutual relations of that great aggregate of free nations which we call the British Empire. Though this would apply to the majority of those who make their voices heard in the House of Commons, or who employ their eloquence on provincial platforms, it would not be true, of course, of leaders, who are bound to have wider aims. If we look at the present position, which is obviously one of transition, we see that while nearly all the activities of Parliament are concerned with matters, so to speak, of internal policy, such as, to name the capital instance, the future relations of Ireland towards Great Britain,

or, in a smaller degree, Electoral Reform, the men who stand in the forefront of the nation's hopes and resources are bound to consider wider issues, affecting the relationship of Great Britain towards its Allies in the war and towards the independent dominions over the seas. Mr. Bonar Law, for instance, has, whether he likes it or no, to employ such energies as he can spare from the War Cabinet to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the leadership of the House of Commons. Lord Curzon has administrative duties to discharge in reference to the House of Lords. Lord Milner is occupied with the details of the War Office. But there are others who are forced to look farther afield. There is Mr. Balfour, for instance, who presides over the Foreign Office, and who attempts to carry out his duties with sufficient detachment from ordinary politics to enable him to take an Imperial view of our obligations. There is Mr. Asquith, who is the head of something which approaches a regular Opposition, but who has constantly to check purely sectional activities with a view to the larger interests of the State. And there is also, most important of all, Mr. Lloyd George, who, as Prime Minister, represents Great Britain abroad, and in virtue of his position has to keep in touch at once with the War Cabinet, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, to say nothing of those various departments which have been created to superintend the work of munitions and regulate the food of the people.

Mr. Balfour.

Never was there so curiously discordant a trio as Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Balfour. I use the word "discordant" solely in view of the natural characteristics of the three men involved. Two of them are bound to work together because they belong

to the same administration. The third holds a more irregular position, as at once a critic and a dispossessed Premier. Mr. Balfour's temperament we know from much past experience. His instincts are aristocratic, his interests are at least as much philosophical and literary as political. He is a believer in the old diplomacy, and in all the replies which are extorted from him at St. Stephen's he manifests a real reluctance to giving even the smallest possible information to the country at large. He does this not because he mistrusts the democracy, but because he thinks the democracy ought to be led. However well the people mean, they are for the most part ignorant and require guidance. His own views remain in a fluid state, or at least such is the impression which his curiously remote personality gives to the public at large. Is he an Imperialist? Yes and no. Does he believe in Free Trade or Protection? We are not quite sure. Does he accept the dream of a future League of Nations, empowered to settle all the differences and arrange the future position of the members of the great European community? Here, too, it is only possible to give a guarded reply. Something of the dilettantism of the artist, something of the disdain of a thinker, appears in all his public career, while the community, who like clear definitions, are puzzled and baffled by the author of a book so significantly entitled *Philosophic Doubt*—who brings to bear on political problems many of those fine metaphysical distinctions, appropriate in a philosophical treatise but wholly out of place amid the broad currents of national life. Mr. Balfour has no great hold on the democracy, yet instinctively the democracy believes him to be an honest man, absolutely exempt from all temptations which might beset the partisan, serenely disdainful of all the vulgarity of sectional ambitions. Foreign nations trust Mr. Balfour, but he

is in no sense a leader. The people admire him at a distance, while for himself he asks neither for admiration nor praise. He is a characteristic example of the philosopher turned politician, while at the same time he warns us how little of Plato's dream of the proper government of States can be realized under modern conditions.

Mr. Asquith.

Mr. Asquith is the least interesting of the three statesmen whom we have mentioned. He is a good type of the ordinary party leader, eloquent in that style of eloquence which at most procures assent but rarely provokes enthusiasm, possessed of a balanced and antithetical style which pleases the ear but does not convince the understanding. He is a lawyer who likes clarity of judgment and plainness of statement. He has the faults of a lawyer. He is an apt exponent of professionalism, who, when once he seems to have his finger on the pulse of the nation, ultimately disappoints his very admirers, because of a certain narrowness of vision combined with a hard and dry intellectual force. In a serious crisis he is wanting in driving power He takes some time to make up his mind, and when at last his mind is made up, the opportunity for its exercise is wellnigh past. He has admirable virtues —of serenity, of self-possession, of self-control—he does not act in a hurry, even when circumstances seem to demand a certain precipitateness. He is an excellent representative of the higher type of the bourgeois intelligence, a leader of the great middle class which, as we have been so often assured, has made England what it is, and which is in a sense responsible for its want of imagination, its poverty of vision. It is not his fault that he has been made the leader in an attack on Mr. Lloyd George, marked by an unscrupulous

use of not the most estimable means. As a matter of fact he is a great deal better than the Liberal cohort whom he leads, far more inclined than they are to do justice to his opponents, careful and discriminating where they are impulsive and unjust. He would be a great leader of the Liberal Party in normal times; in abnormal times, when men do not care for party distinctions, his activities are ineffectual.

Mr. Lloyd George.

If Mr. Balfour is a philosopher and Mr. Asquith is a lawyer, Mr. Lloyd George is above all a man of action. So much we must begin by saying, although it is wholly inadequate as a description. Mr. Lloyd George possesses a dæmonic energy and is a mass of activities. When other of his contemporaries are inclined to rest on their laurels, or else require a certain amount of time in which to adapt themselves to a changing environment, the Prime Minister has an alertness which baffles all prophecy and which sometimes realizes a situation before it has occurred. In truth Mr. Lloyd George presents us with a curiously complex problem. His earlier life was that of the ambitious Radical, and in this aspect of his career he reminds us either of a Cleon in the Athenian democracy or of a Caius Gracchus in the Roman Republic. Because he is of Celtic origin he brings his imagination to bear on most of the issues presented to him, throws out phrases which have a wonderful appeal to the general mass of the public, sometimes shocks his audience by a vigour which is coarse, more often delights them with an appeal to ideas which they vaguely appreciate without fully understanding. In process of time this thoroughgoing Radical, with all his savage attacks on the House of Lords, his designs for securing pensions for the aged poor, his dreams of a new society on a democratic

basis in which all men will have equal opportunities, was forced by stress of circumstances to desert the narrow, parochial view of politics and to understand the larger scope of thought and ideas which opens before the mind of a statesman. The war has made Mr. Lloyd George, although from the point of view of his original admirers it would be equally true to say that the war has unmade him. At the present moment his power is unrivalled, both at home and abroad, more especially perhaps abroad, where he is looked upon as the incarnation of British tenacity and self-sacrificing spirit. Like Clemenceau in France, a Socialist has become an imperialist, or perhaps an equally apt parallel will be found in the case of Signor Orlando, who also has discovered that the war can only be won by the whole-hearted self-devotion of an entire people.

To the people at large Mr. Lloyd George appeals, and the character of his appeal is determined by the fact that it has nothing whatsoever to do with party divisions. That is possibly the secret of his power; for, indeed, if we examine his position it is by no means easy to see how and why he remains as the unquestioned leader of the English people. He has no party behind him. He is not really supported either by that section of the Conservatives who acquiesce in his claims, nor by the Labour Party for whom he has done so much in the past. The Liberal phalanx in the House of Commons absolutely detests him; the Irish Members, forgetful of the fact that he has been in the past a friend of Ireland, refuse to give him help. One would say that in Parliament he drives a lonely furrow. And yet he has only to go down to the House and meet his opponents face to face and the whole of the Opposition originally prepared to cabal against him lower their colours before so victorious a foe. The only possible explanation is that Mr. Lloyd George is a tribune of the people,

not a leader of any section of it. Outside London he is even more powerful than he is inside. Nor can there be any doubt that if by any possible means a plebiscite were to be organized on the question of the proper head of the administration, the answer would reveal that there is and can be only one such head, at all events while the war lasts—the man who began his career in a solicitor's office in Wales and realized his ambitions as Prime Minister not only of Great Britain but of the British Empire. He often mistakes the ground of his real power. He is apt to trust too much to the effects of his oratory, or to certain subtle gifts he possesses for overcoming obstacles. He is indeed very clever in meeting attacks and in suggesting the right compromise to settle highly controversial problems. But when all is said and done, and every explanation offered of a singular paradox, it remains true that Mr. Lloyd George is supreme, because he has a personality of his own, because he represents energetic force and driving power, and, perhaps, because through his imagination he has exactly that in which most Englishmen are deficient, both vision and prevision. The personality happens to be attractive, and therefore wins. Those who know him best will tell us that he is a most agreeable companion, a lover of children, a sympathetic friend. All this helps him on his way, but he reaches his end because he thoroughly realizes the character and nature of that end. Perhaps it would be also true to say that all means are acceptable if only the end can be attained. In a speech delivered at the end of May, at Edinburgh, Mr. Lloyd George himself gave so interesting an estimate of his position, that it deserves to be recalled.

"During the eighteen months I have been at the head of affairs I have had no party organization behind me to defend or publish my record, or to palliate or

excuse the inevitable shortcomings of any human being in such a tremendous responsibility. I never attempted to create an organization or to capture an organization. I have had neither time nor inclination for either. And in the absence of such an organization, a public man in this and in every democratic country must trust to the unaided and unprotected common sense and patriotism of the people. When attacked, I have appealed to the judgment of the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen, and I have never yet appealed in vain. They have called me to this colossal task; they have generously supported me in its discharge, making just allowances for its terrible, terrible difficulties. I do not propose, neither now nor later on, to defend myself against any personal criticisms. To do so would be unworthy of the dignity of great events; but there is one thing I want to say, and say it here in Scotland—that no mere intrigue or cabal would place at the head, in the chief direction, and maintain in the chief direction for eighteen months of the greatest Empire in the world, and the greatest days of its history, an ordinary man of the people, without rank or social influence or special advantage, and with no party organization behind him. I was put here, by the will of the people of the country, to do my best to win the war. And as long as I continue to do my best I feel I shall have behind me men of all parties and creeds, who place the honour of their native land and the freedom of mankind above the triumph of any faction."

Mr. Winston Churchill.

Of others who more or less fitfully hold the ear of the public, there is no one who occupies a more debatable position than Mr. Winston Churchill. No one doubts his ability, but most people mistrust his influence. In some moment of insight he sees more clearly than

those around him what ought to be done. Now and again his suggestions have an originality of their own which would indicate the possession of a sort of genius for statesmanship. Nor ought we to hesitate to say that even his wildest schemes show a genuine instinct for strategy. But the worst of it is that Mr. Winston Churchill seems unable to work comfortably with others. If for this reason we could leave the issues to himself alone, the prospect would be clearer. But that is precisely what we are unable to do. He is too reckless, too precipitate, too regardless of consequences, too wedded to his own standpoint. He appears to possess no tolerance, he is not endowed with statesmanlike patience. Any idea that dawns before his mind has to be executed at once, and, if possible, by himself alone. And in these respects he seems to the public at large a dangerous firebrand. His activities must be closely hedged round with every kind of precautionary measure in order to prevent a fiasco.

Occasionally he reminds us of Alcibiades, a man of immense vigour and indubitable intelligence, whose very gifts turned out to the disadvantage of the State. Those who know him best have the greatest belief in him; the people at large are inclined to mistrust him. Fitful and febrile in his excitements, he appears to be devoid of that wise self-control which we ask from a British statesman. Some of our great leaders of the past knew how to wait; Mr. Winston Churchill has never learnt that salutary lesson. No one denies his ability, but few people welcome the opportunity for its exercise. In a supreme position he strikes the community at large as dangerous; in a subordinate capacity he is apt to make himself impossible.

Sir Edward Grey.

Cleon and Alcibiades, we have their modern representatives—a reformed Cleon in the person of Mr.

Lloyd George, a less brilliant Alcibiades in that of Mr. Winston Churchill. But there was another figure who carried weight in Athens, a man of lofty character and of intense respectability, whose very virtues went far to ruin the Athenian democracy. Nicias would have shone in any capacity except that to which he was called by the exigencies of state. He would have led a peaceful commonwealth along paths of sobriety and self-control. But he was called to leadership in times of crisis, and he was never intended by Nature to ride the storm. To him perhaps might be applied the pungent epigram which Tacitus wrote of a much later statesman: "By universal consent a capable ruler—if only he had never ruled." Would not every one have also agreed that Sir Edward Grey—now Viscount Grey—was an ideal Foreign Minister for Great Britain—if he had never been Foreign Minister? Think of his claims. A perfectly honest man, to whom deceit in any form was impossible; a lover of peace in season and out of season, who accepted as an axiomatic truth that the main interest of Great Britain was the avoidance of war; an upright, reasonable diplomat who thought that every other diplomat was as upright and reasonable as himself; an open-minded politician, transparently sincere and possessed of no little personal dignity and an instinctive abhorrence of meanness and chicanery. Is not this the very portrait of an Englishman who dislikes intrigue, and breaks through diplomatic webs by the force of candour and uprightness?

It is true that Sir Edward Grey knew little or nothing of foreign countries and that his command of foreign tongues was, to say the least, meagre. But that again is a trait common enough in our countrymen, who think—or used to think—that it is sheer perversity which prevents foreigners from talking English. It is also true that he accepted his views of foreign politics

from Lord Haldane: and quite apart from the value of that particular influence, it does not seem to accord with the fitness of things that a British Foreign Minister should sit at the feet of any philosophic Gamaliel, least of all a Gamaliel whose title to political wisdom is dubious. At all events Sir Edward Grey had solid qualities and an impeccable reputation, and though he was a convinced Radical, he was trained in the school of Lord Lansdowne and enjoyed the confidence of Conservatives. And yet he failed. It is not easy to say why. What we are conscious of is that another kind of man would have managed things differently, would have seen that the crisis required another sort of handling, would have employed different methods. What methods? Well, a little brutality, to begin with. Sir Edward Grey could not be brutal.

What was it that Disraeli did when he felt that he was being jockeyed out of his proper attitude and was being forced to accept propositions utterly distasteful to him and the country he represented? He had a special train with the steam up, ready for him, at the Berlin station; and he took care that others should know that he was prepared to leave—without a moment's delay—if he could not get his way. Also on one occasion, when he was hard pressed, he did not hesitate to use the fatal words *Casus belli*—though his English pronunciation of the Latin words prevented his audience from understanding him. Disraeli dared to be truculent. For Sir Edward Grey truculence was impossible. Did he ever use threats, when these wily diplomats by their delays and hesitations and their tortuous circumlocutions were fastening invisible chains round his free initiative? Did he ever explain, in good, set, categorical terms, that in certain circumstances Great Britain would go to war, if she were foiled? He struggled desperately for peace.

But did he ever avail himself of Danton's device—*de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace?* He had a strong hand. Many a diplomatist would have bluffed on a far weaker hand. Disraeli would have, and Palmerston and Stratford de Redcliffe. But not Sir Edward Grey. He had all the virtues. But he never realized that under certain conditions suavity and good manners are not half so effective as a gust of bad temper. And the result was that Germany never believed that Great Britain would go to war and has ever since the fatal August days been ready to accuse our Foreign Minister of duplicity and to hint that he was the real cause of Armageddon. This is how a weak, conscientious man, through his very efforts to avoid hostilities, earns the perfectly unjust suspicion that he is at heart a Machiavelli.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

It is the misfortune of the times in which we live that our leading politicians are for the most part second-rate. Perhaps this phenomenon is not peculiar to Great Britain: the whole of Europe seems to be suffering from a want of that supreme leadership which wins wars and moulds the destinies of an epoch. The tyranny of the second-rate is the worst of all tyrannies because it has no excuse for its dominion: its lack of intelligence deprives it of the solitary reason why it should extort submission. Under a benevolent and highly intelligent despotism we may sometimes groan but we cannot protest. We acquiesce because we are so obviously in wise and safe hands. But when the second-rate rule, we are perpetually uneasy. We are not persuaded that our fates are supervised with reasonable skill and prudence; we rebel, if we can: and if we cannot, we grumble. That is our condition under the present regime, for with all the good wishes

Austen Chamberlain

in the world for our pastors and masters we are not satisfied as to their ability or as to their farsightedness. And they, in their turn, not being first-class men, hesitate to act with masterful decision. They ponder and reflect and ask for advice from this quarter or that: and meanwhile through their hesitation the good moment goes. Our politicians have many virtues, especially of the domestic order. They are diligent and laborious and painstaking and, no doubt, conscientious. But they have not that spark of genius which solves problems, nor yet that electric fire of personality which wins willing and instantaneous obedience.

Here is Mr. Austen Chamberlain, for instance. What is the utmost that we can say of him? That he is the son of his father. We could say the same of Lord Gladstone: and his contemporaries might have said the same of Pitt. But with how vast a difference in the two cases! Of Pitt's relation to Lord Chatham it might be said "of an able father a still abler son"—which is, I suppose, the masculine equivalent of the feminine compliment *Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.* But when memories of the father absolutely obliterate the career of the son, when the family name is the only common possession of the ancestor and the descendant, under what convenient veil of words can we disguise our disappointment? Once there was a Gladstone, and once there was a Chamberlain, but they have gone beyond recall. The present representatives live not on qualities they have inherited from their predecessors but on the faith of a great name.

Far be it from me to deny that Mr. Austen Chamberlain is an admirable official. On the contrary, that is exactly what he is. He is an entirely trustworthy, upright, earnest public servant, with a very high sense of all that his duty involves and a clear determination

to carry it out according to the utmost measure of his ability. He has also a very keen sense of personal honour, which is not so common a trait that it can pass without notice. When the hideous muddle in the early stages of the Mesopotamian Campaign came to light, Mr. Chamberlain was Secretary of State for India. As the Indian officials who planned the Expedition were responsible for the failure in transport, in hospital arrangements, in the supply of reinforcements and other things besides, Mr. Chamberlain took upon his own shoulders the burden of responsibility, and resigned his post. No one could have been inclined to blame him had he remained in office, for in such a matter he must have been guided by the advice of experts. But he was sensitive to the suggestions of his conscience as a public man. Technically he was to blame, though the man of the world might be quite ready to exonerate him. And therefore he acted from the high motives which become an honourable gentleman—a fact which the House of Commons, still retaining among its members a certain proportion of a vanishing class, was not slow to appreciate. But of course this proof of an upright spirit does not make Mr. Chamberlain a statesman, still less a constructive statesman such as our times require. If he had remained in office he would have had to carry out a scheme of reforms in India of a radical character, which his own conservative instincts might have disliked. Where Morley and Minto failed, was it likely that Austen Chamberlain would succeed? It is still doubtful how far the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme will solve the intricate Indian problem. But perhaps it is just as well that a change took place in the India Office.

Mr. Bonar Law.

In all ages and civilizations the great artists are few;

the good workmen are many. We have always to remember this truth in judging of commonplace times. England has always had the service of good workmen. She has not always done them justice, sometimes she has done them more than justice: but whether she has appreciated them at their right worth or made every mistake about them, they—the good workmen—have kept the commonwealth going. In a period of only average attainments let us be thankful, when we look at our Austen Chamberlains and our Bonar Laws, that our average is so high. Mr. Bonar Law is a good workman—no one can deny that fact: once he promised to be something more, or perhaps he was over-estimated by his zealous friends. But the odd thing about Mr. Bonar Law is that the war—which keyed up Mr. Lloyd George's energies to so high a pitch, and which for a few transient months seemed to turn Sir Edward Carson's narrow ardour into channels of exalted patriotism—has depressed and lowered a vitality which was always somewhat fitful into an apparently flat and changeless level of anæmia.

What is the explanation? Let us remember that Mr. Bonar Law was once the hope of the stern, unbending Unionists, that he was looked upon as an indubitable "coming man," and that his name was mentioned as that of a possible Prime Minister. But the compromise with political opinions alien from his own, which was required of him when he joined the Coalition Ministry, was fatal to his own ambitions. As a patriot he was required to unite with Mr. Asquith and Mr Lloyd George: as a politician there was much useful work for him to do; but as a possible statesman he slowly expired. To this depressing result must be added the deadening effect of too much occupation. Mr. Bonar Law has been scandalously overworked, partly no doubt owing to his own eagerness to be of service,

partly because his political chiefs have found his talents so useful. He is Chancellor of the Exchequer—that is enough, one would think, to tax one's powers at such a crisis in England's financial history. But he has besides a place in the War Cabinet, which meets constantly. And as if all this were a trifle, he has to lead the House of Commons; and since Mr. George has decided—perhaps wisely—to limit as much as he can his own attendance, Mr. Law has very onerous functions to fulfil and much stupid questioning to endure. And his work tells on his spirits. He is an extremely good speaker, of quite remarkable lucidity and with a rare sense of form, proportion, and order. If he is not inspiring, or if he has ceased to be inspiring, we must put the sad result down to the cumulative effect of overwork on an intellect never first-class in its range, but always highly efficient in a subordinate capacity.

Lord Derby.

Decidedly we miss Lord Kitchener. There may have been much to say against him or for him as a super-War Minister. His critics tell us that he was too apt to concentrate everything in his own hands, but that is a common trait with all masterful personalities. Of course, too, he was arbitrary, obstinate, perhaps domineering. But at least he had the qualities of a real genius: no one can deny that he was a first-class man. And for this reason, as well as for others, in our poverty-stricken era we deplore his loss—we miss him more and more every day. When the time comes for diplomacy to begin its arduous task in settling the conditions of peace, when we have to send plenipotentiaries to an European Council Chamber to establish our own position and to comprehend with sympathy the position of others, it is then above all that we shall

miss Lord Kitchener, for he was a born negotiator—witness the Treaty of Vereeniging—and he was a force in Europe. Perhaps—who knows?—he might have liked the post of an Ambassador, an Ambassador in Paris especially, for in the old days he had fought for France and our neighbours had a great admiration for him.

Lately when we wanted some high official and diplomat to represent the Court of St. James in the French capital, our Foreign Office—Mr. Balfour no doubt consenting—selected Lord Derby. For what reason? Perhaps because he had been Minister for War and therefore might be supposed to have inherited Lord Kitchener's mantle. It is difficult to find other reasons—except the generally accepted notion that Lord Derby is "a characteristic Englishman." Well, there are Englishmen and Englishmen, and so large and so comprehensive a category might well include, could not indeed help including, a Stanley. But it is sometimes forgotten that somewhere in England there are men of refinement and culture, men who love literature and art, and are keenly responsive to the higher moods of intelligence and imagination. There are also, no doubt, some men who do not so much represent England as the beef-steak on which Englishmen are traditionally fed. Lord Derby will get on with our neighbours well enough, we have no hesitation in saying, for they have a lively sense of humour and no small share of tolerance. But it seems a strange thing that at a moment like this, when we are on the happiest terms with Frenchmen and honestly desire that the Entente should broaden into a close and permanent alliance, welding two diverse nations into a lasting unity of hopes and ambitions and ideals, our representative in Paris should be not especially sympathetic to Art or Science or Literature or the

interests of Intellect and Imagination, but a man whose chief quality is a rough, sturdy and uncompromising common sense.

Mr. Walter Long.

Assuming—with the French critic—that there are a few British politicians, of whom perhaps Mr. Walter Long may be taken as a very illustrative example, who are not suitable " articles of exportation," and therefore not likely to influence the European future, we may naturally ask whether there is any promise of statesmanship among a more select class, capable of higher efforts of imagination and endowed with greater foresight and wider knowledge ? On the whole the depressing answer must be, in Parliamentary language " in the negative." And yet there may be one or two exceptions. Mr. E. S. Montagu is well esteemed by his friends, who seem inclined to push his claims as a potential administrator mainly on the ground that his constructive scheme of reforms in India is devised on large and liberal lines. It may be so. I hope that his admirers may be right in their forecast, although we have yet to see what kind of reception will be given to the Montagu-Chelmsford enterprise in both Houses of Parliament.

Lord Robert Cecil.

Meanwhile there is Lord Robert Cecil, lately added in a special capacity to aid Mr. Balfour in the conduct of Foreign Affairs. Most of the members of the Cecil family are distinguished and remarkable men in their very diverse capacities and predilections, albeit that they have a certain eccentricity of their own which makes it difficult for the public at large to understand them. Lord Robert Cecil has his full share of eccentricity, but he has lately developed gifts which have

made a considerable impression on the House of Commons and the country. His conduct of the Blockade has shown strength, purpose, mastery—especially welcome at a time when consistency and firmness are precisely the qualities of which the average politician has been devoid. Lord Robert is undeniably clever: his knowledge and experience have been growing from day to day: but he is also fearless, a rare attribute at any time, but especially rare at present. For some time he did not understand the House and the House did not understand him: nowadays he is listened to as an authority who not only knows what he is talking about, but who believes in his own views and has the courage to make them prevail. He is recognized as a man possessing many of the elements of statesmanship—a little arbitrary and dogmatic like his father, and inclined to domineer, but always with the mental background of knowledge and thought and endowed with foresight and a touch of the statesman's imagination. The only question is whether in Mr. Lloyd George's administration he will be given his full chance. But his recent appointment looks favourable, and it is clear that Mr. Balfour believes in him. If only Fortune is kind, Lord Robert Cecil will go far. The reconstruction of Europe after the war will give him his opportunity.

(II)

Imperialism and Empire.

When we speak of Builders of Empire or Pillars of Empire, we do not mean the politicians but statesmen with broad views who have carried out an intelligent and progressive policy. "Empire" must be carefully

defined, for it is a word of sinister associations, and Imperialism in its acutest form is best illustrated in the German Empire of to-day—a structure which is repressive of all interests except those of the ruling faction, a despotism exercised for the sake of the most powerful member, who has his seat in Berlin. Empire, indeed, is usually connected with ideas of conquest, and inasmuch as the results of that conquest mean the enslavement of peoples, the whole sphere covered by the term exhibits in concentrated form a supreme military autocracy. In the flourishing times of the Greek Republics Athens stood at the head of what was originally a voluntary association of islands and cities usually known as the Delian Confederacy. But Athens herself was more powerful than any other member of the League, and gradually in her own interests converted it into an Athenian Empire. Originally the contributory States sent a certain number of vessels as their quota towards the establishment of the Athenian navy. Then, because this was an inconvenient procedure, money contributions were accepted instead, and the whole position of the members was changed from that of associates into dependants and subjects. So long as Athens herself was powerful she derived every possible advantage from the Confederacy of Delos, but when the structure showed signs of decay, when the ruin caused by the failure of the Sicilian expedition had become manifest to all men, the islanders were only too glad to raise the standard of revolt from a mistress whose exactions had all along been difficult to bear. Inasmuch as the confederacy had been held together by force, and force alone, it could not endure a time of stress. The subjects rose in revolt directly the authority of the mistress was impugned.

This is an instance of an Empire which is a despotism. The Roman Empire itself was based on the idea of

military conquest, and Virgil, as the poet-laureate of his day, assured his countrymen in well-known verses that their business was to rule peoples:—

> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

But the Roman idea was far more liberal than the Greek. Roman governors were expected to pay due regard to the religious and social prejudices of the various provinces of Empire. A reign of Law was established. If we cannot say that Rome was in any sense unselfish in this matter, or that she thought exclusively for the benefit of her subject populations, it is at least true that the Roman Empire signified the extension of civilizing influences over inferior populations and the welding of the various elements and parts into a consistent whole. Provincials could become Roman citizens and acquire valuable privileges. Above all the Roman Empire meant peace, peace throughout all the countries that border the Mediterranean. When Spain and Holland formed their Empires they were based on the antique model, and the German Empire to-day would laugh with infinite derision at any idea that the welfare of colonials, or subject populations, was the main interest of the governing power. To them Empire means dominion on the part of the conquerors, subjection, almost slavery, on the part of the conquered.

Various motives explain the imperial activities of European peoples. Only nations—States—are colonizing Powers, and therefore one of the very first motives is a spirit of national pride, a consciousness of strength, a desire to prove that strength at the cost of others. Or, again, we have the desire for commercial profits. As nations grow bigger they import luxuries, raw materials for their own industry, or, in some cases, food for populations unable to feed themselves. So,

again, any virile people will desire to propagate its political and its religious ideas. Full of pride at its own success, it naturally enough challenges the rest of the world in order to prove the superiority of its own civilization. It is full, too, of a missionary zeal and a laudable desire to eradicate superstition and spread abroad the principles of a better faith. Nor, indeed, have we yet exhausted the various motives which lead nations to colonize. We must also take stock of the need for finding new homes for a surplus population. Young and ardent spirits, loving romance and pioneer work, engineer expeditions to foreign climes and provide a new scope for the energies of those no longer wanted in their own crowded homes. In one or other of these ways, or in all combined, a nation founds its colonies and broadens the basis of its own authority in the world history.[1] And then arises the serious and important question how these colonies are to be dealt with, in what spirit we are to enter into relations with them, how they are to be made into helpful elements, valuable factors in a wide-flung realm of Empire. For in Great Britain the interesting point is that far-seeing statesmen, confronted with new problems, have gradually transformed the old idea of Empire, metamorphosed the principles of government, and on the ruins of a despotic authority have founded a confederacy of free and independent peoples.

In reviewing a past period of history we are apt to imagine that a great reform, or the conception of a great idea, had a regular and uniform course of development from the first germ to the complete efflorescence. But in reality progress is never in a straight line: it curves and bends and appears to go back through reactions and recoils which in some subtle way help the advance. The idea that colonies governed from

[1] Cf. Prof. Ramsay Muir's books, esp. *The Expansion of Europe.*

home and dependent on the mother country could change into a vast confederation of free dominions held together by the slenderest and yet the most tenacious of ties, is not one the evolution of which was steady and normal from birth to maturity. It grew out of lines of policy apparently unconnected with it and owed progress to conditions which at the time seemed frankly adverse. For instance, the tenets of the Manchester school do not of themselves suggest a propitious atmosphere for Empire building. And yet in a way they were certainly not unpropitious. The notion that colonies were like fruits which must drop off the tree when they are ripe carried with it a certain detachment of thought and feeling between mother and children, which helped in no small degree the growing sense of independence in the colonies themselves. At all events, if we take it for granted that, whether we wish it or no the painter must inevitably be cut and the boats drift off for themselves, we have banished the old theory that colonies exist for the benefit of the nation at home.

So too with the consequences of the Free Trade theory as held by Adam Smith, Ricardo and Malthus. Free Trade rigorously applied means that each nation must produce and export that which it can produce and export best and cheapest; and if colonies are included in that international division of labour, the relations between them and Great Britain must be the same as those which obtain between foreign nations and Great Britain—in other words the colonies must be regarded as self-supporting and independent communities. In such fashions the old Imperialism is knocked on the head and the ground is being prepared for the new Imperialism. Meanwhile thinkers like Edward Gibbon Wakefield, with his *View of the Art of Colonization* (1847), exercised a positive influence on the problem,

by insisting on the necessity of some method in dealing with these lusty children of the Motherland, whose progressive education must not be left to chance but must be regulated and controlled. Why should they be allowed to grow up according to their own sweet will, when their land was so wanted for the needs of a surplus population at home? To these influences was added the growth of humanitarianism. Missionaries worked among native races, trying to inculcate higher social and moral ideas. Slavery was abolished. Protection was demanded for undeveloped races. Natives must not be exploited for purposes of commercial greed. Countries must be administered in their own interest, not in the interest of the conquerors or governors.

And now the time was ripe and the soil had been prepared for the blossoming of the great constructive idea—the implicit and wholesale belief in the virtue of self-government. Such a conception was beyond the range of the party politician. It could only be conceived and adopted in the minds of constructive statesmen, such as Sir George Grey, Lord Durham and, to some extent, Lord John Russell. Great fertilizing principles were involved. Here is one: A community can only grow if it is made responsible for its own development. Here is another: The difficulty with colonies is not that they have too much freedom, but that they have not enough. They must be given a free field. They must be allowed to make their mistakes in order to learn in the hard school of experience. And not to mention any other effects of this liberal attitude, we attain to a discovery which may almost be called startling. The most effective tie between Great Britain and her Dominions and Commonwealths in distant seas is not government in the ordinary sense of the word, but participation in kindred institutions. In one sense

the link is of the slenderest ; in another, it is far stronger than iron. It is a moral and spiritual union, subtle, intangible, pervasive. It is the common possession of similar ideals. We can mark the date when these pregnant principles first took shape. Lord Durham's Report on Canada was followed by the Canada Act of 1840. Twelve years later, in 1852, Australia obtained the same concessions. We have to wait many years before South Africa—thanks very largely to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—was admitted into the circle of self-governing peoples. India's turn has yet to come, because in her case the amalgam of races and creeds and the existence of caste renders the problem peculiarly difficult. But it will come—who can doubt it ? And then the British Empire will mean that most wonderful thing in the world—a voluntary partnership of independent communities, possessing kindred institutions and united by a common faith.

To the Empire Builders who in their various ways enlarged and developed this conception the following pages are dedicated.

Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,

. . . . .

Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice
Panic, despair, flee away.

. . . . .

Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

(*Matthew Arnold.*)

CANADA

CHAPTER I

LORD DORCHESTER

(1724–1808)

Canada's Early History.

To understand the importance to the Empire of Guy Carleton, first Baron Dorchester, we need to recall the early history of our North American colony. Though discovered by an Englishman, Canada was for nearly two hundred years in the occupation and possession of France. John Cabot of Bristol reached its shores in 1497; Jacques Cartier, a Frenchman of St. Malo, followed him in 1534. Neither, however, effected anything like a settlement. Theirs were only those voyages of discovery dear to the trading seamen of the adventurous centuries. For fully a hundred years Canada was left to the fur traders and the fishermen; its wealth was not in its fertile plains, but in its vast forests and its frozen rivers. If its records had been reduced to writing, no adventure books for boys could have afforded more fascinating reading. But the perils of the early hunters and trappers from wild beasts, from river rapids and from ferocious tribes of Red Indians must be left to Jules Verne and Fenimore Cooper.

By the time Canadian history begins the fur trade was of sufficient importance to have brought about a

struggle for monopolies. In 1603 Samuel de Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence, sent by various fur-trading companies to look after their interests. The next year be established Port Royal on the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia, the first and most ill-fated of the Canadian French colonies. In 1608 he founded Quebec. Later he passed southwards, named Lake Champlain, which Lord Dorchester was to make famous, and, with a vague idea that he was voyaging to China, sailed westwards to Lake Huron and Lake Ontario.

He met with English opposition. During the Thirty Years War an English expedition from Virginia nearly wiped out Port Royal. But with peace the North American fur settlements reverted to France, and her great imperial and colonizing statesman, Cardinal Richelieu, gave his protection and the control of the St. Lawrence Valley to the "Company of One Hundred Associates." It was to have a monopoly of trade. It was also to take out annually three hundred French Catholic colonists and thus to convert the North American settlements into a flourishing province of His Most Catholic Majesty, Louis XIII. In this project the Company was powerfully aided by the zeal of the Catholic missionaries, Franciscans, Sulpicians, Ursulines and, above all, Jesuits, whose adventures amongst the Indians may be read in their *Relations* and bear comparison with the most romantic tales of the earlier fur traders. Many a missionary met a martyr's death. Those who survived were for long the only civilizing influence amongst the fierce warriors of the Iroquois and Huron tribes, whose internecine strife threatened to extinguish the weak and scattered French colonies.

As a trading and colonizing Power, France was no success. She can show no records to compare with those of the Old World East India Company. Even when the first trading company's charter had been

repealed, and New France had become a royal province under Louis XIV, the companies formed to organize her West Indian and Canadian commerce were dismal failures. Exploration fared better, largely owing to the daring of the missionaries, who penetrated to the sources of the Mississippi and established a mission on Lake Superior. Indeed, the greatest of all the Frenchmen who came to Canada, and the one who left the deepest mark upon its history, was the Catholic bishop François Xavier de Laval Montmorency, who, like his greater namesake, the saint of the sixteenth century, might well have been called "the Apostle of the Indians." Where he could have his way, he imposed upon New France an asceticism as strict as that of any New England Puritan. He excommunicated all who supplied brandy to the natives, displaced recalcitrant Governors and, until he met his match in the Comte de Frontenac (named Governor in 1672), was the real ruler of New France in the name of the Church.

The eighteenth century saw a renewal of the struggles with England. Frontenac had proved the strong military chief which the French colonies needed. His temporary withdrawal in 1682, owing to Xavier's influence, had been followed by a ferocious onslaught of the Iroquois, which almost strangled the colony. He returned to face the crisis, and though again and again the savage tribes revolted, by 1696 they were suing for peace. Six years previously a prolonged border warfare against the New Englanders had resulted in an English conquest of Acadia (Nova Scotia). The French meanwhile were trying to follow up their explorers' gains on the Lakes. When the war in Europe was terminated by the Peace of Utrecht (1713), France relinquished Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the Hudson's Bay settlements to England, whilst retaining for herself the shores of the St. Lawrence and the control of the interior.

She could do little, however, to consolidate her colonies without a larger immigration than the mother country could supply; and she could not defend them without an adequate navy. The New Englanders seized every opportunity of aggression, not always waiting for a state of war in Europe before attacking their neighbours. In 1756 the Seven Years War gave them the chance they sought, and with General Wolfe's great victory on the Plains of Abraham and the taking of Quebec Canada passed finally under British dominion. Its conquest was ratified by the Peace of Paris (1763), when the whole of New France was formally ceded to Great Britain.

Beginnings of British Administration.

For the preceding three years the colony had been under the military rule of General Murray, an able administrator with the military man's contempt—in this case not unjustified—for the civilian traders whom it was his business to protect. He much preferred to associate with the French Canadian *seigneurie*, men of polite manners and sufficient education, and he had a genuine liking for the peasants or *habitants*, who held their land from the *seigneurs* on the principles of French feudal tenure. There was endless trouble with the British colonists, whom Murray described in his letters to the Home Government as "men of mean education, either young or inexperienced, or older men who had failed elsewhere" (a type not unfamiliar in later colonial history!), and again as "licentious fanatics." Yet these "licentious fanatics" clamoured for all the plums, and regarded their attachment to the Protestant religion as sufficient qualification for exercising domination over the ninety thousand French "new subjects."

Murray was justly indignant with his "four hundred

and fifty contemptible traders and settlers," who claimed to man all juries, to monopolize the judicial bench and to penalize the religion of the great mass of their fellow-inhabitants. In a formal report, after his return home, he described the British Protestant population as " men with their fortune to make, few of them solicitous about the means where the end can be obtained ; in general the most immoral collection of men I ever knew, and of course little calculated to make the new subjects enamoured with our laws, religions and customs, far less adapted to enforce these laws and to govern."

Carleton's First Governorship.

To these "contemptibles" came Guy Carleton in 1766 as deputy Governor, Murray, now in England, remaining titular Governor for another three years. Carleton had already seen service in Canada as Wolfe's Quartermaster-General. He had previously served with distinction on the Continent under the Duke of Cumberland ; but some disparaging comment of his on the King's Hanoverian troops had given mortal offence to George II, who twice put his pen through Carleton's name when Wolfe asked to have him on his staff. Pitt and Wolfe together, however, finally prevailed on the King to appoint him.

Carleton was the third son of an Irish landowner in County Down. He was of Irish-Scottish descent and at eighteen entered the Army. Up to the age of forty-two his training had been purely military, and, beyond Wolfe's good opinion of him, there was nothing to show his fitness for high administrative work. But Canada needed a soldier as well as a Governor, as the American Revolution was shortly to prove. In the meantime it was crying out for a ruler with just the firmness and broad-minded sympathy which its new Governor possessed.

One of his first acts was to snub his Council severely for venturing to question his right to consult individual councillors. Next he relinquished by proclamation all fees and perquisites attached to his office, so that "for the King's service his representative at least shall be thought unsullied." Then he turned his attention to the racial and legal difficulties inevitable in a country containing two nationalities in disproportionate numbers, with different religions and different codes of law, faced by many dangers from aboriginal savages. These difficulties his justice and kindness did much to remove. He exposed the malpractices of the English colonists, who entrapped the French *habitants* into money entanglements and then had them arrested for debt. He got experts to look into French Canadian laws and customs, and codified the Civil Law of the province. Finally he secured to the French Canadians their privileges in regard to religion and land tenure by the passing of the Quebec Act (1774). This Act gave freedom of religion to the Roman Catholics, preserved the Canadian civil code, and for criminal procedure confirmed the use of the more humane English code which had already become popular.

There was much opposition, both in the name of religion and in the name of the so-called "freedom of trial by jury"—meaning the freedom of French-Canadian *habitants* to be placed at the mercy of a jury of British colonists. During the discussions of the Parliamentary Committee in London, Carleton was asked if he knew a certain Le Brun, one of the spokesmen of the Canadian malcontents. "Yes," said Carleton, "I know him very well. He was a blackguard at Paris and sent as a lawyer to Canada, where he gained an exceedingly bad character, was taken up and imprisoned for an assault on a young girl of eight or

nine years old, was fined twenty pounds——" Here another member hastily interrupted the downright proconsul; but enough had been said to show up the true character of much of the opposition.

There can be little doubt that the Quebec Act and all it stood for saved Canada for England. Had Canada sided with the revolting American colonies, there would have been an end of British rule on the American continent. Carleton, who had been for over three years in England engineering the Quebec Act, returned to Canada as soon as it was passed, taking with him his wife, Lady Maria Howard, younger daughter of the Earl of Effingham. Tradition has it that he had first proposed for the elder daughter, who was in despair at having to refuse him but could not accept him because she was already engaged to his nephew!

The American Revolution.

Carleton had hoped to inaugurate an era of peaceful administration. Instead he found himself engaged in a life-and-death struggle for the preservation of the colony. Almost the first letters he received on arrival were from General Gage at Boston, asking him to dispatch at once two British regiments to Massachusetts. This left him with only one thousand regulars, and the power of raising an unwilling and undependable force of Canadian militia. Disaffection throughout the colony was being sedulously promoted by American emissaries, and when, in 1775, the American revolution broke out and Canada was invaded by New England troops under Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, Carleton's position was wellnigh desperate. He had looked to a force under Major Stopford to hold Fort Chambly, south of Lake Champlain; but Stopford surrendered after a siege of but thirty-six hours, and had not even the wits to throw his stores and his

powder into the river before surrendering. The force at St. John's, the key of Canada, held out two months; but Carleton was unable, for lack of men, to relieve it. He was compelled to evacuate Montreal and fell back upon Quebec, where, in mid-winter and almost without firewood, he sustained a six months' siege by the combined forces of Montgomery and Arnold.

"Till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered," wrote the American commander to his father-in-law. And Quebec remained untaken, thanks to Carleton's courage and inspiring demeanour. "General Carleton wore still the same countenance" writes one of the besieged in his diary; "his looks were watched and they gave courage to many; there was no despondency in his features. He will find a numerous band to follow him in every danger. He is known, and that knowledge gave strength and courage to the garrison." His constancy met with its reward. On May 6, 1776, British ships sailed up the St. Lawrence and the siege was raised. Canada remained unconquered.

His next step was to plan an advance into the enemy's country. With an improvised fleet he swept Lake Champlain clear of enemy craft after a miniature naval battle, and then went into winter quarters. This gave offence at home, where apparently little was known of the possibilities of campaigning in a Canadian winter. Germain, perhaps the most incompetent of British Colonial Secretaries, accused him of having by his inaction contributed to the defeat and surrender at Trenton, three hundred miles distant, of a Hessian force. Carleton showed up this absurdity in no measured terms. Nevertheless be received orders from home that General Burgoyne was to take over the military command, and that he himself was to remain at Quebec, where there was little or nothing to require his presence. He sent in his resignation, but remained in office for

another year, continuing to administer the province with unabated zeal.

He had shown no rancour against Burgoyne; on the contrary, he assisted him assiduously in his preparations and took leave of the force in July, when it started on the ill-fated expedition which ended in the surrender at Saratoga (October 17, 1777). Carleton's dispatches continued as laconic and business-like as ever. There was no note of triumph at the failure, though he cannot but have cherished a modest belief that he might have arranged things better. Apparently others shared that belief, for, after Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown in 1781, Carleton was sent back to America as Commander-in-Chief. Peace was in sight, and there were many difficulties to be faced, not least of them the future of the American Loyalists, who had fought for the British Crown and must now either be settled in Canada or reconciled with the victorious Americans. The situation needed all Carleton's statesmanship. America refused to pay the Loyalists any compensation for the confiscation of their property. Consequently, when peace was finally signed and the British were to evacuate New York, Carleton determined to take the Loyalists with him. Owing to shortage of transport the operation took six months, and only Carleton's firmness and courtesy could have overcome the impatience and irritation of the Americans.

Second Governorship.

Carleton went home at the end of 1783 and was shortly afterwards created Baron Dorchester. In 1786 he was again appointed Governor-General of Canada. This time he went out with wider powers than were entrusted to any previous Governor, and he had to govern a population vastly increased by the addition of forty thousand Loyalist immigrants. Once again

it was his task to keep the colony quiet and loyal, throughout the strong ferment occasioned by the French Revolution and the subsequent war with the French Republic. The presence of the Loyalists, and their bitter hatred of the United States, had created new problems. The British element was now much stronger, and a prevailingly French Canadian form of government was no longer suited to the colony. Dorchester saw that, if the mistake made with America was not to be repeated, it was necessary to grant more representative institutions framed on the British model. He was, however, at a loss to know how an Assembly could be best constituted "in a country where nine-tenths of the people do not yet understand even the nature of an Assembly." The scheme finally adopted, which divided the Province into Upper and Lower Canada, each with a nominated Legislative Council and an elective House of Assembly (Constitutional Act, 1791), was intended by the British Government to meet the racial difficulty; but Dorchester did not approve of it, and it certainly led to trouble in the succeeding century. He retained his governorship until 1796, though for the rest of his term he was much in England and governed chiefly by deputy. After his final retirement he lived at his country house, "Stubbings," near Maidenhead, and died there in 1808.

He left no private correspondence, for his wife, who long survived him and retained to the last the stately manners she had learned as a girl at Versailles, destroyed all his papers. But his contemporaries have left us a picture of a man jealous for the honour of England, a stern foe to bribery and time-serving, kind and just in his dealings with those whom he had to govern, independent and careless of what men thought of him. In manners, appearance and hospitality he was always *grand seigneur*; in his love of French culture he was so

well disposed to Frenchmen and French Canadians as to be unjustly accused of partiality; and to him, more than to any of her subsequent Governors, Canada owes it that she has retained the loyalty of her French-speaking population. The satisfaction of the aspirations of British colonists belongs to a later and more Radical age—to the period succeeding the Reform Bill; and it is inseparably associated with the name of Lord Durham.

CHAPTER II

LORD DURHAM

(1792–1840)

John George Lambton, first Earl of Durham, popularly known in his lifetime as "Radical Jack," was asked by Lord Melbourne in 1837 to go out and deal with the alarming state of affairs in Canada. It was the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, and it certainly looked as if the young Queen were in danger of losing her American dominions. During the forty years which had intervened between Dorchester and Durham, Canada had had a series of Governors more or less ineffective, who had struggled in vain with a situation of ever increasing difficulty.

Racial Difficulties in Canada.

The separation of Upper from Lower Canada, intended to soften racial disagreements, had worked no better than Lord Dorchester had anticipated. He had been anxious to avoid the friction which in America had led to war and the formation of a republic. But in conciliating the French Canadians and practically constituting them a separate nationality, he had sacrificed the interests of any future British population of Lower Canada. When a large number of American United Empire Loyalists were added to the British colonists, it is plain that serious trouble was likely to result. These more enterprising immigrants found themselves subjected to hampering legislation, and, owing to faulty

naturalization laws, were without a voice in their own government.

The trouble was greatest in Lower Canada. Here the French Canadians were, and still are, in an enormous majority. The race is prolific, and the Church encourages early marriages. Education was for long very defective, and the *habitants*, holding their land on feudal tenure under the Custom of Paris, were almost entirely controlled by the priests and the Canadian *seigneurie*. The Constitutional Act had given them an elective House of Assembly; but its members, elected by the preponderating French Canadian vote, were for the most part notaries, but little superior to the peasant class from which they sprang. Yet these men had the levying of the taxes and the spending of the revenue, which was mainly provided by the more active and prosperous British immigrants.

In Upper Canada things were rather better, because the British and Americans were in a majority. But here, too, there was trouble owing to the survival of antiquated laws concerning Church privileges and owing to the oligarchical tendencies of the Loyalists, who appeared to regard their former services to the British Government as entitling them to a privileged position in perpetuity. By the Constitutional Act one-seventh of all grants made from Crown lands was to be set apart "for the support of a Protestant clergy." For the next thirty years this provision was interpreted, and rightly interpreted, as meaning for the support of an Anglican clergy. Though the interpretation was sometimes questioned, it was not seriously disputed until about 1821, when the increasing numbers of Presbyterians and Methodists had destroyed the Episcopalian majority.

Among these Dissenters, as they would have been called in Great Britain, were many immigrants of

radical opinions, who viewed with marked disfavour the power of the little group of original Loyalist families, closely connected by intermarriage and for the most part pupils of a well-known clergyman, Dr. Strachan. These Loyalists, though themselves sprung from Republican stock, regarded any claim to share their privileges on the part of newer immigrants as evidence of a disloyal and dangerously republican spirit. An agitation arose against the "Family Compact," or self-constituted colonial aristocracy, which found a voice in the writings of William Lyon Mackenzie, editor of the *Colonial Advocate.* Mackenzie was an impetuous journalist and a born agitator, and he finally raised the standard of revolt on the American border. His was an absurd and abortive rising, which could never have come to anything; but, synchronizing as it did with the more serious French Canadian revolt in Lower Canada led by Louis Papineau, it alarmed the Home Government.

Papineau's insurrection had resulted in serious fighting, particularly at the village of St. Eustache, where a British Canadian volunteer force under Colborne broke loose from restraint and massacred a large number of the insurgent French Canadians. When the news of this revolt and of Mackenzie's foolish rising reached England, the excitement was intense. The Radical Party were inclined to exult in what they regarded as a second American Revolution; but the then Premier, Lord John Russell, backed up by both Whigs and Tories, at once brought in a Bill to suspend the Constitution of Lower Canada for two years and to provide for the dispatch of Lord Durham to Canada as Special Commissioner.

Durham's Political Antecedents.

This was in January 1838. The suggestion was not new as far as Durham was concerned, for Lord Mel-

bourne had already made it the previous summer. The malicious said he wanted to get rid of a thorn in the flesh, and his own letter to Durham shows that he feared that interpretation of his well-meant proposal. Durham was without doubt a difficult man to fit into any Whig Cabinet of the opportunist kind. He had already been sent twice to St. Petersburg because "the dissenting Minister," as he was dubbed by the wits, was obnoxious to more moderate reformers. He was, as a matter of fact, a hereditary Radical. His grandfather refused a peerage out of loyalty to Fox, and his father, William Henry Lambton, of Lambton Castle, Durham, was chairman of the Friends of the People, a Society which in 1792 was struggling for freedom of election and more equal representation. The Lambton family was an old one, and John George succeeded to the family estates at the age of five. He was entrusted first to the care of a doctor at Bristol, whence he went to Eton and afterwards into the Army; but his bent was towards politics, and in 1813 he entered Parliament as one of the members for the county of Durham. This seat he held until 1828, when he was raised to the peerage, and from 1815 onwards he took a prominent part in opposing Tory measures.

A year later he married, as his second wife, the eldest daughter of Lord Grey and became more closely connected than ever with the party of Reform. His first marriage with Henrietta Cholmondeley, the beautiful but illegitimate daughter of Lord Cholmondeley by a French actress, had been a boyish and romantic affair. The pair ran away to Gretna Green and were married by the blacksmith, the bridegroom being only nineteen and the bride no older. For four years they were ideally happy; but the girl wife died of consumption in 1815, and of the three daughters of this union two died quite young, and the third a year after her

marriage, at the age of twenty-three. Lambton was for a time an inconsolable widower, and, with characteristic impetuosity, wanted to forswear public life. But after a year of travel he came back to work, and his second marriage to Lady Louisa Grey proved the beginning of a happy and sympathetic companionship.

Grey must at times have found his son-in-law a trial; but he had a real affection and admiration for him, and when he took office in 1830 he made Durham Lord Privy Seal. In the preceding decade Durham had distinguished himself as an advocate of parliamentary reform, particularly in the direction of a wider franchise and shorter Parliaments. He had also warmly espoused the cause of the unfortunate Queen Caroline. In later years he was on terms of confidential friendship with the Duchess of Kent and her brother Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, and through them with the young Queen Victoria.

As a member of Grey's administration Durham fought hard for Reform, and had a larger share than is always ascribed to him in drafting the Bill, which, after being defeated in 1831, became law in 1832. But in suggesting election by ballot and in other directions he was inclined to go considerably beyond his colleagues, and they were not sorry to get rid of him for a time by sending him as Ambassador Extraordinary to St. Petersburg. Indeed, King William IV, who called Durham "Robert le Diable" and had not forgiven the active part he had taken in pressing for the creation of peers to force the Reform Bill through the Lords, openly thanked God that he had got rid of him for some months!

Durham was very successful in his dealings with the Emperor Nicholas I., so much so that he might not unreasonably have looked forward to inclusion in Melbourne's Cabinet as Foreign Secretary. But Palmerston had ambitions in that direction, and Durham had

aroused the bitter antagonism of Brougham and others. All that was offered to him was a permanent ambassadorship to St. Petersburg, and with commendable self-sacrifice and devotion to duty he accepted it. His health, never strong, had become seriously affected. He had lost his beloved eldest boy, the beautiful "Master Lambton" of Lawrence's picture; and this, together with the death of the last remaining daughter of his first marriage, preyed much on a nature singularly affectionate and dependent. Even as a child he had shown a tendency to morbid excitement, and all his life he was subject to rushes of blood to the head and excruciating neuralgia. All this had a good deal to do with the irritability which made Lord John Russell say of him, "Everybody must doubt whether there can be peace or harmony in a Cabinet of which Lord Durham is a member."

But in the North of England, his own country, he was adored. And in Glasgow, when he visited it in 1834, over one hundred thousand persons assembled to hear him speak. To rising Radicals, such as Molesworth and Parkes, he was the hope of the future, and they looked confidently to see him one day at the head of a Radical Administration. To turn from this prospect to a Canadian governorship, however flatteringly offered, was an undoubted sacrifice, all the greater because of his failing health and the almost superhuman difficulty of the task before him.

Canadian Governorship.

He made that task more difficult by an unwise choice of lieutenants. He was a bad judge of men, but loyal to a fault in his dealings with old friends. The brilliant Radical M.P., Charles Buller, who went out with him as first Secretary, was a real source of strength; but Thomas Turton, Durham's old schoolfellow, whom

against Melbourne's judgment, he insisted on attaching to his staff, had been connected in the past with a painful scandal. He also took out with him in an undefined capacity Edward Gibbon Wakefield, a man who held decided views on colonial government, but who was by temperament crooked and had been in prison for abducting a ward in Chancery. "His deceptiveness was ineradicable, and like the fowler, he was ever spreading his nets; always plausible, and often persuasive, he was never simple and straightforward." That is the verdict of a New Zealand historian, influenced perhaps by the very dubious later history of the New Zealand Company, of which Wakefield was the "original begetter." But his Canadian record bears it out, and there is no doubt that he contributed to Durham's undoing.

Durham's entry into Canada was made with much pomp and ceremony; indeed, for a theoretic Radical, he showed an undue love of splendour and a personal arrogance not quite in keeping with the sobriquet of "Radical Jack." Even before he left England there had been attacks on the lavishness of his estimated establishment charges and sneering allusions to the magnificence of the gold and silver plate he had sent to a goldsmith's to be valued for insurance. But he meant to be impressive, and therefore, on landing at Quebec, he rode in splendid uniform, mounted on a white charger, through lines of troops and cheering crowds to his official residence, where during his stay in Canada he dispensed lavish hospitality. This was all very well, but the personal arrogance, which made him rate an unfortunate waiter for appearing before him in shirt-sleeves, and correct an aide-de-camp before the assembled crowd on a racecourse for an awkward offer of a cup, would have better befitted an Eastern satrap than a colonial Governor.

By the time the new Governor arrived Papineau's rebellion had been quelled, and he himself was in hiding over the border. But other rebel leaders were awaiting trial, and the French Canadians were in a sullen and dangerous mood requiring careful handling. Durham began by issuing a conciliatory proclamation. Next he dismissed his predecessor's Executive Council and appointed a new one of men not committed to either faction. Finally, after careful consideration, he decided to proclaim an amnesty towards all concerned in the rebellion except eight persons whom he transferred by an ordinance of doubtful legality to Bermuda, a colony over which he had no jurisdiction. It was an early, and probably most judicious, instance of the policy of punishment by deportation, employed since in South Africa and other colonies; but it never fails to create an uproar, and in this case it delivered Durham into the hands of his enemy, Brougham.

Durham of course knew that his ordinance would require, after the event, the sanction of the Home Government and the co-operation of the Governor of Bermuda. But he had been given special powers and had been assured of the Government's unflinching support. Moreover he had to deal with a very special situation. The legal guilt of the prisoners was clear. It was also clear that, if brought to trial before an ordinary Canadian jury, they would be unhesitatingly acquitted. The French Canadians would then have said that the men were innocent, or else that the British dared not punish them; whilst the British party in the colonies would have regarded the trial as a mockery of justice. Durham did what he thought best in the interests of all, and, as has so frequently happened in colonial affairs, was at once let down by the Home Government.

Meanwhile Wakefield, whether with or without

Durham's cognizance, was carrying on some semi-secret negotiations with Papineau and the exiles to try to get them to agree to a scheme of Canadian federation in return for an amnesty and permission to return to Canada. News of this made Melbourne and his colleagues uneasy, and Brougham, when he attacked Durham for despotic and illegal action, had no great difficulty in playing on the fears of Tories and Radicals alike. The Ministry were weak in his defence, though the leading newspapers held that, even if he had stretched his authority, his action should be upheld by the Government. Only Lord John Russell spoke strongly in favour of the Bill of Indemnity, which was to whitewash his action, though disallowing his ordinance.

Resignation.

Durham first learned the Ministry's intentions from an account of the August debate in the Lords which he read in an American newspaper of September 19th. Buller, who was present, saw from his face that he had received a great shock, and the party assembled at dinner broke up in confusion. He at once made up his mind to resign, though implored to remain by British Canadian delegates of all shades of opinion. Melbourne was fiercely attacked in the Canadian Press, and Brougham was burnt in effigy at Quebec. But it is difficult to see how Durham could have remained. He himself regarded the whole action of the Ministry as a plot for his undoing and complained bitterly that he had been sacrificed by his friends. There was a good deal in his contention. His mission to Canada had been devised as a sop to the Radicals at home. If he had succeeded in mediating between the warring parties, the Home Government would have been strengthened by his success. If he failed, they might still satisfy Radical sentiment by acknowledging

Canadian independence, whilst ridding themselves of a politically ruined and troublesome colleague.

In a dispatch to Glenelg, then Colonial Secretary, dated September 28, 1838, he makes his real and most effective answer to the charge that his ordinance was "unconstitutional." He points out that he was sent out with special powers to ensure the safety of the Queen's Canadian Dominions, that he took as his guide the political axiom *Salus populi suprema lex*, and that he has yet to learn "what are the constitutional principles which remain in force when a whole Constitution is suspended; what principles of the British Constitution hold good in a country where the people's money is taken from them without the people's consent; where representative government is annihilated; where martial law has been the law of the land; and where the trial by jury exists only to defeat the ends of justice and to provoke the righteous scorn and indignation of the community."

If he had only stopped there, it would have been a noble defence. But unfortunately, excited by the popular outcry in his favour, he issued a proclamation to the people of Canada, justifying his action at the expense of British Ministers. The proclamation, though moderate in expression, made clear his own grievous disappointment in being balked of his plans for the good of the Canadian people, and its issue turned English public opinion definitely against him. The English Press, which had spoken out against the treatment accorded to him, now changed its tone. *The Times* called him the "Lord High Seditioner"; but it is only fair to remember that *The Times* from the first had been anxious to decry his work and had sent out a "special reporter" to spy on him, who, like Balaam, came to curse but remained to bless.

His departure from Quebec was made the occasion

of a great testimony by the British to their regard for the departing Governor. Heavy snow had fallen and it was bitterly cold. Nevertheless three thousand of the principal inhabitants of Quebec escorted him to the ship, and amid cheers and salutes and lamentations he embarked for England on November 1st. The scenes recall those which in Cape Town forty years later accompanied the departure of another colonial Governor, Sir Bartle Frere. Frere, like Durham, was sent out with a special mission to South Africa, armed with special powers; but he was recalled, broken-hearted at the Government's failure to stand by him, under conditions curiously similar.

At Plymouth, Durham had a splendid reception, and throughout the western counties. But Ministers were cool. In the country Durham still had great and irresponsible influence, and nothing would have been easier than for him to adopt the rôle of a demagogue and to put himself at the head of the Radical Party. It is to his undying honour that he resisted the temptation and devoted himself to writing his Report on the Affairs of British North America, to this day one of the ablest and most eloquent of State papers and an embodiment of the principles, then unrecognized, which have guided English colonial government ever since.

Report on Colonial Government.

He begins with an elaborate examination of the sources of trouble in Lower Canada, where, expecting "to find a contest between a Government and a people," he found "two nations warring in the bosom of a single State." After analysing the causes of the hopeless differences between French and British, he concludes that Lower Canada must be made "English, at the expense, if necessary, of not being British." Here is the first hint of a possible *rapprochement* with the great

Republic of the south, which remained for many decades a lurking fear in the minds of British statesmen. Durham enlarges on the French unfitness for representative institutions, and on the defects of their legal system. He eulogizes the Roman Catholic clergy and recommends that they shall not be forgotten when the question of "clergy reserves" comes up, as it should, for reconsideration.

Turning to Upper Canada, he animadverts upon the evils of the Family Compact, an Episcopalian, official clique, bent on ruling the country against the wishes of the people. No doubt they were the original creators of the State, but a growing country like Canada needed no permanent patrician order. He touches on the evils of the land system, the Crown and clergy reserves, the undemocratic absence of sufficient land taxation to pay for roads and bridges and local improvements. He turns to sketch the whole art of colonization. Men must not be "pinched for room in the wilderness," nor scattered far afield because of great stretches of intervening wild land held by the Crown and by absentee landlords. Good roads, schools, churches should be accessible, and there should be a careful system of land surveying to secure good titles to land and a minimum of litigation.

Durham's ideal was a federation of all the North American colonies. As a first step to that end he advised the immediate legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada, so that they might form a single State with the British inhabitants in a majority. "It is not in the terror of the law or in the might of our armies that the secure and honourable bond of connection is to be found. It exists in the beneficial operation of those British institutions which link the utmost development of freedom and civilization with the stable authority of an hereditary monarchy."

The colonies, thus united, are to be self-governing. " Perfectly aware of the value of our colonial possessions, and strongly impressed with the necessity of maintaining our connection with them, I know not in what respect it can be desirable that we should interfere with their internal legislation in matters which do not affect their relations with the Mother Country." Large funds should be provided for emigration. Surplus British capital should be made certain of a sure and profitable investment. " The experiment of keeping colonies and governing them well ought at least to have a trial. . . . I cannot participate in the notion that it is the part either of prudence or of honour to abandon our countrymen when our government of them has plunged them into disorder. . . . I see no reason for doubting that by good government, and the adoption of a sound system of colonization, the British possessions in North America may be made the means of conferring on the suffering classes of the Mother Country many of the blessings which have hitherto been supposed to be peculiar to the social state of the New World."

The Report was laid before Parliament in January 1839. No doubt it was a composite production, to which Buller and Wakefield had largely contributed; but the idea, the welding together and the virile, eloquent phrasing were Durham's. He was too honest to sign his name to other men's work. He had his reward. In June 1839 Lord John Russell introduced a Bill for the union of Upper and Lower Canada, and Poulett Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, was sent out as Governor to carry through the two Canadian Provincial Legislatures a Resolution approving of the Union. The Union of Canada Act received the royal assent in July 1840; but by that time Durham lay dying. He died hopeful of Canada's future and of

his own rehabilitation by posterity. "The Canadians will one day do justice to my memory" were among his last words.

So passed a great popular leader and an even greater imperialist. Extreme as he appeared to home politicians, across the seas he was a constitutionalist and a supporter of the British rule. Personal defects of health, temper and character did much to mar a career which ended at the age of forty-eight. He was impatient, hot-tempered, thin-skinned, but generous and never vindictive. "If he failed to obtain the results of immediate satisfaction and credit to himself, it was because he laboured for higher and more permanent objects." So wrote his friend and colleague Charles Buller, who goes on to say that "as coming events in their appointed course shall prove the sagacity with which he foresaw them . . . so will shine forth with daily increasing brightness the character of that statesman who alone in his day rightly appreciated the worth of our colonial Empire and saw on what deep and sure foundations of freedom its prosperity might be reared." Durham could have wished no finer epitaph.

CHAPTER III

SIR JOHN MACDONALD

(1815-1891)

Born in the year of Waterloo and growing to man's estate just before Lord Durham's epoch-making mission, John Alexander Macdonald lived to see Canada, largely through his own efforts, a great and united nation, with her politics, her ideals, her relation to the Mother Country and to her American neighbours clearly defined within lines which have endured. To write his biography in full would be to write the history of the Dominion. Dorchester had rescued the infant colonies from the peril of American conquest, Durham had laid down the principles for their future government; but Macdonald, a Canadian, not by birth, indeed, but by early adoption, made the development of his country the aim and object of a lifetime.

His father, Hugh Macdonald, a Glasgow man of business, emigrated to Canada in 1820, when John was five years old. The family settled at Kingston, Ontario, and there the boy got what schooling he could; but at fifteen he began to earn his own living and to contribute to the indifferent fortunes of his family. No university education could be afforded. In after life he strove to remedy the defect by omnivorous reading. He became a junior clerk in a lawyer's office in Kingston, and six years later was called to the Canadian bar. In 1836 he set up on his own account, conducting his

cases at first with perhaps more vigour than judgment, for it is on record that he was called to order by the judge for coming to blows in court with the opposing counsel !

The following year saw the outbreak of rebellion. Macdonald espoused the cause of law and order. " I carried my musket in '37," he was wont to say in his reminiscent old age ; and a heavy burden the old flint lock was on the shoulder of a boy, " struggling on with blistered feet in the heat of a Canadian summer until I thought I should have dropped." The trouble in Upper Canada was soon over, and Macdonald's only other personal connection with the rebellion was his purely professional defence of Von Schoultz, the Polish leader of a band of American invaders, who was tried and executed for his treason.

Macdonald entered public life in 1844 as member for Kingston in the United Provincial Assembly. Lord Durham's suggested union of Upper and Lower Canada had but recently been effected by Lord Sydenham, and there was still much disaffection and ill-feeling between French and British Canadians. It came to a head in 1849, when the Rebellion Losses Bill, compensating all citizens not convicted of high treason for losses incurred during the rebellion, was passed by the Canadian Parliament. Opposition had been fierce, and Macdonald in particular had spoken so vehemently against the " compensation of disloyalty " that he was taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms to prevent actual personal conflicts. But the Bill passed both Houses, and Lord Elgin, as Governor-General, gave it the royal assent. The Montreal mob threw stones at Elgin and burned the Houses of Parliament. The Conservative minority, to which Macdonald belonged, appealed to London. But Elgin stood firm to his conviction that a constitutional Governor must abide

by the decision of a colonial Parliament, and the Home Government upheld him.

Macdonald acquiesced. He was too sagacious a politician to quarrel with an accomplished fact, and too anxious to preserve the British connexion to set himself against the Home Government. In his very first election address he had stated his " firm belief that the prosperity of Canada depends upon its permanent connexion with the Mother Country," adding that he should " resist to the utmost any attempt to weaken that union." And throughout his career he combined work for his party with a definite striving, first to effect the unification of his country, and then to strengthen the bonds which bound her to Great Britain.

From 1848 to 1854 he was in opposition. During those years he was working hard to form a British-American league, which aimed at the confederation of the provinces, and the adoption of a " National " commercial policy. On two vexed questions of Canadian politics, the demand for the secularization and nationalization of the " clergy reserves," and the abolition of the obsolete system of seigneurial land tenure, he played a waiting game, opposing both until successive elections had proved the sincerity of the demands, and then suddenly veering round and " dishing the Whigs " by bringing about a Liberal-Conservative coalition for the purpose of carrying them.

Provincial Premiership.

He was always a consummate tactician, an " old Parliamentary hand " second to none, and if he must take his share of responsibility for the corruption which has all along infected transatlantic politics, it must be pleaded in his defence that he had to take men as he found them. " Why don't you give us a cheaper Legislature ? " he was once asked. " You

send me a better set of men," came the prompt retort; "like any cabinetmaker, I do the best I can with the lumber you furnish me." Perhaps the most amusing instance of his political trickery was the affair of the "Double Shuffle," the saddest the acceptance of funds from public contractors for electioneering purposes, which drove him for a time from public life in 1873.

In 1858 Macdonald, who had assumed the Premiership of old Canada the previous year, resigned on an adverse vote in the House concerning the royal choice of Ottawa as the seat of government. A Liberal administration was formed, which lasted less than forty-eight hours. Mr. Cartier, Macdonald's principal lieutenant, was then sent for and, together with Macdonald, formed a Ministry. Each took a different portfolio than the one previously held. The next morning each resigned that portfolio and resumed his original one, thus avoiding, in accordance with Canadian law, the necessity of offering himself for re-election. Behold the Government "as you were"! Canada, though amused, was mildly affronted, and the law has since been changed to prevent a repetition of such a performance.

For the next six years Macdonald worked untiringly for federation. The political instability of Canada, as then constituted, was made clear by the rapidity with which Governments rose and fell and general elections succeeded each other. The close of the American civil war, setting American politicians free to concern themselves with Canadian affairs, and the frequency of Fenian raids from across the American border created a situation of ever-increasing menace for the divided provinces. Federation was in the air. As early as 1854 Nova Scotia had passed a resolution in its favour. George Brown, the leader of the Canadian Liberals, had suggested it. But Macdonald was its

warmest advocate, and he it was who headed the delegation from Quebec and Ontario which met the representatives of the Maritime Provinces at Charlottetown in 1864. These provinces were already discussing a union amongst themselves; Canada proposed a wider scheme in which she could be included. The discussion adjourned, first to Quebec and then to London; there in the Westminster Palace Hotel the British North American Act was framed, and on July 1, 1867, the Dominion of Canada was born.

Dominion Premiership.

Macdonald's great share in this achievement was rewarded by a K.C.B., and led naturally to his appointment as first Premier of the Dominion Government. About this time he had married, as his second wife, Miss Agnes Bernard, the sister of Colonel Bernard, his private secretary. His first marriage in 1843 to his cousin, Isabella Clark, had brought him little happiness, for his wife's health soon failed, and they lost the first of their two sons at an early age. After her death, in 1857, he seemed to lack a restraining influence. The whisky-drinking habits of his Scottish ancestry threatened to get the better of him. More than once he appeared at a public meeting obviously not quite in control of himself, and even in a community where at election times wholesale treating was not disapproved, this occasioned some scandal.

"John A.," as his friends and admirers called him, was not unaware of it. When he was asked to remonstrate with a brilliant colleague, D'Arcy McGee, who drank more than was good for him, he thought a bit and then said to McGee, "Look here, McGee; this Government can't afford two drunkards, and you've got to stop." But when, after a period of hesitation and probation, Miss Bernard consented to be his wife,

he took himself in hand and got the better of his bad habit. She was a clever and sympathetic woman, whose companionship and counsel did much for the success of his later career.

A good understanding with the United States was the first necessity for the new Dominion, after it had overcome the initial difficulties of its own internal organization. Those had been considerable, for in Nova Scotia there had been a strong agitation for the repeal of the Dominion Act, which was only put an end to by the common sense of the Radical leader, Joseph Howe, who, when he found that he could not move the Imperial Government, came to terms with Macdonald. Next a decision had to be taken as to the route to be followed by the Inter-colonial Railway, the construction of which was part of the federation compact. The Hudson Bay Company, after negotiation, agreed to transfer their territory, Rupert's Land and the North Western Territories, to the new Dominion. But the half-breeds, settled in what is now Manitoba and was then the Red River Settlement, viewed with distrust a transfer about which they had not been consulted, and under the influence of some American immigrants, who hoped that disturbance might lead to annexation, they rose in rebellion under Louis Riel, a fanatical half-breed agitator. Certain white settlers were arrested, and one of them, Thomas Scott, who had refused to submit to Riel, was tried and executed. This greatly incensed Canada, and a force of Canadian volunteers and British regulars, under Colonel Garnet Wolseley, was dispatched to restore order. By the time they arrived (August 1870) Riel had fled to America, his men were scattered, and the province of Manitoba could be peacefully incorporated into the Dominion.

For some months of that year Macdonald had been at death's door, suffering from an illness which struck

him down suddenly in the Parliament House and awakened widespread sympathy. On his recovery he was asked by the Imperial Government to represent Canada as one of a body of delegates sent to confer at Washington with representatives of the American Government. Difficulties had arisen between England and America, due to the *Alabama* incident as well as to boundary disputes and to fishery rights in Canadian waters. To undertake to serve on this Commission required some courage and self-sacrifice, for any decision arrived at was likely to arouse hostile criticism in Canada. But Sir John was never lacking in courage, and he valued this first recognition, offered in his person, to the principle of colonial participation in international diplomacy.

By an oversight at home the Commission was not empowered to take up the question of compensation to Canadians for damage caused by Fenian raids from over the border. Great Britain was so anxious to placate America in the matter of the *Alabama* that she declined to amend the Commission's reference, and, both in this respect and in respect of the fisheries, Canada felt aggrieved. Macdonald would have had Canadian support, and indeed increased popularity, had he refused to sign the Washington Treaty; but he withstood the temptation. Indeed, he said later in Parliament that he declined to frustrate England's effort to come to a good understanding with America "because the Canadian people had not got the value of their fish for ten years." He pointed out with force that England could shed Canada and yet defy America, whereas Canada could not shed England without succumbing to the States. He looked forward proudly to the day when Canada might be England's right arm, a source of strength, not of weakness. His son, he hoped, though perhaps not himself, might

live to see it. Have not his faith and hope been justified ?

Pacific Railway Scandal.

Very shortly after this success came Macdonald's fall from power. An election had taken place in 1872. The issue had been in considerable doubt, for the Washington Treaty was far from popular. Macdonald had an uphill battle to fight, especially in Ontario, and could not afford to neglect any legitimate means of winning it. Unluckily he did not stop short at legitimate means. The party exchequer needed replenishing. Rival companies were competing for the contract to make the government-aided Pacific Railway to link up the older Canadian provinces with the newly incorporated province of British Columbia. After trying to amalgamate them Macdonald was finally driven to form a new company, with Sir Hugh Allan of Montreal as president of the board of directors.

Soon after Parliament met in the spring of 1873 a private Member arose in his place and charged the Government of Sir John Macdonald with having accepted from Sir Hugh Allan and his friends a large advance of money for election purposes. Macdonald could not but court an inquiry, and a Commission was appointed. There was some delay in getting to work. Meanwhile certain documents and telegrams which substantiated the charge were published in the Press, and Macdonald admitted in a confidential memorandum addressed to Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, that pecuniary arrangements, of which he felt bound to disapprove, had been made by his colleague Sir Georges Cartier with Sir Hugh Allan.

In the autumn Macdonald resigned. There is no reason to think that he had reaped any personal benefit. All his life he was a poor man and careless of money.

Indeed, at the time of his illness in 1870, friends had made a collection to secure some provision for Lady Macdonald, who seemed likely to be left a penniless widow. But though he was not thought either corrupt or corruptible—Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, made that clear to the House—he was felt to have carried the cult of expediency in politics to the point of unscrupulousness, and the conscience of Canada was shocked at the revelation of his electioneering tactics. His fall from power was unavoidable, and it was five years before Canada would consent to replace him.

He employed these years of opposition by working for a "National" policy—a policy, that is to say, of protection for Canadian industries, and particularly for the mining, manufacturing and agricultural interests. In the summers of 1876 and 1877 he spent much of his time at "political picnics," open-air meetings where he mixed freely with the audience and made great play with his rough-and-ready wit, his pleasant, sociable ways, and his really marvellous gift for remembering faces. The election of 1878 turned on the issue of Protection, and Sir John swept the board. He returned to power and held it without a break until his death in 1891.

Second Dominion Premiership.

The romantic story of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway belongs more properly to the life of Lord Strathcona; but it owed much to Sir John's energy and enthusiasm. Again and again the Government had to come to the help of the Company with loans and subventions. The more cautious among the Conservatives proved restive, and it took all Sir John's indomitable cheerfulness and ascendancy over his followers to bring them round to his way of thinking.

That the line was built in five years was due, says one of his biographers, "more to the faith of Sir John than to the money of Mount Stephen." In 1886 Sir John himself rode from Ottawa to the Pacific and saw the completion of the work.

The previous year trouble had again broken out in Manitoba amongst the *métis* or half-breed settlers. The Dominion surveyors had not always been tactful; Ottawa was far away; and, as Lord Minto said, "the disappointed contractor, the land shark and the unprosperous farmer swelled the ranks of the malcontents." Once more they found a leader in Louis Riel, who since the earlier rebellion had been living in Montana. There were dark hints of an Indian rising, and Canadian militia were hurried to the front. After several small engagements the rebel camp was captured, and Riel surrendered. This time he was brought to trial and condemned to death. Many attempts were made to save him, notably by Honoré Mercier, the Liberal leader in Quebec. But Macdonald was adamant. "He shall hang," he said fiercely, "though every dog in Quebec bark in his favour." And on November 16, 1884, he paid the penalty of his twice repeated treason.

Nothing, indeed, roused Macdonald to such fury as attempts to sow ill-will between Canada and England. The great task of his later years was to fight the movement for a tariff agreement with the United States which should bring about a closer amalgamation of trade interests. This policy, known first as "Commercial Union" and later as "Reciprocity," was a plank in the Liberal platform from about 1887 onwards. It aimed at breaking down tariff barriers between America and Canada, even, if need be, at the expense of Great Britain. Its extremer advocates went so far as to view with complacency the possible result of political union, even of annexation to the States.

Macdonald would have none of it. In his eyes it was veiled treason. "As for myself," he said in his last election address, but a few short months before he died, "my course is clear. A British subject I was born, a British subject will I die. With my utmost effort, with my latest breath will I oppose the veiled treason which attempts to lure our people from their allegiance."

At the same time he was too good a political strategist not to make use of the agitation to approach the American Government with proposals for extending commercial intercourse between the two countries, and especially for settlement of the ever-recurring fishing disputes. The Liberal Party were much chagrined by his thus stealing a march upon them. They realized that his claim to have found Canada, when he took office in 1878, suffering from extreme commercial depression, and to have replaced "stagnation, apathy and gloom by activity, enterprise and prosperity" had much to substantiate it. Whether or not this was due to his "National" policy, it certainly coincided with it. His challenge rang out to the pessimists, who had condemned that policy in advance as a failure, who had regarded the Canadian Pacific Railway as a chimera, and who could see no prospect of salvation save in free trade with the United States.

At the critical moment of the election a pamphlet found its way into Macdonald's hands which suggested that, when Sir John should quit the public stage, the time would be ripe for a movement towards annexation to the States. Doubtless it represented only the author's individual view; but the old parliamentary hand knew well how to use it. "The old flag, the old man and the old policy" became the Conservative rallying cry, and shoulder-high his followers bore the old man into power for the fourth and last time. But

they had overtaxed his physical strength. The election took place in mid-winter, and he caught a severe chill driving from one heated meeting to another. For a time his vitality and his indomitable will kept him up, and he was in his place at the opening of Parliament on April 29th. But a stroke of paralysis, followed in a month by another, proved fatal. On June 6th his long and strenuous life came to a quiet close.

When the bust erected to his memory in St. Paul's was unveiled by Lord Rosebery, he said of Macdonald that the secret of his success was his recognition "that the British Empire is the greatest secular agency for good now known to mankind." His firm determination that Canada should remain a part of it made him a great imperial statesman. Between him and Disraeli there were more points of likeness than the superficial facial resemblance at once apparent in Macdonald's portraits. Both were, in a sense, political adventurers; both began as free lances; both were consummate masters of tactics; both lived to head the Conservative party by whom they had been despised. To crown all, both were sincere and fervent believers in the greatness of that heritage which belonged to Great Britain at home and overseas. When all is said that can be said against Macdonald—his unscrupulousness, his indiscretions, his lack of high ideals—it must be conceded that throughout a long life he kept one single aim before him, to make his country great and to keep it a part of the Empire. He was no hypocrite, and he was a politician by profession. He trod devious ways and used dubious methods to attain his ends. But for the service of his country he put aside professional prospects and private gain. He found Canada poor and divided, he left her united and prosperous.

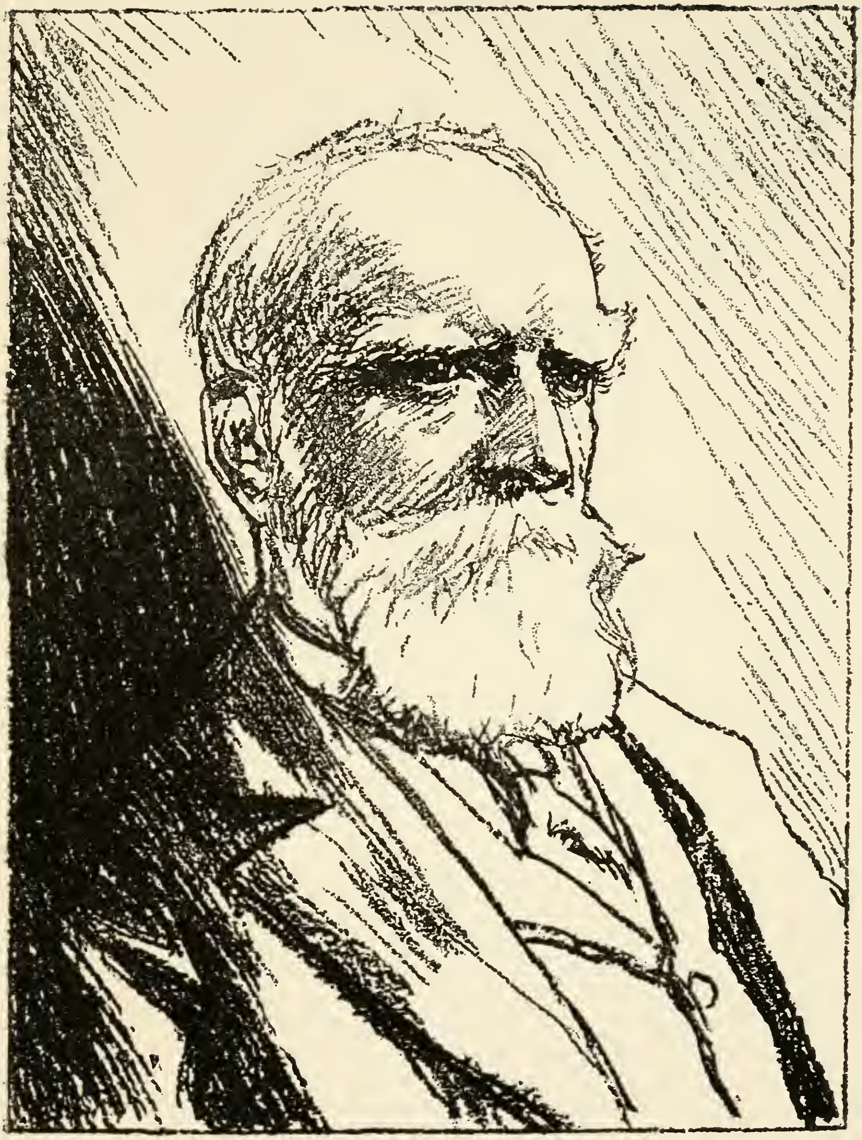
CHAPTER IV

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL

(1820-1914)

THE historian of the British Empire cannot fail to be struck with the enormous preponderance of men of Scottish descent amongst its pioneers and founders. Like Macdonald, Donald Alexander Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, was a Scottish lad, who rose to fame and fortune by migrating to the growing colony of Canada. But whereas Macdonald was taken there as a child and spent his youth in Canadian cities and his whole life in Canadian politics, Donald Smith grew up in Scotland and went of his own free choice at the age of eighteen to the service of the Hudson Bay Company. It was fortune he sought rather than fame, power for himself rather than progress for his adopted country. Where Macdonald was a Canadian first and foremost, Smith was a Scotsman first and a Canadian only by circumstance. And it is characteristic of the contrast between the two men that Macdonald lived and died poor, whilst Strathcona, even though he gave away in his lifetime over a million and a half, left a princely fortune to his descendants.

He was born in 1820 at Forres in the county of Elgin, the second son of Alexander Smith, a Highland merchant, and Barbara Stewart, whose brother, John Stewart, a famous fur trader in the Hudson Bay Company's territories, gave his name to Stewart Lake and Stewart River. Donald Smith went to school in Forres and at



LORD STRATHCONA

sixteen entered the office of the town clerk of the burgh. But he stayed but a short while at the law, being presently sent by his mother to kinsmen of her own at Manchester. These were the brothers Grant, a pair of Manchester merchants, whom Dickens once met and afterwards immortalized in *Nicholas Nickleby* as the Cheeryble Brothers. They would have taken the boy into their office, and so would another relative, an East India merchant, but at this juncture John Stewart wrote offering him a junior clerkship in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and young Donald, to whom Canada spelt romance and the realization of his boyhood's dreams, accepted the offer with enthusiasm.

It was a hard life to which he went out. As he told an Oxford audience more than half a century later, this first voyage of his took between forty and fifty days. He suffered grievously from sea-sickness, the ship met with much fog and many icebergs, and on arrival he was at once appointed an apprentice clerk and set to sort musk-rat, or musquash, skins. No one told him to wear gloves, and as a result the skin peeled off his hands, whilst his fellow-apprentices stood round jeering.

At the end of his apprenticeship he was sent to Tadousac, and later to Mingan, where he began to suffer from snow-blindness. He applied to headquarters for leave to come to Montreal for treatment and, receiving no answer, proceeded there without waiting for instructions. This in the eyes of Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Company's territories, known popularly as "the King of the Fur Trade" and "the Emperor of the Plains," was a grievous act of insubordination, aggravated by the fact that Smith's fears had exaggerated his eye-trouble. When the doctor's examination had disclosed no risk of blindness, Simpson sternly

told the culprit he would give him thirty minutes to leave Montreal and proceed to his new post at Hamilton Inlet, Esquimaux Bay, on the borders of Labrador. No stage was available. The journey had to be made on foot, in bitter weather. Two Indian guides were procured, but the party lost their path more than once; food ran out; one of the guides died from exhaustion and exposure; and Donald Smith and the remaining guide with difficulty made their way to the Company's post at Mingan. It was mid-January, but the traveller pushed on to Mashquarro. There no guides could be found, and he halted perforce until the spring, when, with two guides and a canoe, the rest of the journey was safely accomplished.

For thirteen years Smith lived in the wilds of Labrador, mastering the intricacies of the fur trade, studying the climate and its possibilities as well as the fauna and flora, introducing improvements such as the growing of potatoes and other vegetables, making friends with the natives, helping the missionaries, especially the Moravians, and making therapeutic experiments with juniper bark upon the sick, which to some extent anticipated the antiseptic treatment introduced by Lord Lister. There in 1853 the young factor married, in accordance with Scottish law and custom, Miss Isabella Hardisty, daughter of another servant of the Company, a bright, vivacious, well-educated girl who had been to school in England. Their only child, born in 1854, is the present Baroness Strathcona.

Red River Rebellion.

In 1862 Smith became one of the Company's Chief Factors. Negotiations were already begun for the purchase of the Company's rights and the surrender of its charter, but whether to the Government of Canada, or the Imperial Government, or to a private Company,

remained uncertain, and the Company's traders and factors were not unnaturally anxious. Smith obtained leave to come home, where he interviewed the London Governors and discovered that a newly formed International Financial Society had bought up the Company's rights. The directors recognized in him a man of force and ability, and in 1868, not long after his return to Canada, he found himself appointed resident Governor, or "General Manager," of Rupert's Land, with his headquarters at Montreal.

It was a time of great anxiety. The transfer of the Company's territory to the Canadian Government was in contemplation and had aroused the bitterest opposition in the Canadian North-West. The Union of Canada was barely accomplished, and, though the British North American Act empowered the Dominion to extend its borders, Canadian statesmen would gladly have seen the Imperial Government undertake and retain responsibility for the North-Western Territories. But the route of the Inter-colonial Railway must be on Canadian soil, and the Ministry's hand was therefore forced. A deputation was sent to England to purchase practically a third of the North American continent. Meanwhile the turbulent half-breeds of Assiniboia, or the Red River Settlement, were arming under Riel, aided and abetted by "American" sympathizers, discontented Hudson Bay officials and Canadian land-grabbers.

Owing to misunderstandings at Ottawa and nervousness as to relations with Washington a very complicated situation had been created, and probably the Canadian Government did the wisest thing in its power when it sent Donald A. Smith, who knew the country and the people, as special commissioner with wide powers to do what he could to check the rebellion and to report to them on the situation in Fort Garry

(Winnipeg). As soon as he arrived he advised the Government that troops must be sent. Indeed, he found himself practically a prisoner on parole in Riel's hands. But his coolness and common sense prevailed with Riel to recognize his commission to treat with the insurgents on behalf of the Canadian Government. He secured good treatment for most of Riel's prisoners, but was unable to prevent the execution of Thomas Scott, a cold-blooded judicial murder which enraged Canada and ensured the dispatch of the punitive expedition under Colonel Garnet Wolseley.

Before the dispatch of this expedition Smith had left Fort Garry. His mission had been intended as one of mediation, an endeavour to persuade the insurgents that submission would ensure equitable treatment. He has been since accused of playing a double game; but he had been sent not to demonstrate his own loyalty but to keep the country quiet, if possible, until Canadian forces could arrive. And it says much for his diplomatic skill that this end was achieved with the loss of but two or three lives, and that he himself returned unscathed. When Colonel Wolseley's force arrived, Riel had already withdrawn to America, and there was no fighting left to do.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Henceforth Donald Smith's energies were devoted to the opening up by railway enterprise of the great Canadian West. He had already made a beginning as a financier. His own savings were invested in the stock of the Bank of Montreal, and his fellow-servants in the Hudson Bay Company were in the habit of entrusting him with their surplus monies for investment. After Riel's rebellion he so skilfully urged the claims of the Company's fur traders for due consideration that he secured for them the sum of £107,000. In 1870

he entered the Manitoba Parliament as member for Winnipeg, and in 1871 he was returned to the Dominion Parliament as member for Selkirk. No man knew better the wheat-growing capacity of the fertile belt of country running up the Red River, where at the wheat-maturing season the sun shines two hours longer than in any other wheat-producing area. And he had seen the herds of buffalo feeding over prairies well calculated to pasture even greater herds of cattle. All depended on access to the world's markets, and fortune awaited the railway speculator who should first provide the means.

The construction of the proposed Pacific Railway was in 1872 the most hotly contested question in Canadian politics. Sir Hugh Allan of Montreal, greatly desirous of securing the contract for the company of which he was president, was backing Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative Party with his influence and, as appeared later, with a substantial sum for election expenses. When this fact came to light in 1873, there was considerable doubt as to how Parliament would take the revelation. In November Sir John had to face the music. Half-way through the debate, when things seemed to be going in favour of the Government, Donald Smith intervened. He deprecated the violation of private correspondence which had led to these unfortunate disclosures—and here the supporters of Macdonald cheered ; but a public charter should never be bartered for private profit, Canadian politics must be kept pure, and much more to the same effect. Macdonald's Government fell, and Macdonald himself is said never to have forgiven the supporter who had wrecked him.

Sir Hugh Allan's company was dissolved, and the railway project hung fire. Meanwhile Donald Smith, with his cousin George Stephen, afterwards Lord

Mountstephen, and a few other financiers, contrived to buy out the Dutch bondholders of an insolvent American railway, the St. Paul and Pacific. They then persuaded the Manitoba Government to build a line from Winnipeg to the frontier, and, by prolonging their own line to meet it, made the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway, which from 1879 until the completion of the Canadian Pacific tapped most of the wealth of Manitoba, and brought colossal fortunes to its fortunate purchasers.

Since Macdonald's fall a cautious Liberal Government had held office in Canada. When in 1878 he returned to power as the advocate of a "National" policy, the building of the Pacific Railway was actively promoted. A new syndicate was formed with Stephen as chief director; but Smith, though he did not at first appear in the matter and his silence provoked some hostile comment, was largely interested. Both he and Stephen were directors of the Bank of Montreal, and they did not hesitate to employ its funds for the enterprise. It is only fair to say that Smith risked also practically the whole of his private fortune. But when his enemies threw in his teeth the speech against bartering public charters for private profit, which had wrecked Macdonald, he had no choice but to keep silent.

According to contract the line was to be built in ten years. It was begun in 1880. In 1883 the failure of the Northern Pacific Railway brought about a financial crash, which gravely affected the syndicate. It was necessary to go to the Government for assistance. Macdonald was at first averse to giving it, but allowed himself to be persuaded. Two years later help was asked again. Reluctantly the Government consented to a guaranteed issue of stock; Baring's took it up, and the situation was saved. In November 1885, when only half the allotted time had passed, the rail-

way was finished, and at Craigellachie in the Rocky Mountains Donald A. Smith drove in the last spike.

High Commissionership.

Next year the Queen gave him the K.C.M.G., and the following year he returned to the Canadian Parliament, which he had left in 1882, as member for Montreal West. He represented that constituency until 1896, when he was appointed to succeed Sir Charles Tupper in London as High Commissioner for Canada. In 1897 he was raised to the peerage. His great wealth enabled him to do many services to the Empire, the most striking, perhaps, being the raising of Strathcona's Horse, a regiment of irregular cavalry, during the Boer War. But he also gave largely to promote emigration, to back up shipping developments, and to help to lay cables between Great Britain, Canada and Australia.

He was very frequently appealed to by private individuals and company promoters, not all of them unconnected with politics. This has led one of his biographers to hold him responsible for a good deal of the venality of Canadian politicians. Be that as it may, he had seen enough of the harder aspects of life and the seamy side of finance to appraise most applicants at their real value, and if he chose to be victimized, it was generally with his eyes open. When he was High Commissioner, an elderly man called at his offices and was told that Lord Strathcona was far too busy to see him. " Well, he'll see me," said the man, " if you tell him that my father drove him to Aberdeen when he sailed for Canada." The message was taken in, and out came a £5 note for the delighted recipient. The man called again three weeks later, with the same result. On a third visit the secretary remonstrated, and Lord Strathcona said quietly : " Oh, give him another £5 note and tell him he need not come again. You can add

that his father did *not* drive me to Aberdeen; I walked."

He lived to extreme old age, a striking figure with his white hair and flowing beard. Perseverance and an iron determination, the typical qualities of the Scottish nation, had carried him far. He lacked, perhaps, the more ideal qualities of loyalty to friends and disinterested patriotism. He was hospitable, but never gave himself away in conversation. "He was too self-contained and watchful to be drawn out," said one who had been a frequent guest. He made a great fortune, and he used it nobly; perhaps the use justified the intense pursuit of wealth which had occupied so many years of his long life.

CHAPTER V

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

(1841–)

Up to 1896, throughout the long life of Sir John Macdonald and for five years after his death, the administration of Canada remained for the most part in the hands of the Conservative Party and exclusively under the control of the British elements in its population. No French Canadian ever held that office until Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a French Canadian lawyer and lifelong Liberal, became Dominion Premier. In politics he was the successor of George Brown, the Liberal journalist who had first opposed Macdonald, then coalesced with him to bring about confederation, and finally separated again from the political opportunist and parliamentary strategist, whose methods of government were so alien to his temperament. Brown was the begetter of confederation, but Macdonald brought it to the birth. Brown was unswervingly loyal to principles, Macdonald a skilful manœuvrer; Brown was a bold, outspoken reformer, Macdonald a man of easy humour and accommodating temper. The two could never have worked together for long, neither could Brown have maintained the long ascendancy over the Liberal Party established by Laurier, for his rigid Protestantism and unwavering championship of British institutions alienated the French Canadians whose liberties nevertheless he was always ready to uphold.

Laurier came into politics from a more sympathetic environment. He was a native of the Province of Quebec, born at St. Lin in 1841, the son of a land surveyor and grandson of a farmer. His mother, whose maiden name was Martineau, was a woman of rare gifts, and though she died young and the little boy was brought up by his nurse, who became his father's second wife, he seems to have inherited his mother's graces and sympathetic charm. He was educated as a Catholic; but at twelve years old he was sent for some months to a Protestant school, and spent much time in the house of a Scottish Presbyterian minister who was a friend of his father's. This was with the object of teaching him English; but the experience, besides making him bilingual in speech, made him also bilingual in spirit, for it imbued him with a tolerance and a respect for the Protestant faith in its purest form which he retained throughout his life.

For the next seven years he was a student in L'Assomption College, which, like all Catholic teaching institutions in Canada, was under direct ecclesiastical control. He passed on to a lawyer's office in Montreal, and whilst there took the law course at McGill University, graduating with high honours. His promise was early recognized. Only a few years later his partner, M. Lanctot, an able lawyer and also a politician and journalist, introduced him to a friend as "a future Minister!" and said of him, "Mark my words, he is a coming man. Do not forget that face." His Liberal tendencies showed themselves by his connexion with the Institut Canadien, a literary and scientific Society of Montreal banned by the ultramontane party in the Church and even subjected to a good deal of persecution. To join it was to strike a blow in defence of civil liberty. Young Laurier struck this blow and stuck to his guns until he left Montreal in 1866

He next established himself in Arthabaskaville, where he became editor of *Le Défricheur*, a paper started by Eric Dorion, the friend and colleague of George Brown. Laurier was a lover of letters, especially of English letters, though he continued to speak both in private and in public the French tongue, which was native to him. This first journalistic venture came to grief, and for a time he had a hard struggle with ill-health and untoward circumstances. Still he was in a good position to work at his profession of the law, since Arthabaskaville was the seat of the Superior Court of Quebec.

Political Career.

His gift for oratory was considerable and he developed political ambitions. In 1871 he was elected to the Quebec Legislature, and three years later entered the Dominion Parliament as member for Drummond and Arthabaska. The Liberal Party for the moment had a majority. Sir John Macdonald had been overthrown by the Pacific Railway scandal, and the Conservatives were in temporary eclipse. The first Red River Rebellion had recently been quelled, and there was much debate in Parliament as to whether or not Riel had been promised an amnesty by the party fallen from power. Laurier spoke more than once in the course of the debates, urging with some warmth that Riel and his half-breeds were not rebels but citizens claiming no more than "to be treated like British subjects, not bartered away like common cattle." And it does seem clear that, if the Red River settlers had been consulted and not merely handed over arbitrarily by the Hudson Bay Company's London directors to the Canadian Government, the first Red River Rebellion need never have taken place.

Laurier first took office in 1877, at a time when fiscal

questions were occupying the minds of both parties almost to the exclusion of any others. Sir John Macdonald, in opposition, was working up his "National" policy of Protection. Times were bad, wages low, many business firms in difficulties, and farmers working under heavy disabilities. There were Protectionists on both sides in politics, and Laurier, though he affirmed that in Britain he would be a Free Trader, regarded a moderate tariff as a necessity for the protection of industry in a new country. He was assigned the portfolio of Inland Revenue in the Mackenzie Administration; but when, in consequence, he presented himself in his constituency for re-election, he was violently attacked by the ultramontane Catholics on the ground of his Liberal views and placed in a small minority. He felt bitterly this treatment in the house of his friends, though it was not allowed to interrupt his political career, for the Government promptly created a vacancy for him in Quebec East. The following year the Mackenzie Administration came to an end, and the Liberal Party suffered a crushing defeat at the polls on Macdonald's return to power.

In Opposition.

For eighteen years Laurier and his friends were in opposition, outspoken critics of a policy of expansion which they could take no share in directing but with which Laurier at any rate was often in sympathy, more or less avowed. The leader of the party was now Edward Blake, the Irishman who finally abandoned Canadian politics to espouse the cause of Irish Home Rule. He was a fiery speaker, but too much of an agitator for constructive statesmanship, and he had little or none of the broad humanity which gave Macdonald his remarkable power of dealing with men. Sir John was a formidable opponent, as Laurier found

in 1887 when he became leader of the Liberal Party and had to face across the floor of the House the old man whose parliamentary prestige had become almost a tradition. But Laurier had a Frenchman's gift for turning a compliment, and his relations with the Conservative Premier were always cordial.

His difficulty lay in the absence of any very positive elements in the Liberal programme. He was himself a Whig by temperament; his keynote was moderation. He felt bound, therefore, to keep his left wing in check. He could have nothing to say to proposals for unrestricted Reciprocity or unqualified Free Trade. The Conservatives were for a protective tariff; Laurier was also for a tariff, but a moderate tariff. The Conservatives were for strengthening the British elements in Canada and maintaining the Imperial connexion; Laurier was also for maintaining that connexion and striving after the civil freedom of British institutions. At the same time he was claiming free and equal treatment for his own French Canadian nationalists, and opposing, as far as a Catholic could, the extravagant pretensions of the Ultramontanes. Obviously his position was a difficult one. He had no chance to construct, and a party long in opposition always develops a destructive rather than a constructive spirit.

In Office.

His opportunity came at last, more by the swing of the pendulum than for any other reason. Sir John was dead. His successors had proved a disappointment, and there had been more than one instance of corruption in the Cabinet with regard to public works. It was the turn of the party which stood in principle for purity of administration, and enjoyed the advantage of not having had its principles for a prolonged period put to the test of office. The Liberals came in with a

moderate programme, a tariff for revenue mainly, preference to British imports, good relations between the two races in Canada, and no concessions to ultramontanism. Laurier was always for the maintenance of provincial rights whilst upholding the principles of confederation, and for preserving civil and religious liberty against the encroachments of racialism and sectarianism. During his long tenure of office (1896–1910) he had many opportunities of proving his loyalty to the British connexion. In 1899 he moved to support Great Britain in the Boer War by sending Canadian drafts. Later he supported penny postage within the Empire and the grant of a $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. preferential duty in favour of British imports.

He visited Great Britain more than once, coming for the first time in 1897 to receive the G.C.B. at the time of the Diamond Jubilee. He then first met Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, both in extreme old age; on both of them he delivered at the time of their deaths commemorative orations of remarkable eloquence. Picturesque and Disraelian in appearance and admirably well dressed, he has great social charm. It is eminently his province to be a reconciler. He has tolerance, he has sympathy, he has a love of English culture, and he has a Frenchman's wit and eloquence. He could scarcely escape the charges of insincerity and inconstancy, charges almost unavoidable when reconciliation is only possible at the expense of consistency. That is why some say he is not to be trusted, whilst others see in him the saviour of Canadian unity. In any community comprising two nations periods of conflict must always alternate with periods of reconciliation. Laurier's suavity was perhaps as necessary in its turn to his country's advancement as the rough outspokenness of Macdonald or the more obvious patriotism of Borden.

With the outbreak of war in 1914 he came once more into political prominence. No one could more eloquently have urged the justice of Great Britain's cause, or the whole-hearted determination of Canada to take her share in the struggle. But he did not see eye to eye with the Borden Ministry on the question of levies for compulsory foreign service, and some accused him, though unjustly, of supporting Quebec's frenzied opposition to conscription. He declined Borden's invitation to join a Coalition Cabinet, preferring to retain an independent position. But such an attitude was only natural in a man nearing eighty, just celebrating his golden wedding and within sight of his political jubilee.

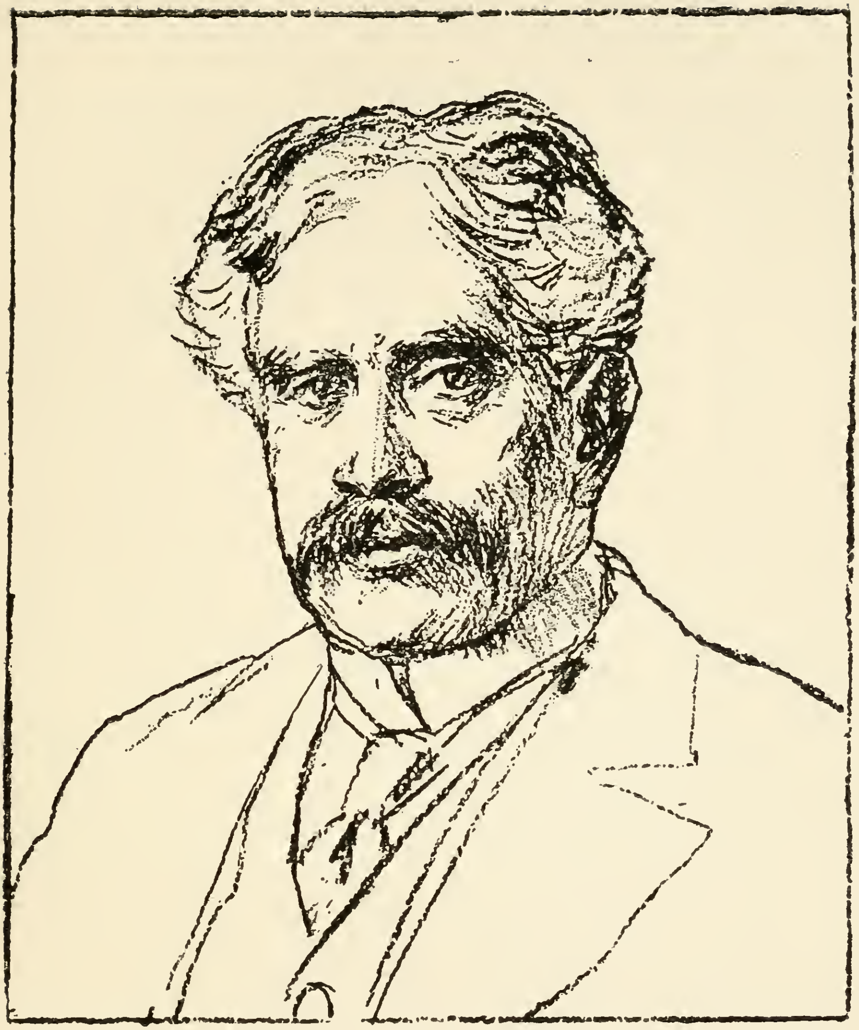
CHAPTER VI

SIR ROBERT BORDEN

(1854–   )

THE present Premier of Canada is an instance of a man who took to politics late in life, as life is reckoned in young countries, urged thereto, so it is said, by a clever and devoted wife, who felt that his exclusive devotion to his professional career was likely to be his country's loss. Born at Grand Pré in Nova Scotia in 1854, Robert Laird Borden came of a family long known in that colony. Like so many of the most promising boys of Canada and the United States, he was trained for the law and was called to the Canadian Bar in 1878. He soon came to the front in his profession, and worked up a large and lucrative practice both in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia and in the Supreme Court of the Dominion.

His work and his home life seemed to absorb him; but at the age of forty-two either his own sense of public duty, or his wife's persuasions, led him to come forward as a candidate for Parliament. He was elected in 1896 as member for the City and County of Halifax in the Dominion House of Representatives. He lost the seat in 1900, but was elected for Carleton in 1905 and re-elected for Halifax in 1908. He continues to represent that constituency. In 1901 he succeeded Sir Charles Tupper as leader of the Conservative Party, in opposition to Sir Wilfred Laurier. In 1911 he succeeded Laurier as Dominion Premier.



R. L. Borden

Such, in bald outline, are the main facts of his life. He came to the front at a time when his party had been long overshadowed. When he first entered Parliament Laurier had just gained the premiership, which he held without a break for fifteen years. True, Macdonald before him had held it for nearly as long at a stretch, as well as for several previous periods. The pendulum takes a wide swing in Canada, so wide that for years together it almost comes to rest. The big question then before the country was the improvement of relations with America. In the following year, after Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit to London for the Diamond Jubilee, a joint Commission was appointed, with Lord Herschell as President, to settle the outstanding questions at issue between Canada and the United States. Fishing and boundary disputes were at length adjusted, though not until a second Commission, presided over by Lord Alverstone, had also held prolonged sittings. But the Reciprocity question remained unsettled and was inextricably intermingled with the question of customs relations between Canada and the Mother Country.

Reciprocity Campaign.

In the later years of the Laurier Administration tariff discussions became acute, and it was thought on both sides of the Atlantic that Canada might see fit to draw closer to her American neighbour. In January 1911 Laurier entered into definite negotiations with Washington, and an agreement was arrived at which received the sanction of Congress in July, subject to corresponding legislation being passed by the Dominion Parliament. But Canada had taken fright. The indiscreet "annexation" speeches of Mr. Champ Clark in Congress, and President Taft's allusion to "the light and almost imperceptible link" which bound

Canada to Great Britain, roused the opposition to fury. Sir Wilfrid Laurier failed to pass his Bill. He went to England to attend the Coronation of King George. Meanwhile Borden toured the Western Provinces, where his impassioned demand as to whether the electors would like to see Canada become " a mere commercial appanage of the United States " met with a tremendous response. When Laurier returned and put Reciprocity to the test of a general election, his majority of forty-three became a minority of forty-nine. Both the members responsible for the negotiations with Washington were defeated at the polls, as well as several other Ministers. The rout was complete.

Borden then came into office, as head of a Conservative-Liberal Party, on the top of a wave of imperialist sentiment, or at any rate of a recrudescence of feeling that Canada's safety lay in union with the Mother Country. He had not sought the position of leader. Indeed, it was said at the time that his party needed him more than he needed his party. But in his quiet, independent way he took up the burden and proceeded to shape a policy.

Canada's Navy.

In tariff matters this had been already decided for him by the electorate. The other big question which he had to face was that of Canada's contribution to the Imperial Navy. Imperial defence had been occupying the attention of all the Overseas Dominions for some years, especially since the Imperial Conference of 1909. In 1910 Laurier had introduced and passed a Navy Bill, creating a Canadian Naval Department and a Naval College, and authorizing a Canadian contribution in ships and men to the Imperial Navy. But the nature of that contribution had not yet been finally determined. Laurier wanted a Canadian-built

and Canadian-controlled force. Borden's party argued that this involved great expense, risked the construction of obsolete ships and meant a disunited imperial navy.

In 1912 Borden went to England to discuss matters with the British Government and the Imperial Defence Committee, and on his return he introduced a Bill in January 1913 to authorize £7,000,000 for the construction and equipment of three first-class battleships, to be part of the Royal Navy, but to be at the disposal of Canada if a separate Canadian Navy were ever established. Laurier moved an amendment in favour of building the ships in Canada, but this was defeated by 122 to 75. The opposition continued, however, to obstruct in every way the passage of the Navy Bill, and Borden was obliged to introduce the closure. It was not till May that he got his Bill through the Lower House by 99 votes to 66, and even then it was defeated in the Senate by 51 votes to 27.

Canada's Army.

In 1914 the outbreak of war with Germany brought about a truce in Canada between the government and the opposition. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was as eloquent as Sir Robert Borden (now G.C.M.G.) in proclaiming Canada's whole-hearted determination to justify her claim to be "a participating nation." The phrase originated with Borden, and he laid especial stress upon it when urging Canada's irresistible claim to an important place in the Federal reconstruction of the Empire, to which he confidently looked forward as a result of the war. The effective way in which the British Navy cleared first the Atlantic and then the Pacific and ensured the safety of Canada's communications with the rest of the world silenced all naval controversy. But a great controversy awoke in 1915 as to the character of Canada's military contribution.

Laurier again was in favour of an army liable for home defence, or, by special decision of the Canadian Parliament, furnishing drafts for foreign service. This would give Canada the right to decide afresh in each case whether the war in which the Empire was involved was one in which Canada should participate.

At the New Year (1916) Sir Robert Borden had to announce the Government's intention of increasing Canada's military establishment from the figure it then stood at (212,000) to half a million. Volunteering, though active, proved insufficient. By the end of 1916 it had raised the force to 380,000; but meanwhile casualties in France had been heavy, and the question of a compulsory levy became acute. It was furiously opposed in Quebec and amongst French Canadians generally. Borden argued that the Canadian Militia Act of 1868 already in principle accepted universal obligation to serve. He was answered that this was for Home Defence only. The controversy continued to rage, and it was significant that in the local elections for the Quebec Parliament the Conservative Party won only seven seats out of eighty-one, and in British Columbia only ten out of forty-seven. Indeed, a wave of Liberalism seemed to be passing over the country. Nova Scotia was also affected, and in 1917 there were large Liberal victories in New Brunswick, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Still the Premier stuck to his guns and got through his Compulsory Service Bill, even though the Quebec extremists, under Mr. Bourassa, talked openly of seceding from the Dominion. But though conscription was accepted, it was in a moribund Parliament with forty-eight vacant seats, and as the Government carried its Bill for extending the life of this Parliament by only a very slender majority, it was morally bound to appeal to the country. Borden did so in the autumn of 1917,

and gained a victory by 137 votes to 93, his majority being greatest in the Western Provinces and in Ontario. In Quebec he won only three seats out of sixty-five.

The future of his Government appears, therefore, rather uncertain, although he has been reinforced by the inclusion of several avowed Liberals. In July 1917 he invited his great opponent, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to join him in forming a Coalition Cabinet for National Defence; but though Laurier took no part in the violent opposition to conscription and was throughout studiously moderate in his utterances, he did not see his way to forswear his lifelong conviction that Canada should hold herself free and independent in her judgments on foreign affairs.

Imperial Federation.

The circumstances of the time have forced Sir Robert Borden to concentrate his attention on naval and military matters; but he is more interested in the question of Imperial Federation than in any other. He has attended each meeting of Mr. Lloyd George's Imperial War Cabinet, and he believes with General Smuts that that institution is destined to become the true solution of the problem of imperial government. A commonwealth of self-governing nations—that is how he envisages the Empire of the future. "Ministers from six nations sit around the council board, all of them responsible to their respective Parliaments and to the people of the countries which they represent. Each nation has its voice upon questions of common concern and highest importance as the deliberations proceed; each preserves unimpaired its perfect autonomy, its self-government, and the responsibility of its Ministers to their own electorate." Is not the New World coming in to teach us how to model the polity of the future? May we not learn from our younger

Dominions how to deal with problems, such as the Irish problem, nearer home? As Canada's present Premier has said: "For many years the thought of statesmen and students in every part of the Empire has centred around the question of future constitutional relations; it may be that now, as in the past, the necessity imposed by great events has given the answer."

"Frank and truthful in utterance, honourable and honest, clear and cool in judgment, firm in action, British in sympathies but not Jingo, a friend to the United States but Canadian born," so an admirer summed Borden up when he took office. Nothing in his record since has given the lie to that good opinion, and if Canada turns to another leader it will be only because once more the pendulum has been set in motion.

SOUTH AFRICA

CHAPTER I

AFRICAN EXPLORERS

No account of British Empire-makers in Africa would be complete without some sketch of the early explorers of the Dark Continent, which up to the middle of the nineteenth century owed its name not so much to the colour of its inhabitants as to the abysmal depths of European ignorance concerning its geography. It is no exaggeration to say that when Livingstone began his missionary journeys, the map of Africa was a blank from Kuruman in Bechuanaland to Timbuktu on the southern edge of the Sahara. And but for the intrepid courage of the great African travellers—Livingstone and Stanley on the one hand, and Burton, Baker, Speke and Grant on the other—the great struggle which ensued for the conquest of Central Africa and its riches would never have had even a beginning.

It is impossible here to attempt more than the most cursory sketch of the wonderful story of African travel, that Victorian counterpart of the Elizabethan "adventure" after Spanish gold and treasure. What Drake and Raleigh, Frobisher and Hawkins did for the England of Elizabeth, Livingstone and Stanley, Sir Richard Burton and the others did for the England ot the nineteenth century. And they did it in the same spirit of adventure. No doubt they had other and differing motives. Missionary zeal inspired some;

the love of sport and hunting drove others; in Burton it was curiosity concerning men and manners, in Baker a genuine zeal for geographical discovery. Stanley went impelled by misfortune and love of change and backed by journalistic enterprise. But in each and all was that eternal boyishness which still sends stowaways to sea and soldiers of fortune to try their luck in far-off countries, and which sent the sea-dogs of Devon in the days of Drake to singe the Spanish King's beard in Cadiz harbour or to cruise the Spanish main.

Livingstone and Moffat.

Whenever the gibe is heard that trade follows close on the flag and that Empire-making is only piracy disguised as patriotism, let it never be forgotten that the pioneers of African exploration were inspired by the purest love of their fellow-men. To Robert Moffat and David Livingstone belongs the honour of having first, amongst men of British birth, carried British civilization to the natives of Africa, and they did it in the spirit of Christ and for love of their neighbour. Both were of Scottish parentage and of humble origin. Moffat began life as a gardener, Livingstone, when ten years old, worked in a cotton mill. Moffat at nineteen years of age offered his services to the London Missionary Society; Livingstone by his own exertions first secured a college education and a medical degree and then sailed for Africa under the same missionary auspices.

By that time (1841) Moffat had evangelized Namaqualand and Griqualand and was settled with his wife, a woman as devoted as himself, at Kuruman amongst the Bechuanas. To him came young Livingstone, and from that starting-point, helped by the older man's experience, he began a series of missionary journeys to the northward, pushing ever farther into the wilds

and in 1849 crossing the Kalahari Desert and penetrating to Lake Ngami, the first white man who had ever trod its shores. He had married Moffat's daughter, Mary, a woman who proved a true helpmeet to him. Indeed, she met her death on a missionary journey up the Zambesi in 1852.

Livingstone's journeys cannot be followed in detail. They extended over thirty years, and though the "pioneer missionary," who sought only to open up new ground leaving it to native agents to till it, soon developed into the scientific explorer, he never lost his character of "healer" or his power of winning the love and confidence of the natives.

Amongst his geographical achievements were the tracking of the course of the Zambesi, the discovery of the Victoria Falls and of Lake Nyasa, and the exploration of the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika; but perhaps more important still was his early discernment of the true form of the continent and of its river systems. His explorations from the south, meeting those of the Nile explorers from the north, led to the final solution of the problem of the sources of the Nile, which had exercised all geographers ancient and modern. No man ever did more for African geography and hydrography. Careless of personal suffering, reduced by fever and dysentery to a mere skeleton, he yet refused to hurry or to be conveyed to places of safety, but travelled in a leisurely manner, making detailed observations, lived in the huts of the natives, tracked the Arab slave trade to its sources, and did more than any other man to rouse the conscience of Europe to bring that infamous traffic to an end. He was indeed a living exemplar of his motto, "Fear God and work hard," a motto which sums up with Scottish brevity the best traditions of his race. When Westminster Abbey at last received him, it received one who

"worked in the same spirit as Paul and the great apostles," who had not only explored from the Cape to the Equator and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, but whose name and whose example have been the inspiration of a whole army of explorers and missionaries.

Nile Explorers.

Meanwhile in the northern half of the continent most valuable work for our future African Empire was being carried on by another band of explorers of a different type. Richard Burton and John Hanning Speke, both captains in the Indian Army, made an expedition in 1854 for the Indian Government into the interior of Somaliland. Speke was severely wounded near Berbera and had to return, whilst Burton, left alone, vanished for four months into the desert, making his way even to Harrar, the Somali capital, which no white man had previously entered, and returning alive though not unscathed.

Both Burton and Speke were men of good birth and education. Speke had employed his leave, whilst in India, by making sporting expeditions into Thibet and exploring untrodden parts of the Himalayas. Burton, a genius of an unusual type, Irish and Celtic and possibly some part gipsy, had joined the East India Company's forces chiefly for the chance of studying Eastern life and languages. He had already distinguished himself by making the pilgrimage to Mecca disguised as a Moslem of Sind. This feat of extraordinary daring none could hope to accomplish without the most intimate knowledge of Arab life and ritual.

From Asia he had turned to Africa. The Somaliland expedition had but whetted his appetite for African travel, and two years later, again in the company of Speke, he undertook a journey, starting from Zanzibar,

to discover the sources of the Nile, which resulted in the finding of Lake Tanganyika and the first noting of the Mountains of the Moon, explored a quarter of a century later by Stanley. There Burton fell ill and Speke, pushing on without him, lighted on the Victoria Nyanza and with it, as he maintained, on the source of the Nile. Burton held a different view, and to settle a somewhat acrimonious controversy, Speke two years later undertook a second journey, this time accompanied by a brother officer, Captain James Augustus Grant, the son of a Scottish minister, who had served through the Mutiny and been wounded at Lucknow.

Starting again from Zanzibar, they reached the Victoria Nyanza, followed its western shores to the capital of Uganda, and at length stood on the spot where the great river issues from the lake. But they were kept virtual prisoners for months, and, when finally allowed to leave, were obliged to keep close to the river's course. They were, therefore, unable to visit the Albert Nyanza, of which they had heard; but on their journey north to Khartoum they met, at Gondokoro, the Egyptian limit of Nile navigation, with Samuel Baker, sportsman and traveller, who was himself setting out to track the Nile to its source. From the information they generously gave him he was able to complete the discovery of the lakes.

Baker's later work in the Soudan deserves more than a passing mention. No other of the group of explorers to which he belonged had done anything remarkable for the civilization of Africa. Burton sought adventure only, Speke and Grant geographical discoveries; but Baker in 1869 undertook the command of a military expedition to the equatorial regions of the Nile with a view to the suppression of the slave trade. There he remained for four years as Governor-General, succeeding in spite of much opposition in laying the

foundations of a sound administration upon which his great successor, Charles George Gordon,[1] proceeded to build.

Sir Henry Morton Stanley.

Perhaps, next to Livingstone, the most intrepid of all African travellers was Henry Morton Stanley, a man of a very different stamp. Like Livingstone he was of humble origin; but, unlike Livingstone, who had concentrated his energies early upon getting education, Stanley had been a wanderer from boyhood. His early experiences had indeed been bitter. His name was really John Rowlands and his nationality Welsh. He lost his father in infancy, and his mother seems to have turned her back on him. He was boarded out by her family for a time, and at five years old deposited in St. Asaph's workhouse. Those were the days of Bumbledom, and in his *Autobiography*, an astonishing human document, Stanley tells a tale of hardship and cruelty which no Dickens picture can surpass. Think only that at ten years old he could creep into the mortuary to gaze upon the body of a beloved schoolmate, covered with livid weals, and wonder in his childish way what the master would say when summoned to account before the Judge of the quick and dead. Even to read, the story is a haunting and almost unbearable memory.

For years Stanley hid these things in his heart and waited his opportunity. At sixteen he headed a revolt, seized and thrashed the cruel schoolmaster (James Francis, who died a lunatic in an asylum), and ran away from school. His relations, to whom he applied, did little or nothing for him. For a time he gained a precarious living as a shop boy in Liverpool. At length he shipped as a cabin boy on a sailing ship bound for

[1] Gordon will be found in the section on Egypt and the Soudan.

New Orleans. There he found a friend in an American merchant, who adopted him and gave him his own name, Henry Morton Stanley. But he died, leaving little provision for the lad, who subsequently enlisted in the Confederate Army, revisited Wales, where he was turned away from his mother's door, served again as a sailor, and finally became a descriptive journalist of the adventurous American type. In this capacity he attracted the attention of James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, who sent him with the British expedition of 1867–8 against Theodore of Abyssinia.

It was his first introduction to Africa. But a year later his proprietor dispatched him on a secret mission to find Livingstone, generally supposed to have perished somewhere in Central Africa. Stanley took a circuitous route. He first went to Egypt for the opening of the Suez Canal; thence to Philae, Jerusalem, Constantinople, the Caucasus; then across Persia, in those days a most adventurous journey. Finally he sailed from Bombay to Zanzibar at the beginning of 1871, and in November of that year reached Ujiji and greeted the veteran explorer, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" He had achieved his purpose and made his reputation, not only as a journalist but as an explorer.

In 1874, when both Livingstone and Speke were dead, an expedition was fitted out by the joint enterprise of Bennett of the *Herald* and Edward Lawson (later Lord Burnham) of the *Daily Telegraph* to solve various problems of African geography. Stanley was put in charge of it. He started from the East Coast and emerged three years later at the mouth of the Congo, tracking the great river from its source, identifying it with Livingstone's Lualaba and laying the foundations of the Congo State. Of the three white men who began the journey, he was the sole survivor,

and he emerged from the African forests prematurely aged.

The information he brought back and his call for missionaries to go to the court of Mtesa, King of Uganda, were the beginning of the establishment of British influence in that region and of British control of the sources of the Nile. The untold riches of the Congo district and the commercial possibilities of the great waterway, he offered, after futile trafficking with British merchants, to Leopold of Belgium. In criticizing his motive for diverting such a source of wealth from the British flag and depriving the Congo races of its protection, it must be remembered that Stanley was then an American citizen, and it must also be remembered that he had far less than Livingstone's solicitude for the African natives. Whilst of Livingstone it was said with truth that his treatment of natives was always "tender, gentle and gentlemanly," Stanley never quite cleared himself from charges of stern severities not far removed from cruelty. It is hard to judge of what may be necessary when a white man stands alone in a tropical forest, or of what changes may occur deep down in that man's nature under equatorial influence. Has not Joseph Conrad depicted them for us in *Heart of Darkness*? But, be that as it may, one cannot entirely dissociate Stanley's memory from the horrors of the Belgian administration which he helped to make possible, and one cannot forbear to remember that this question of the treatment of native races is the touchstone by which every experiment in Empire-making must submit to be tried. It was the problem which wrecked all Germany's efforts at colonization; it was the problem with which, however imperfectly, a succession of great South African statesmen—Grey, Frere, Cecil Rhodes, Botha, Smuts—have struggled in their several ways. And upon its solution in terms of justice

and mercy rests the future of our South African Dominion, and the possibility of our wresting permanently from the cruel hands of such as Karl Peters and his German associates the great territories which lie between South Africa and the Sahara.

Of Stanley's later journey to rescue Emin Pasha, undertaken in 1885 after the Mahdist insurrection in Egypt, less need be said It was rich in geographical results—the exploration, for instance, of the Mountains of the Moon, the discovery of Albert Edward Nyanza, the tracing of the Semliki River, and much curious information about the pygmy tribes of Africa. But from an imperial point of view it accomplished little; for that enigmatic personage, Emin, had no real wish to be rescued and his sympathies were even then more than doubtfully British. Indeed, in 1890 he transferred his services to Germany, the land of his birth. It was on this journey also that Stanley met with treachery from Tippoo Tib, chief of the Congo Arabs, with whom he had entered into an agreement, but who fell upon his rear-guard force and murdered his chief lieutenant, Major E. M. Barttelot. Still, the British East Africa Company reaped considerable benefit, and the explorer's latest work, as described by himself in *In Darkest Africa*, showed that no part of Africa could henceforth be described as in impenetrable darkness. Fearless, and when necessary ruthless—that was the impression made by Stanley upon those who encountered him in Africa. *Bula Matari* the natives called him, "the Breaker of Rocks," a man of iron determination, a Bible Christian of the Old Testament type, but a man also hardened in the school of early adversity and repaying the world as it had paid him in youth.

CHAPTER II

SIR GEORGE GREY

(1812–1898)

It is characteristic of our system of colonial government that we send our proconsuls first to this outpost of Empire and then to that, so that it is often difficult to know to which section to assign a particular individual. This is especially the case with the first and greatest of all Liberal Imperialists, to use a term only invented in much more recent times, who is the subject of this chapter. George Grey served his country no less in Australia and in New Zealand than in South Africa, and only an act of self-abnegation on his part prevented his transfer to Canada and possibly later to the Indian Viceroyalty. New Zealand was perhaps the scene of his greatest success; but posterity has discerned in his South African "failure" what Browning so finely described as "a triumph's evidence."

The son of Lieut.-Colonel Grey of the 30th Foot, from his very birth he seemed marked out for an adventurous career. His mother was one of a group of officers' wives who followed their husbands to the Peninsular War. Seated on a balcony at Lisbon in 1812, she heard suddenly from the street below the news of her husband's death whilst leading his column at the storming of Badajoz. Eight days later her son was born, and, true to the traditions of his family, was educated for the Army. He received his commission in 1829 and as a young subaltern was quartered in Ireland at a time,

shortly after the emancipation of the Catholics, when great unrest and great wretchedness prevailed.

The experience there gained made a deep impression on the young scion of a family of traditional Whigs. All the rest of a life contemporaneous with the Victorian era and devoted to the public service was one long campaign against the class selfishness and land monopoly which, in young Grey's opinion, were responsible for so much of the misery of the older world. It was the hope of his youth and the work of his manhood to do all in his power to prevent the recurrence of these evils in that Newer world which, more than even the America of Columbus, was to be brought in to redress the balance of the Old. "In all my walks on deck," he wrote of his first voyage, fifty years later, "my mind was filled with the thought of what misery there was in the world, the hope there was in the new lands, and the greatness of the work of attempting to do something for the hopeless poor. The effort to get lands, made by single individuals, seemed to me a wrong to humanity. To prevent such a monopoly in the new countries has been my task ever since."

How greatly this young man of five-and-twenty was in advance of his age may be best appreciated by comparing his views with the principles of colonization then generally accepted. At that very time the British Parliament was occupied in passing a Bill to constitute South Australia a British Province, in which land was to be sold at a "sufficient price," fixed high enough to reserve it for capitalists. They were influenced by the views of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who thought that the colonies should be regarded not as lands of hope for the workers but as mainly a source of wealth for the Mother Country and for prosperous emigrants. The land, he held, should be sold in large blocks, and the purchase money expended in bringing to the colonies

healthy and capable young men and women of the labouring class, who, being debarred for a considerable time from becoming land-owners, would guarantee an abundance of efficient and cheap labour. In other words the Wakefield theory of colonization sought to reproduce in the New World the inequalities and class distinctions of the Old.

South Australia.

Into a society struggling with the evils inherent in such a system of land-grabbing young Grey was introduced as the very youngest of colonial Governors at the age of twenty-eight. His first voyage to Australia had been one of adventure and exploration only, undertaken, while still a soldier, for the Royal Geographical Society. He had landed on the north-western shores at the end of 1837; but he was unprepared for the tropical heat and found the country impossible to penetrate. He was wounded, too, in a skirmish with the natives, and his men were outnumbered and apparently terrified. He was forced to beat a retreat and went back to Mauritius. But he returned the next year, and this time, undaunted by innumerable checks and misfortunes, he made his way overland from Shark's Bay to Perth, where he and his party arrived, living skeletons, but with a favourable report of the fertility and water supply of the country which they had traversed. An attempt was made later, with some success, to discredit Grey's statements; but with characteristic patience he left the calumnies unanswered, and ten years later he was completely justified by the results of an official survey made by the Government of West Australia.

In 1839 Grey was appointed by the Governor of West Australia to be Resident at Albany, in the south of that colony. He had just been gazetted captain; but

he resigned his commission and henceforth devoted himself to the colonial service. At Albany he married the daughter of Admiral Spencer. Though he held his post only for a few months, he had the opportunity to make a series of experiments with native labour, which he himself detailed in a memorandum to the Colonial Secretary in London. His system was very simple; it consisted in kind treatment and immediate encouragement. At midday every native employed in road-making received sixpence; if he chose to resume work after the dinner hour, at the end of the day he received another shilling. Taught by this object-lesson, the natives worked steadily and well, and Grey devoted all his leisure time to the study of their habits, religion and language. This policy he pursued later in New Zealand, and throughout his colonial career. Indeed, he was at all times an ardent anthropologist and naturalist, and his collections of specimens and documents enriched many English museums, besides those of Auckland and Cape Town, the recipients later of his invaluable library.

He went home in 1840, but was immediately appointed by Lord John Russell Governor of South Australia. Colonel Gawler, the first Governor of that colony, had left its affairs in hopeless confusion; the expenses of the Government departments alone were more than treble the revenue; land was being sold at a price that would be high even in London or Liverpool; and not two hundred acres of the soil were under tillage. No wonder the Treasury and Lord Stanley talked of a "profligate waste of money." Any person, or syndicate, possessed of £4,000 could take up 28,000 acres, no matter how valuable, and let them lie fallow or hold them for a rise; only Grey's firmness and energy prevented the Burra-Burra copper mines from being so acquired. He set to work at once, in true Whig fashion,

to retrench and reform, drew the necessary lessons from the financial collapse which occurred in 1843, and by the time he left the colony in 1845 saw many acres under tillage and the future prosperity of South Australia assured.

New Zealand (1845–1854).

His reward was a call to fresh and more arduous labour. The young colony of New Zealand was in even worse case than South Australia, chiefly owing to the malpractices of the New Zealand Company, yet another band of Wakefield's disciples. The history of this Company should have pointed the moral for all future ages of the evils inherent in a system of allowing private speculation in public lands, meant to be a source of national wealth. Yet South Africa, fifty years later, allowed the same system to get a footing in Rhodesia. It is devoutly to be hoped that nothing of the kind may be permitted in the rich territories of German East Africa, should we be so fortunate as to be allowed to retain them after the coming of peace, for their development might go a long way towards paying the cost of the war.

But to return to New Zealand, which in 1840 had been created by charter a separate colony with Colonel Hobson as its first Governor. Lord John Russell made the fatal error of recognizing at the same time the New Zealand Company, a group of speculators at home who proceeded to allot to all who put down their money in London blocks of land in New Zealand, possession of which was neither then in their hands, nor likely ever to get there without flagrant violation of the rights of the native owners. Those rights, moreover, had been solemnly secured to the Maori chiefs on the faith of the British Government by the Treaty of Waitangi (1840). Meanwhile Captain Arthur Wakefield had arrived in

the colony with a body of settlers, claiming to have the natives dispossessed and themselves settled by force upon their illusory purchases. Hobson tried to compromise and had a site surveyed; but the chiefs would not consent to sell, the settlers would not wait, and the result was a sanguinary conflict involving the death of thirty Europeans.

It is difficult to write with restraint of the New Zealand Company's record. Suffice it to say that later on the Government Courts declared that nearly all their pretended purchases of land were invalid; that their sales to settlers were made when they had nothing to sell; and that from first to last they had never placed a solitary settler upon a single acre to which they had a good title acquired from the natives. They cheated settlers and natives alike; deceived the Home Government; lent money, acquired from public funds for settlement, to their own shareholders, or paid it away in directors' fees, leaving a debt of £268,000 to the colony; had the effrontery to tell Lord Stanley that the Treaty of Waitangi was merely "a device to amuse savages"; sold the Chatham Islands, to which they had no title, to Germany; and when reminded of the rights of the natives, pleaded the prior "rights of civilized humanity"!

When Grey landed in New Zealand in 1845, the colonial forces under Colonel Despard had met with a disastrous repulse, and the fate of the colony trembled in the balance. Reinforcements were coming from India, China and Australia; he himself had sent on promptly all the money and munitions which South Australia could furnish. At once he took the financial situation in hand, then sought counsel from friendly natives, and within six weeks of his arrival had made a road and transported guns to besiege the hostile natives in their camp. A fortnight later their chiefs,

Heke and Kawiti, surrendered, and the threatening war was at an end.

With the help of Bishop Selwyn and the Chief Justice, Sir William Martin, Grey set himself to the redress of native grievances. He learned their language, studied Polynesian mythology and Maori tradition, published a standard work on the subject, used every means of conciliation to induce the chiefs to undertake road-making, and made the younger men constables and the elder ones magistrates. He received little support from home. Indeed, in 1846 his work was almost wrecked by Earl Grey's proposed Constitution and grant of "representative" institutions, so drafted as to deny any representation to natives and even to deprive them of any land not actually occupied.

Captain Grey stood at the parting of the ways. This Constitution, passed by Act of Parliament under the evil influence of the Company, it was his duty to promulgate. On the other hand, if he promulgated it, the fair fame of England was for ever ruined with the Maoris, and who could foretell the result in blood and ruin for the colony? He took a strong man's decision. He suspended the operation of the Act, whilst Chief Justice Martin penned a firm letter of remonstrance to Her Majesty's Government, and Bishop Selwyn strengthened the Governor's hands by outspoken comments on the wrongful character of the proposed Constitution. Their united efforts prevailed. Parliament itself suspended its own Act for five years, giving the Governor power during that period to draft such a Constitution as he deemed proper in the interests of both races in the colony.

It was a tremendous triumph for Grey, still a young man in the early thirties. He has himself formulated the principle upon which he acted in a memorandum that deserves to be historical. "When Parliament,

from want of sufficient information, legislates wrongfully or unjustly for a distant nation subject to its laws, unless the high officers of the Empire will take the responsibility of delaying to act until they receive further instructions, the Empire cannot be held together." It is the true theory of proconsular government. The only objection to it is that the proconsul is not always a man of such breadth of sympathy and understanding of natives as England possessed in George Grey.

South Africa (1854–1861).

So strong a man could not but make enemies, more particularly in official circles. Grey was an Imperialist before his time and looked to the Empire's expansion when Downing Street had no other object in view than the restriction of outposts. He had implored the Home Government to annex the Pacific Islands, when the islanders, influenced by Bishop Selwyn, were only too anxious to come under the British flag. The Colonial Office merely scoffed, and as a result France, Germany and Spain established themselves firmly in Polynesia He reached Cape Colony just after the Transvaal had been declared an independent republic, and the Orange River Sovereignty, much against its will, a Free State. And he left South Africa because, in spite of his representations based on five years of experience, Bulwer Lytton and Lord Carnarvon would have none of his scheme for federation. Like Mr. Gladstone later, they were " very apprehensive of the too great extension of the Empire," and sought the quickest means of ridding themselves of such costly and troublesome possessions as the states of the South African hinterland.

But this is to anticipate. Grey's first difficulty when he got out to the Cape in 1854 was with the Hottentot soldiers, who, contrary to Government promises, were being cheated by the War Office in the matter of pensions.

He at once issued a proclamation redressing their grievance, and though Whitehall was furious it could not but acquiesce. Next he took up the case of Natal, threatened with trouble by Zulu immigration. Here he found that Mr. Shepstone, later Sir Theophilus, the son of an African missionary and brought up amongst natives, was in treaty with the Home Government for the cession of a large native territory, upon which he proposed to establish what would have been in effect an independent kingdom. The negotiations had gone a long way; but the then Colonial Secretary, Lord John Russell, delayed matters till Grey could report on the scheme. Grey condemned it unequivocally, chiefly on the ground that natives had far better be absorbed into the existing colonies than massed together by themselves, where they had much greater opportunities for turbulence and insubordination.

The Kaffir difficulty Grey endeavoured to meet by the establishment of hospitals, which should counteract the evil influence of the native witch-doctors, and by persuading the chiefs to send their sons to be educated at the great training institution at Lovedale, in Cape Colony. He was unable to prevent the outbreak of a Kaffir rebellion in 1857; but he had gained early knowledge of the threatened danger through his understanding of the native mind, and his prompt action in first subduing the rebels and then organizing relief works ensured peace for several years.

In August of that year came the news of the Indian Mutiny. Grey waited for no orders, but at once shipped off all available troops, ammunition and horses, including his own carriage horses, to Bombay. He even took upon himself to divert to Calcutta certain regiments on their way to Lord Elgin in China whose transports had put in to Simon's Bay. His prompt action, as before in the case of the Maori rising, probably did

much to save India. It was warmly approved by the Queen and by Prince Albert; but it did not help to endear Grey to an already offended War Office.

His break with Whitehall came two years later, partly over his action in bringing out men from the German Legion, which had fought in the Crimea, and settling them in Kaffraria, but still more over his general colonial policy. The Home Government had undertaken to send out the wives and families of the emigrants; but they suddenly receded from that position and only partially gave in to Grey's strongly worded remonstrance. Moreover they reduced by half the annual grant for British Kaffraria, and that at a moment when a large number of fresh Kaffirs had to be provided for. Grey advanced some of the necessary moneys himself and was not repaid for two years.

By 1858 the Colonial Office had evidently become embittered against this too independent proconsul. Lord Stanley and Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton were Principal Secretaries, and Lord Carnarvon was Under-Secretary. Much of the work devolved upon Carnarvon, then a young man not long from Oxford and highly tenacious of his prerogatives. From the first he evidently found Grey a thorn in his flesh, and Grey, on his part, believed Carnarvon ignorant, as well he might be, of the aims and motives of the colonial administrators and the Cape Parliament. At the end of 1858 he tried in a long dispatch to enlighten the Home Government, giving instances of the Cape Parliament's loyal actions and justifying his own lifelong belief that the policy of confidence in the people was a policy of wisdom and justice. He condemned the policy of "shunting" loyal British subjects, as the Boers of the Transvaal and Orange Free State had been shunted, and he equally condemned strongly repressive military government of

native races. He concluded by advising that the several Legislatures of the Cape, Natal and Orange Free State should be empowered to found a Federal Union, embracing Kaffraria within their limits and with power later to adopt and include any subsequently formed State or territory, European or native.

There was some further exchange of dispatches, apparently friendly though sceptical, and in 1859 Grey felt himself justified in calling the attention of the Cape Parliament to a resolution in favour of federation passed by the Free State Volksraad. This was altogether too much for Lytton and Carnarvon. Grey was promptly recalled, and he left South Africa at once, universally regretted.

But by the time he reached home Lord Derby's Ministry had resigned. The outgoing Premier had with difficulty been got to press for Grey's recall, and he had had still greater difficulty in persuading Queen Victoria to agree to it. She warmly admired her loyal and independent High Commissioner, and as soon as the new Colonial Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle, had taken over the seals of office she requested, and obtained, Grey's re-appointment. The news greeted him on arrival, and as soon as possible he returned to Cape Colony but carrying with him, to his great regret, instructions to drop federation. His second Governorship was uneventful. It included a visit to the Cape paid by the Queen's second son, Prince Alfred, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh, and its most enduring result was the foundation of Grey College at Bloemfontein, a teaching institution which exercised great influence and testified to England's friendly feeling towards the Orange Free State. Some years later Cecil Rhodes paid it the sincerest flattery by urging the citizens of Kimberley to collect money to do likewise. And amongst the many benefits conferred by Grey upon the South

African colonies not the least was his inauguration of ostrich farming.

New Zealand Again.

In 1861 Grey was again transferred, this time back to New Zealand. He acquiesced from a sense of duty, but it was a considerable sacrifice because he had been promised the Governor-Generalship of Canada, where he would have had a chance to test his federation theories. In the six years since he had left New Zealand its affairs had lapsed into disorder. No doubt he had the defects of his qualities. It was his fate to be in advance of his times, and it must be confessed that his liberal views, when translated into action by imperfect instruments, sometimes worked out rather badly. This had been the case in New Zealand. True to his principle of trusting the people, he had during his first Governorship bestowed upon that colony representative institutions and colonial self-government. This the Maoris failed to understand. Grey was to them a great chief whom they trusted and obeyed; but the colonial Ministers were both unintelligible and abhorrent. Moreover, the colonists themselves had retrograded. Land monopoly had reappeared; the settlers were clamouring for more acres; and the old evil policy of acquiring them from the natives under pressure once more plunged the colony into war.

Grey's investigations showed that a great wrong had been done to the Maori chief Wi Kingi, and he wished to make public acknowledgment; but he could not persuade his Ministers, without whom he now could not act, to do it in time. Moreover the conduct of the war itself was no longer in his hands but in those of General Cameron, who was responsible directly to Grey's old enemies, the War Office. Cameron was inexperienced in bush warfare, and the whole struggle

was prolonged far beyond necessity. Grey complained to the Home Government; there were bitter recriminations between him and the military authorities; and eventually, in 1867, he was recalled.

His career as an Empire-maker was virtually at an end. For a few years he entered home politics and stood for Newark as an Imperialist who was also Liberal. But he was not understood and was cold-shouldered by official Liberalism. He returned to New Zealand in 1872. The colony gave him a pension, and he settled on the island of Kawau, near Auckland, as a private individual. In 1875 he entered the New Zealand House of Representatives and attracted a strong Radical following, becoming Premier in 1877. But his Ministry lasted only two years. Manhood suffrage, triennial Parliaments and a land tax were the chief planks in his platform. He failed to pass them; but he lived to see them passed. He remained in the New Zealand Parliament for fifteen more years; but his only important public act was his vote in 1891, as New Zealand delegate to the federal convention at Sydney, in favour of a "one man one vote" franchise for the Australian Federal Parliament. He returned to England in 1894 and died in 1898.

An Imperialist of the Imperialists, a theoretic Radical, a man who trusted the people yet an autocrat in action, Grey united in his single person a rare combination of opposites. It is strictly true to say that he was before his time, but it is also right to add that, so far as his own policy was concerned, it united a good many divergencies and contradictions. He saw clearly enough that in the development of Great Britain as a colonizing Power it was no longer possible to regard the colonies as mere possessions to be utilized and exploited, but rather as imperfect communities to be encouraged on the path of independence and autonomy. His theory

was to trust the people, and both in New Zealand and in South Africa he did his best to show that his theory was right. But in practice he, perhaps unconsciously, found that the development of an embryonic civilization depends largely upon a statesman of light and leading to point out the proper path. Many efficient democracies in the past have proved at their best times that they carry out their functions more efficiently if some great man presides over the process. That is no doubt what happened to Grey in New Zealand, for without his direct guidance and help it seemed difficult for the nation to grow. As we have suggested, he was probably not himself aware how necessary his personality was to the system he was creating.

At all events at home he bore his full share of criticism and misunderstanding. It was only natural that it should be so; for a Radical who was also an Imperialist was so new a phenomenon as to be an equal object of fear both to the Conservatives and the Liberals. A man too who had the independence of mind to suggest a federal union of provinces in South Africa was not likely to commend himself to Lord Carnarvon, or to the Home Government. What in reality Grey was feeling after was precisely the problem which is presented before us now—how the British Empire was to remain an Empire and yet give free scope to the independence of the communities which constituted it. Nothing in point of fact is such an anomaly or paradox as the British Empire. It comprises one-quarter of the entire world, and is made up of at least sixty widely separated fragments; it has several separate administrations, half a dozen wholly autonomous, and it does not possess either a common executive, a common exchequer, or a common Legislature.

So far as we can observe the tendencies of the time, it does not seem likely that the British Empire will

become a centralized fabric, or a "Unitary Commonwealth" or anything which means a rigid structure presided over by either the Foreign Office in London or even by an Imperial Parliament. The one thing that looks for ever impossible is that the British Empire should be a purely Anglo-Saxon dominion controlled by officials, not wholly unlike the Prussian Junkers. It must be, on the contrary, a loosely aggregated alliance or union, an alliance of a certain number of free States associated with a mass of dependencies, each of which is struggling towards local autonomy. It would be wrong, of course, to say that Grey foresaw all the elements of the problem as it presents itself to us. We still see things through a glass, darkly; but there can be little question that this great proconsul had a certain speculative vision of the enormous possibilities of a British Empire which we are now doing our best to realize.

CHAPTER III

SIR BARTLE FRERE

(1815-1884)

By a natural association of ideas we pass from Sir George Grey to the statesman selected eighteen years later to try to carry out the policy of confederation which Grey had initiated. By an irony of fate the Colonial Secretary who sent Frere to the Cape in 1877 to consolidate our South African colonies was the very same Lord Carnarvon who, in 1859, recalled Grey because he dared to bring before the Cape Parliament a resolution in favour of federation. Time, and the experience of Canada, had taught Carnarvon something; but it needed a longer and bitterer experience to teach the Government of Great Britain as a whole how to deal with colonial Legislatures and colonial Governors. South Africa has not unjustly been called the grave of reputations. No one illustrated that saying more conspicuously than the subject of this chapter.

Henry Edward Bartle Frere was the sixth son and ninth child of his parents. His father, an ironmaster in South Wales, belonged to a family of landed gentry long settled on their estates in East Anglia. His mother, very gentle, quiet and sympathetic, was devotedly loved by her numerous family and exercised a strong influence over her son's religious development. The boy lived at home, attending day schools until at the age of seventeen he went to Haileybury in preparation for the East India Company's service. He passed

first in the list of students when leaving the College in 1833, and, having a choice of Presidencies, chose to go to Bombay, where an elder brother was already established.

He went out to India in 1834. At that time the question of an overland route and a voyage down the Red Sea was still in the region of discussion. But Lord William Bentinck, the then Governor-General of India, was anxious to try the experiment of opening up this ancient highway and thus shortening the four months' voyage by sailing ship round the Cape of Good Hope. As piracy in the Mediterranean had been severely checked, the opportunity seemed propitious, and an experimental steamer was chartered to be sent from India to Suez, there to pick up the travellers when they had crossed the Egyptian desert. Frere was one of the party. He had sailed from Falmouth to Malta, where he stayed with his uncle, John Hookham Frere, of *Anti-Jacobin* fame. There he was picked up by his four fellow-travellers, young officers of the Army and Navy. They went by native boat up the canal to Cairo and thence to Kenneh, up the Nile. From Kenneh they rode on camels to Kossier on the Red Sea in the heat of early August, riding by night and sheltering under a tent by day. The promised steamer was not there to meet them. They chartered a ship's long-boat and in this, and without an awning, at a temperature of 115° on deck, they crossed to the Arabian shore and coasted down it in amongst the coral reefs and sandbanks, landing at nights to cook their meals and sleep. Sixteen days later they reached Mocha and got a passage on an Arab dhow carrying pilgrims back to India. The voyage lasted twenty days, provisions ran short, and there was nothing to steer by but Frere's pocket compass. However, at length, on September 23rd, Frere landed in Bombay,

a pioneer of the long series of Eastern travellers who were to exploit the possibilities of the overland route.

It was his first bit of Empire-making. Later he was to do wonders with roads, bridges, sanitary work in Bombay and irrigation in the Punjab. No ancient Roman ever realized more clearly the supreme necessity of road-making, and even experts were struck with his interest in engineering and his extraordinary quickness in mastering technical details. As to irrigation, when many years later some one at home asked him why he got so excited about it, he replied, "You would not ask me that if you had ever seen famine."

Indian Administration (1834–1867).

For thirty-four years of his life Frere laboured in India, and with but one important break. Just before the Mutiny he had a year's sick-leave to England; but, fortunately for his country, he had returned to Karachi a few days before the news of the outbreak at Delhi reached that city. He was amongst those who had foreseen it. On June 7, 1857, he writes to Lord Elphinstone: "Is it not strange that a man like Sir John Lawrence should believe the new cartridges were the real *cause* of the outbreak, or anything more than the *occasion* for the outbreak of a feeling caused by a long period of mismanagement?" But his intimate association with Major John Jacob, of the Sind Irregular Horse and Afghan frontier fame, had taught him to see the utter rottenness of the whole system of selecting native officers only by seniority which prevailed in the Bengal Army.

Frere's experience had been gained in close contact with the natives of India. It would be impossible to go through every detail of his administrative record, for that would mean re-writing the history of India through thirty-four of the most eventful years of

the nineteenth century. But three stages stand out specially: his six years' residence at the Court of the Raja of Sattara, his Commissionership of Sind and his term of office as Governor of Bombay. He was appointed Political Resident and adviser to Sattara in 1844. To some Anglo-Indians such a post means only a pleasant picnic life in conditions of almost regal luxury; but Frere took his duties very seriously and used the good relations which he soon established with Appa Sahib to improve roads and communications and to reform the whole system of law and justice. The Raja was childless and in failing health; the question of the succession was, therefore, pressing and critical. In accordance with Brahmin religion and custom he desired to adopt a son, who might at his funeral perform the ceremonies which would deliver the father from the pains of hell. For this the consent of the British Government was needed, and Frere referred the matter to the Court of Directors in London. Meanwhile the Raja felt his end approaching. During Frere's temporary absence on a journey he made the formal adoption and shortly afterwards expired. Was the British Government to recognize the successor or not? Frere held that they should, but in the interval exercised, as directed, the duties of *interim* Raja. After thirteen months' delay the Court of Directors, in agreement with Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General of India, decided not to allow the adoption but to annex Sattara to the British Dominions.

It was a test case and a critical one. Men like Mountstuart Elphinstone, Grant Duff and Frere himself, who had lived in closer touch with native rulers than Calcutta officials, held that such an act was a breach of faith and would appear to the people of India an act of oppression of the strong over the weak. On the other hand, Dalhousie and those who supported him

regarded any opportunity of extending the strong hand of the British Government over fresh territory as a benefit to India. It was a question of two opposing views of the right exercise of imperial authority and its bearing on inferior civilizations. To Dalhousie the ideal British Empire in India was " a compact territory within a ring-fence " ; to Frere it was a pervading influence. The one believed in conquest, the other in peaceful penetration ; but whatever method was adopted, Frere believed with all his might in the preservation of the Pax Britannica, and the protection of the law-abiding by the moral force of the British Empire.

It was just because he believed so strongly in " moral force " that Frere deprecated high-handed measures ; but if those measures were decreed by those above him, he submitted loyally and in silence. Therefore he accepted the post of Commissioner of Sattara, much as he disliked its conversion into a British province, and held it until, in 1850, he became Commissioner of Sind. There his first task was to deal with the dispossessed Amirs, whose bloody rule had been put an end to by Sir Charles Napier's victories. One of them, Ali Morad, after siding with the British Government, had defrauded it in the matter of his pension. Frere was nevertheless in favour of lenient treatment, knowing well the light view taken by Asiatics of forgery ; and though he could not prevail, he contrived to keep on such friendly terms that in 1857 Ali supported the British arms.

Frere's next task was the improvement of the port of Karachi. He met with much official delay and discouragement, and it was years before the harbour works were completed ; but enough had been done by 1857 to enable British troops to be disembarked there and thus marched up in time to save North-Western India. Frere's other improvements—roads, railways,

canals, schools, fairs, the support of Jacob's Light Horse and the consequent settlement of frontier difficulties with the Beloochees—all contributed so greatly to the success of his policy of peaceful penetration that, when the news of the Mutiny greeted his return to Karachi, he was sufficiently sure of the peace of Sind to be able to send his only European regiment to defend Multan and to reinforce Sir John Lawrence's troops in the Punjab.

He left Sind in 1859 to become a Member of the Supreme Council at Calcutta, but after three years' residence there in work uncongenial to him, and in a climate which greatly affected his wife's health, he was, to his own great relief, appointed Governor of Bombay in 1862. He took up the post at once without any interval of rest and without returning, as he had hoped, to England and his children. By so doing he lost the allowance of £2,500 for outfit made to a Governor who comes out from home, and he had the additional misfortune of losing in transit his valuable library and collection of coins and antiquities. But his old Presidency received him with a shout of jubilation, and he settled down to five more years of strenuous work.

As usual, sanitation and the improvement of the harbour were his first cares. He also established Deccan College at Poona for the education of natives and a native school of civil engineering. Next he took in hand the improvement of Indian cotton production, the value of which was foreshadowed by the stoppage of American supplies during the Civil War. Unfortunately, the haste of the cultivators and the Bombay merchants to get rich led to an era of wild speculation, ending in the disastrous failure of the Bombay Bank in 1866. Widespread ruin was caused to Europeans and natives alike, and Frere was severely blamed for not having taken complete control earlier. He had

done his best to check share-jobbing amongst Indian civilians, and supported a measure to make "time bargains" (or gambling in cotton) illegal; but this was held up in Calcutta for eight months and the delay proved fatal. Early in 1865 he received a warning as to the bank's stability and devoted much anxious attention to its affairs. Later, when in England he was charged with "supineness and inaction," he wrote on the margin of the paper: "I only know that when the bank was first in trouble the Governor had scarce a white hair in his head, and that when he left Bombay he had few brown ones."

South Africa (1877–1879).

He returned home in 1867 at the end of his term as Governor and only twice revisited India, once after his mission to Zanzibar in 1872 and again when he accompanied the Prince of Wales in 1875. He had been made a member of the Indian Council on his return from Bombay and, except for the Zanzibar trip, undertaken at the wish of the Foreign Office when he was successful in suppressing the deportation of slaves, he devoted all his time to Indian affairs until, in 1877, he was pressed by Lord Carnarvon to accept the High Commissionership of South Africa. He was then sixty-two years of age, and it was his first experience of colonial government; but in a letter to Lord Canning on Indian affairs in 1861 he had shown that he firmly grasped the true principle of a sound "colonial" system, viz. that the Secretary of State should "give a colony the best system of government he can and then leave it alone." Anything rather than government from London! Even a despotism "would be better exercised on the spot than if the ruling powers resided in London." It is the creed of all strong and successful proconsuls; in Frere's case failure on the part of the

Home Government to abide by it had the most tragic results.

Frere came out to the Cape in March 1877, believing himself to have a clear field and full powers. He found on arrival that the future of federation had been seriously endangered by the ill-advised speeches of J. A. Froude, who had been sent out by Lord Carnarvon two years earlier to conduct a lecturing campaign and had contrived to antagonize the majority of the Cape Legislature. "He had every sense but common sense," said a Cape historian of Froude, and there is no doubt that the hostility he aroused in Mr. Molteno and the Cape Ministry had made any attempt to force federation upon either Cape Colony or Natal foredoomed to failure. Moreover Frere had not been in the country much above a fortnight when he received the news that Sir Theophilus Shepstone, sent out from England to confer with the President of the Transvaal on federation, had issued a proclamation annexing that country to the British Crown. Frere had no choice but to accept the accomplished fact and make the best of it. The Cape Ministry refused to be mixed up in the matter; Frere's authority over Shepstone was ill-defined; and his difficulties were further increased by a revolt of the Transkei Kaffirs. This was subdued by General Thesiger (later Lord Chelmsford), and the political crisis at the Cape was settled by the dismissal of the Molteno Cabinet and the summoning of the more opportunist and amenable Gordon Sprigg to form a Ministry.

On the top of these troubles came the resignation of Lord Carnarvon, a man, perhaps, as ill-suited by temperament to understand the colonial mind as any in the long roll of misfits at the Colonial Office. Sir Lewis Michell, of the Cape Executive Council, the trustee and biographer of Rhodes, has summed up Carnarvon's record rather neatly: "He tried to govern South

Africa by voluminous dispatches from England. He failed to trust his well-tried and entirely reliable representative, Sir H. Barkly; he listened to the 'opposition' evidence of Paterson, and to the impulsive utterances of Froude; he dispatched to the Cape a great Indian official unversed in the parliamentary system; he ignored the colonial Prime Minister, declining even to give him his title; he insisted on the colonies and States conferring when they were unprepared to confer; he suspended the Constitution of Natal and tried to abrogate that of the Cape; and, finally, he annexed the Transvaal, which the logic of events was patently about to give to us of its own accord, and he resigned his high office on very inadequate grounds, and left his representatives to their fate. It would be difficult to beat this untoward record of a well-meaning and honourable man."

Still, as long as Carnarvon held office, Frere had been certain of support. He had now to face the native danger unsupported. He was of opinion that the organization of the warlike Zulu race in celibate bands, bound by Zulu law to remain such until they had "washed their spears" in the blood of their enemies, was a permanent menace to the peace of South Africa. But for the protection of England the burghers of the Transvaal would in all probability have been annihilated by the Zulu king, Cetewayo, and it was the recognition of this which had induced Carnarvon to ratify Shepstone's act of annexation. Frere was for forestalling the danger. In November 1878 he had delivered an award as to a strip of territory between Zululand and the Transvaal, which was to pass to Cetewayo, if he would agree to protect or compensate the Boer farmers settled on it. At the same time he was to give reparation in cattle for outrages committed on Natal inhabitants, to agree to alter his celibate military system,

and not to call up his regiments without the consent of the British Government.

Few South Africans thought that Cetewayo would submit, and, before issuing his ultimatum, Frere had requested in repeated letters that Great Britain would send the reinforcements General Thesiger thought necessary. Even he could hardly have foreseen that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Carnarvon's successor, would delay them and recommend "the exercise of prudence and meeting the Zulus in a spirit of forbearance"! In the end the reinforcements were sent; but Hicks-Beach continued to urge a postponement of warlike operations, and to deprecate a Zulu War as an addition to other troubles, as if it were a sort of entertainment, which the High Commissioner had arranged for his own benefit. The last of his dispatches reached Frere a week after the disaster of Isandhlwana.

For this reverse Chelmsford was responsible, not Frere; but Frere was fiercely attacked in the British House of Commons and but feebly defended by the Government. Chelmsford had undoubtedly underrated his adversary; he had insufficient mounted men; and the slaughter was so complete that out of six companies of the 24th Regiment only six men survived. Natal was in a panic, but Frere at Maritzburg kept calm. He telegraphed to England for further reinforcements, and to the Cape to send up at once every available English soldier. Maritzburg was put in a state of defence; but the great loss which, before extinction, the British regiments had inflicted on the Zulus prevented their further advance, and Colonel Evelyn Wood's force in the north-west remained intact. The Zulus in Natal did not rally to Cetewayo as had been anticipated, and the period of acute danger soon passed.

But in the Transvaal the skies were darkening. Many of the Boers had never accepted Shepstone's

annexation, and there was much bad feeling with regard to the delay in granting the Transvaal a Constitution. England's difficulty was the Boers' opportunity, and by March 1879 Frere found it necessary to go himself to the Transvaal. He found the road from Natal fortified and prepared for war, ostensibly from fear of Zulu attacks. A large camp had been formed near Pretoria, and Frere proceeded there with but a small escort and unarmed. For the moment the Boers were overawed, and Frere returned to Cape Town, there to be greeted with the news of the killing of the Prince Imperial in Zululand (June 1, 1879) and the transference of the government of the Transvaal and Natal to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was appointed High Commissioner of Eastern South Africa. Once more the Home Government, whilst professing to trust the man on the spot, had undermined his authority by dividing his functions.

Frere never recovered from the blow. He may have been to blame for adopting too high-handed an attitude towards Cetewayo; certainly his training as an Indian official had not prepared him for parliamentary government; but up to October 1878 he was led to believe that he had the support of the Colonial Office. He only knew he had not when it was too late to retract. He had been told to effect a closer union of South Africa; he had found that that could not be done until the strong insurgent feeling amongst the natives was overcome. He had struck at Cetewayo as the main source of trouble; he was now told by Her Majesty's Government that he should have delayed to consult them before taking action which might lead to war. It was all very well to add that though they censured him, they had "no desire to withdraw, in the present crisis of affairs, the confidence hitherto reposed in you, the continuance of which is now more than ever needed to conduct our difficulties in South Africa to a successful termination."

They had done their best to make his position impossible, and he felt it so, though he loyally tried to carry on. The settlement of Zululand fell to Wolseley; Frere was not even consulted.

Early in 1880 Wolseley had two of the Boer leaders, Bok and Pretorius, arrested on a charge of high treason. Gladstone was now in office, and his Midlothian speeches expressing sympathy with the Transvaal had encouraged Boer resistance. In March Wolseley gave up his post by his own wish; but Frere was not reinstated as High Commissioner of the whole of South Africa. Sir George Colley was sent out to succeed Wolseley, and Frere was docked of £2,000 of his salary. He interpreted it as a hint to resign, but refused to let monetary considerations appear to influence his conduct. A couple of months later he was recalled, pressure having been put upon Mr. Gladstone by extreme Liberals of the school of Dilke, Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Leonard Courtney. South Africa received the news with an outbreak of sympathy and indignation; Capetown proposed a day of mourning. Frere preserved a dignified reticence and set sail for England as soon as he could. The next six months saw the Boer War, the defeat and death of Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill, and the Convention of Pretoria, which recognized the independence of the Transvaal. So much for the policy of Federation, which Frere had been sent out to promote!

He lived only four years after his recall, patient and confident that his countrymen would one day do him justice—"I shall not leave a name to be permanently dishonoured"—and his confidence has been justified.

His was one of those strong, quiet, reticent personalities which never fill the public eye, but leave an ineffaceable impression upon those brought into close contact with them. His old friends and colleagues

were his best judges. They have left on record a picture of a man singularly amiable and high-minded, possessed by a passion for service, devoted to the call of duty, and of an all-round efficiency which left his subordinates speechless with admiration. "In Sind he could have performed the duty of almost any one of his subordinates and performed it well," said one of them years after. This made him a just, though a tolerant, chief, unflinching in his support but unsparing of criticism where criticism was due. "His courage, his generosity, his unselfishness, his thoughtfulness for others, his absolute fearlessness of responsibility and his deep sense of religion, all these qualities seem to have been born in him, they came so naturally to him. . . . I never met a man with a higher sense of duty." So wrote an old friend after his death. In his lifetime Sir Henry Acland wrote in *The Times*: "No one was more acceptable wherever he went, and he went everywhere. No one was more beloved." And Lady Frere once, when telling a new servant how to recognize his master at a railway station, said, "Look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." Yet this was the man of whom the *Daily News* wrote in July 1879 that he had "allied himself with the worst passions and sinister motives of the colonists—their fear and hate of a savage race . . . and their disposition . . . to prosecute their own gain at the cost of the Mother Country." In the face of such judgments it is surprising that we still have colonies. It is equally surprising that devoted public servants will still run the risk of such treatment as was meted out to Frere.

CHAPTER IV

CECIL JOHN RHODES

(1853-1902)

The name of Cecil Rhodes is written not only across the continent of Africa, but across every page of South African history for the best part of half a century. He has lain, it is true, for fifteen years in that mountain grave amongst the Matoppo Hills, but his memory is still fresh in the minds of those who shared his dreams of empire. No man in his lifetime was better loved, nor better hated; no one has so stamped his individuality upon the whole future of South African politics. Was he demi-god, or was he mere adventurer? Did he only just miss being among the greatest, or was he the gold-hunter and unscrupulous financier his enemies declared him? Whatever answer we give to the question now can be at best but half a truth. South Africa still lies too close under the shadow of his great name to anticipate the judgment of posterity.

A recent French critic, M. Jean Carrère, not without considerable insight into contemporary colonial personalities, sums him up as a man of great creative imagination, as pre-eminent in the execution of his projects as he was in conceiving them; one of the greatest of financiers, but using wealth merely as a means to power, not an end; a great ruler of men but a dreamer of dreams; more of a visionary than an idealist; prone, therefore, to try to realize his visions by means which would not commend themselves to

the slower brains of straightforward political thinkers. With Rhodes, to conceive was to put into execution, and to put into execution was to leap forward to the object aimed at across every obstacle. But he had to work through human instruments and in the dusty ways of politics. No wonder, then, that the dust got into his eyes, that he could not be always looking up to the hills. Still, let it be counted unto him for righteousness that he had had the vision, even if he let it translate itself into terms of dubious political morality. The "Napoleon of the Cape," as his admirers fondly called him, found his Waterloo in the Jameson Raid, and like his great prototype survived it only six years.

Until he went to the Cape in 1870 there is little to say about him. He was the fifth son of the Rev. Francis Rhodes, Vicar of Bishop Stortford, in Hertfordshire, and one of a family of eleven—nine sons and two daughters. He was educated at the Grammar School in his native village and apparently intended for the Church; but as he showed a disinclination for it and was in poor health, it was decided to send him to Natal, where his eldest brother, Herbert, was experimenting in cotton-growing. All accounts of Cecil Rhodes as a boy represent him as shy, silent and solitary, characteristics which he never entirely lost, for, impetuous as he was in action, he relapsed often into fits of moody silence.

Arrived in South Africa, he showed the resource and the determination which were to carry him so far on the road to power. Cotton-growing in Natal was in its infancy. Herbert Rhodes had a farm in the Umkomas Valley, and, through inexperience, the brothers' first crop was a complete failure. It was a rough life; labour was scarce and dear; and Herbert Rhodes was soon drawn away by the report of the

discovery of diamonds in Griqualand West. Cecil, a lad not yet nineteen, was left behind to do what he could with the farm, and before deciding to sell and follow his brother, with his characteristic dislike of being beaten, he raised a second crop of cotton and won a prize at a local show. Years afterwards, when his friends doubted the success of any of his projects, he would say: "Ah! yes, they told me I couldn't grow cotton!"

Kimberley and Oxford.

By the end of 1871 he was on his way to Colesberg Kopje (now Kimberley) "in a Scotch cart drawn by a team of oxen, carrying with him a bucket and spade, several volumes of the classics and a Greek lexicon." He intended to get wealth and to get education, and he got both just as he got his crop of cotton. An old friend has depicted the tall, fair English lad, "crumpled up on an inverted bucket," sitting amongst his dusky Zulus, scraping his gravel for diamonds. But he soon saw that consolidation was the better game, and just as sixteen years later he consolidated the De Beers and rival mines, so in those early days he bought and sold claims, made a few judicious investments, left a younger brother, Frank, to look after them, and betook himself first for a solitary tour in an ox-cart through Bechuanaland and the Transvaal, and then to Oxford, where he was refused at University College but accepted at Oriel.

In his freshman's year his health failed, and he was obliged to return to South Africa. "Not six months to live" was the physician's private note on his case; but the physician had reckoned without Rhodes's strength of will. He not only "lived," but he succeeded in making his fortune and taking his degree, though his Oxford terms had to be kept so intermittently that

they spread over eight years. His last will and testament is sufficient witness of the high social value he set on an Oxford education. What Oxford thought of the strange undergraduate, whose vacations were spent in "besting" unscrupulous financiers and who was a "diamond king" long before he was a B.A., is less easy to determine. The undergraduates cheered him to the echo when he appeared, together with Kitchener, at the Encœnia of 1899 among the honorary D.C.L.'s; the dons were a little more dubious. Rhodes undoubtedly had the practical man's good-natured contempt of the academic mind. That is proved by his will, for he recommended the Fellows of Oriel to apply to his Trustees for advice in investing the £100,000 he left to his old College, because "College authorities live secluded from the world and so are like children as to commercial matters." And the academic mind, with its love of belittling what it only half understands, was disposed to depreciate imperial ambitions, however romantic, which could express themselves in terms of wealth.

The year 1881 saw Rhodes's entry into public life. It was a fateful year for South Africa. The Majuba settlement, which left everything really unsettled and sowed the seeds of deeper discord between British and Dutch, had been concluded in the spring. The Boers were jubilant, the British settlers in the Transvaal exasperated. The rights of the latter were left unsafeguarded by the Royal Commission appointed to carry out the British Government's decision; had that Commission insisted upon a proper franchise, the whole Uitlander difficulty of the next decade might have been averted. Rhodes entered the Cape Assembly as a representative of Barkly West, one of the electoral divisions of Griqualand West—a disputed territory which had been annexed by a Cape Act of 1877, after

due payment of a compensation to the Orange Free State.

In later years Rhodes held Kimberley and the diamond fields in the hollow of his hand. But at that time he had a serious rival in Barnett Isaacs—"Barney Barnato"—who had come out in 1873 and acquired a controlling share in the Kimberley Mine, while Rhodes held the De Beers and Du Toit's. The final struggle came in 1887, when Rhodes went to Paris and bought up the large interests held by a French company in Barnato's mine. Nothing was left for Barnato but surrender at discretion. Henceforth in Kimberley Rhodes reigned supreme.

Little more need be said of the material side of his activities. He had known poverty and he had known wealth; and he had known the joys and anxieties of getting it. To money itself he was notoriously indifferent; what he loved was "the game," and the power over his fellows which resulted from winning it. If his grandiose projects were ever to be realized, it could only be with the help of money and by gathering round him moneyed men. This he had seen early, and this part of his programme was early achieved. But money alone would not do; he needed also political power. And from 1881 onwards he set himself to win the goodwill of his fellow-citizens and to convince them of the practicability of his aims.

Imperial Ambitions.

What were those aims? First and foremost the expansion of the British Empire, not direct from Downing Street but through the medium of the Cape Government. He could call in Downing Street, if need be, as he did in the case of Bechuanaland; but he would much rather have seen South Africa made one by its own exertions, undertaking its own govern-

ment and realizing its manifest destiny under the protection of the British flag. And he ardently desired to see this great South African nation ever extending its territories northwards, until the vast stretch of fertile country up to, and beyond, the Zambesi became the white man's home.

To achieve this end he had to keep open the "road to the north," which Paul Kruger and the Boers were making every effort to close. Again and again he was thwarted, now by the supineness of Cape Ministers when they refused to annex Bechuanaland, now by the British Government when they gave a great part of Zululand to the Transvaal and allowed Germany to annex the Atlantic coast. But with dogged persistence he stuck to his plan, and made himself all things to all men, bending Boers, Cape Afrikanders, native chiefs, alike to his imperious will until at last Rhodesia, with its infinite capacity for expansion, was secured to the British Crown. It was not his fault that Portugal on the east and Germany on the west were allowed to block his access to the sea, and if he had had his way German East Africa would never have cut off Rhodesia from the sources of the Nile. But perhaps Botha and Smuts will redraw the faulty maps of Downing Street and win back in the twentieth century what Rhodes coveted in the nineteenth.

A glance at the map shows the difficulties which had to be surmounted between Rhodes's first conception of his plan as a boy and his realization of it twenty years later. When, in 1877, he made a will leaving all his property to found a Trust "for the extension of British rule throughout the world . . . and the occupation by British subjects of the whole continent of Africa," all we possessed of that continent was a strictly limited Cape Colony and the province of Natal. We had cut off the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

We had snubbed earlier Imperialists, like Sir George Grey, for wishing to advance our frontiers; and the great native territories—Basutoland and Zululand on the east; Griqualand and Bechuanaland on the west—were still under the sway of their native rulers and a prey to freebooting incursions by the Transvaal burghers.

The diamond industry roused the Cape to secure Griqualand West in 1877, the same year in which we annexed the Transvaal, only to relinquish it four years later. Basutoland, though nominally under British protection, was still a burning question when Rhodes entered the Cape Assembly, and one of his first public acts was to go there as Assistant Commissioner, together with General Charles Gordon, to settle the claims in dispute. Bechuanaland, vital to the preservation of the road to the north, would have been absorbed by the Cape Colony in 1883 if Rhodes had had his way. He got himself put on to the Delimitation Commission, and obtained from the chief, Mankoroane, a formal cession of his territories to the Cape Government, which refused to accept the offer. The next year Kruger's burghers in considerable numbers ousted the natives from extensive areas, and established the so-called Republics of Stellaland and Goshen. The High Commissioner in 1884 made Rhodes resident deputy commissioner for Bechuanaland, and he at once called the British Government's attention to this breach of the Convention of London (February 1884). The result was Sir Charles Warren's expedition, which quickly decided President Kruger to deal with the Boer freebooters whom he had professed himself unable to control. Without any actual fighting, South Bechuanaland was declared to be British territory, and a British Protectorate was extended over the much larger northern territory of the Bechuanas.

Rhodes did not hit it off very well with Warren—he never did with the military, who resented the participation in their activities of this altogether too independent civilian. But Gordon, no less a soldier than a saint and a seer, took a great fancy to his masterful subordinate The two strong-willed personalities had their differences. Rhodes charged Gordon with putting himself too much in the foreground in dealing with the natives and obscuring his official chief, Sauer, the Secretary for Native Affairs. Gordon took the reproof in good part, and at the next colloquy told the natives that he was but the servant of Sauer, his dog. Then he drew Rhodes aside and whispered: "I did it because it was the right thing to do, but it was hard, very hard." Gordon, on his side, had to complain of Rhodes's arrogance: "You always contradict me; I never met such a man for his own opinion." Yet he implored Rhodes to stay with him in Basutoland, and two years later, when going to his death in his last crusade against the Mahdi, telegraphed to Rhodes to come and join him. "I am sorry I was not with him," said Rhodes more than once when the tragic news came that Gordon had died at Khartoum. The feeling did him honour, far removed as he was from the soldier-mystic, who was so careless of this world that in an official letter he had quite honestly regretted his inability to accept an offer of a post on the Congo, because "it is a climate which precludes any hope of old age, and gives a good chance of the end of one's pilgrimage."

The Chartered Company.

Bechuanaland secured, Rhodes turned his attention to the northern territories, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, where Lo-bengula held sway. This old chief was a formidable opponent, and he was being assiduously courted by Kruger and the Boers. Rhodes was deter-

mined to be beforehand with them, and though he could not get the High Commissioner (Sir Hercules Robinson) to do anything as definite as to proclaim a Protectorate over Lo-bengula's domains, he did persuade him to get Lo-bengula to sign a treaty binding himself to allow no Protectorate to be established by any other Power. Then Rhodes took independent action. His Bechuanaland experiences had convinced him that the Cape would not take over the northern territories and that the Imperial Government would never face the enormous expense of administration and development. There was nothing for it but to call in the aid of private capital to supplement what he himself could do with the revenues of De Beers. Accordingly he first sent envoys at his own expense to the Matabele King and succeeded in getting from him (on October 30, 1888) a concession of all the mineral rights in his territory, in return for £100 a month, 1,000 Martini rifles and 100,000 cartridges. This concession was sold later for shares in the Chartered Company equal to £1,000,000 sterling.

It must be admitted that Rhodes had "bested" Lo-bengula, just as he had previously "bested" Barnato and the rival diamond-mining companies. It was part of the "game," the long duel between him and the Boer President as to which of them should be master in South Africa. On the other hand one cannot but acknowledge that in the duel Rhodes fought less for himself than for the Empire. "To gain space for the expansion of Britain was his ever-present thought," says one who knew him well and was associated with most of his later enterprises. "I desire," he himself wrote to Mr. Stead, "to act for the benefit of those who, I think, are the greatest people the world has ever seen, but whose fault is that they do not know their strength, and their greatness and their destiny."

But the Nemesis of great designs is intoxication with their greatness and a conviction that the end justifies the means. Rhodes was no megalomaniac; but he had learned to despise men by using them. He had overcome so many obstacles that he thought he could overcome all, and in his haste to sweep Kruger out of his path, he brought about the South African War.

This, however, was not yet. He had first to consolidate his advantages in the new territory, which he did by buying out the rival concessionaires, however bad their titles, and by coming to London and launching the British South Africa Company. In this he had the help, amongst others, of the Rothschilds, Mr. Rudd, Mr. Beit, Mr. Rochfort Maguire, the Austral-Africa Company, the African Exploring Company, and the Goldfields of South Africa, a Company in which he himself was largely interested. The £200,000 worth of shares allotted to De Beers gave him a controlling interest. Next he applied to the British Government for a Charter, which would give the Company administrative rights over the territory they proposed to occupy. In the interval Lo-bengula seems to have had his doubts as to the wisdom of his concession; envoys from the Matabele arrived in London and were much lionized by the Aborigines' Protection Society and others. Rhodes, however, got his way. The Colonial Office, realizing, as Lord Knutsford said, that such a Company might "to some considerable extent relieve Her Majesty's Government from diplomatic difficulties and heavy expenditure," kindly allowed Mr. Rhodes and his fellow-directors to shoulder the Government's responsibilities and left him to deal with the Matabele as he thought fit.

His first step was to send his devoted friend and henchman, Dr. Starr Leander Jameson, to acquaint

Lo-bengula with the Company's decision to send up a pioneer expedition to Mashonaland. It was a dangerous mission, but Dr. Jameson showed great tact, and by treating Lo-bengula's ailments and appeasing his natural jealousy and suspicion, got him to consent to the expedition's passage along the eastern edge of Matabeleland. With the help of Mr. Selous, the great African game-hunter, the expedition found its perilous way to Mashonaland, and on September 11, 1890, a Union Jack was hoisted on the site of the present Fort Salisbury, a fort was built, a township laid out, and a new province added to the British Empire. Zambesi, it was called at first, but Rhodesia it became, officially not till 1895 but by common consent almost at once. The shy, awkward boy of the beginning of the seventies had written his name for all time across the continent of Africa.

Cape Premiership.

But in considering Mr. Rhodes the great adventurer, we must not entirely forget Mr. Rhodes the Cape politician. By 1890 he was Premier, and the next six years saw him at the height of his power. True, he had great difficulties still to contend with in Rhodesia. The war between the Mashonas and the Matabele in 1893 came near to being a disaster of the first magnitude. The settlers were inevitably involved, a small force under Major Allan Wilson which had made a rash attempt to capture Lo-bengula was annihilated, and a larger relieving force under Major Forbes was only saved by the timely arrival from Bulawayo of Rhodes himself at the head of a hundred men. The whole Rhodesian forces, indeed, were under a thousand, and the result was awaited with anxiety not only at the Cape but in England. Rhodes's star, however, was not yet on the decline, and the defeat of the Matabele, though it cost

him a great deal of money out of his own pocket, brought the territory more completely under his control.

In Cape Colony he had from the first set himself to win and conciliate the Dutch. They were essential to the success of his schemes for a united South Africa. Moreover he had a genuine liking for them. In particular his relations with Mr. Hofmeyr were excellent up to the time of the Raid, and Hofmeyr, though debarred by health from becoming Cape Premier, was for years a power behind the Throne. He shared with Rhodes a dread of seeing Germany establish her influence in South Africa, and it was thanks to the ascendancy which he established over the Afrikander Bond that that somewhat visionary body, originally founded when Frere was at the Cape and federation or even separation in the air, was kept within sane and loyal limits. As Premier, Rhodes was maintained in power very largely by the Dutch vote, and he rewarded his supporters by doing his best for their material prosperity. To that end he strove for a railway union and a customs union of all the South African territories, and in President Brand's time achieved it with the Orange Free State, through whose territory ran the railway to Johannesburg and the goldfields. He would have done his best, too, to come to an agreement with the Transvaal; but Kruger's obstinate exclusiveness would have none of him, and after the death of President Brand the Transvaal acquired a strong and unfortunate influence over Free State politics.

Among the natives Rhodes was always popular. He had great sympathy with them and understood them; he had them always about him as servants, and he learned to know their peculiarities. Though he saw the absurdity of a universal franchise, regardless of colour, and took measures to restrict it, he did this

not on a colour basis but by an educational test and the limitation of the vote to men earning at least a labourer's wage. Like Livingstone and Grey, he held three things to be cardinal points in native administration: first, liquor control; second, encouragement to labour; and third, education. The Glen Grey Act of 1894, which he placed on the Statute Book, taxed able-bodied natives, not shown to be cultivating the land in their own Reserves or to have taken service elsewhere in the colony, whilst it also secured to the natives the full control of their own earnings. In Kimberley, Rhodes had absolutely prohibited the sale of liquor to natives employed in the mines, and as Premier he risked the ill-will of the brandy farmers by his campaign against the uncontrolled sale of intoxicants.

He was, in fact, through much of his premiership the benevolent despot of the Cape. But he was also, as far as the Transvaal and Rhodesia were concerned, a despot in a hurry. Lady Lugard has said of him that he had a profound sense of the shortness of life, and a deep conviction that he had an imperial mission to discharge and little time in which to discharge it. Between him and the goal of his ambition stood one obstinate old man, obdurate, obscurantist, apparently unmovable. Rhodes decided that he must be removed and failed to count the cost.

The Raid and After.

In 1886 gold had been found on the Witwatersrand. A year later Kruger raised the qualifying period for the franchise from five years to fifteen. Johannesburg, which had sprung up like a mushroom in the night, within three years from its foundation had a population of 25,000. By 1896 it counted 102,000, nearly all of them debarred from the franchise. These aliens, or "Uitlanders," a large proportion of them Cape

Afrikander or British, had appealed in vain to the Transvaal Government for redress of their grievances. They were heavily taxed, not only on the coal and dynamite essential to their industry, but also on the necessaries of life. They were obliged to contribute to the education of Boer children, though they received no State aid for their own schools. And all this taxation was imposed upon them without representation, although their exploitation of the gold mines had saved the Transvaal from bankruptcy.

It is impossible not to sympathize with the Uitlanders, though it is easy to understand Kruger's fear of an industry which threatened to undermine the old pastoral simplicity of Boer life and to deliver over his country to the dominating influence of the paramount Power in South Africa. His only safety, as he saw the situation, lay in keeping the gold interest in subjection and cultivating relations with Germany, the rival colonizing Power. To this end he did all in his power to develop the German-Dutch-owned Nederlands Railway to Delagoa Bay, imposing prohibitive rates upon goods brought into his country over the Cape railways and closing up the wagon-road through the Drifts. This Mr. Chamberlain forced him to reopen in the autumn of 1895 under threat of war; but in the meantime the Johannesburg Reform leaders had taken measures of their own. They decided that, if peaceful means failed, they would have recourse to armed revolution, and they enlisted Rhodes on their side. He was himself, as Chairman of the Goldfields of South Africa Company, one of the most important of the Uitlander mine-owners, but he was also Premier of Cape Colony and managing director of the Chartered Company, and he does not seem to have sufficiently considered that his very cognizance of the plot on foot, let alone his active participation in it, compromised

in the gravest possible manner both the Cape and Home Governments.

Perhaps if the plot had succeeded, his great influence and authority might have overborne the inevitable adverse judgment. But a Cape Premier could not afford to be involved in a plot that failed. For all the Uitlander bluff, the conspirators were ill-armed and but half-prepared. Dr. Jameson, acting under Rhodes's orders and having asked Mr. Chamberlain's permission, though he did not at once get it, had massed the Bechuanaland police at Mafeking to protect the extension of the railway. He also collected a small force of Chartered Company's police just over the Rhodesian frontier. By a secret understanding with the Reform leaders, immediately on the outbreak of the revolt he was to march upon Johannesburg, ostensibly to maintain order. At the last moment there was trouble amongst the conspirators as to whether Transvaal independence was to be maintained or the British flag hoisted. One of their number, Charles Leonard, went down to see Rhodes at Cape Town, and Rhodes, realizing that nothing was yet ready and only one man in ten had a rifle, telegraphed to Jameson on December 28th on no account to move. But Jameson, already impatient, wired on that same day that unless he heard to the contrary he should advance. The wire was delayed and only reached Rhodes on the 29th. Before Rhodes could get through his peremptory order to stop, Jameson had cut the wires and was half-way to Johannesburg. At Krugersdorp the Boers were entrenched, five hundred strong. Jameson, endeavouring to skirt round them, was led, either by mistake or by treachery, to Doornkop, right under the Boer guns. He had no choice but to surrender, and the Raid had failed.

Even before Rhodes got the news he knew that the

game was up. "The Doctor has ruined us all!" was his first comment on December 29th when he heard that Jameson had started. With characteristic pluck and candour he faced the inevitable outcry, resigned his Cape premiership and returned to England to place his resignation of the office of managing director in the hands of the Chartered Company. His political career was at an end; henceforth he proposed to live in Rhodesia and to devote his great powers to the development of the country.

Even here misfortune pursued him. Rumours had run through the country that the white man's rule was to be overthrown. There was much discontent over the colonists' acquisition of native cattle. A plague of rinderpest swept across the veld, absorbing the colonists' attention and exciting the superstitious fears of the natives. In March the Matabele suddenly rose and massacred a number of whites, including women and children, at scattered farms through the country. The colonists flew to arms; but eight hundred men were all they could muster, and they could barely keep the rebels at bay. In May, Rhodes arrived at the head of a relief force. In July, Sir Frederick Carrington came up with Imperial troops to the number of one thousand. But the Matabele are an offshoot of the Zulu race and formidable fighters. Carrington soon saw that at least five thousand men would be required, and they could not arrive till next year. At this crisis Rhodes performed the bravest action of his life. He undertook unaided to bring the war to an end, by going almost alone and unarmed into the Matoppo Hills to meet the rebel Indunas. He began by moving his camp up to the foot-hills and away from the military. There he lay for six weeks until he hoped that the Matabele realized his mission was peace. Word was brought to him that the Indunas

in council awaited him in the heart of the mountains, and with nothing but a stick in his hand he rode, with three companions, to the appointed place. The chiefs laid their grievances before him, and he answered them all. " Now," said he at last, " is it war, or peace ? " And the chiefs, laying down one by one their sticks at his feet, answered " It is peace." " One of the scenes that make life still worth living," said Rhodes as he rode away.

His life was drawing to an end. The next three years he spent in promoting schemes for the good of Rhodesia, bringing the railway to Bulawayo and arranging for its continuance to Lake Tanganyika, as well as developing the African Transcontinental Telegraph Company's line which was destined to unite the Cape with Cairo. But he was not to see the union of South Africa. Indeed, his last days seemed to see South Africa for ever disunited by a devastating war. He was in Kimberley through the siege of 1899–1900, keeping order and helping to strengthen the defence, though at odds, as ever, with the military. Before he died (March 26, 1902) the British arms had prevailed and peace was in sight ; but its conclusion and the final pacification of South Africa, with its wonderful recovery and its rally to the British flag, were still hidden in the mists of the future.

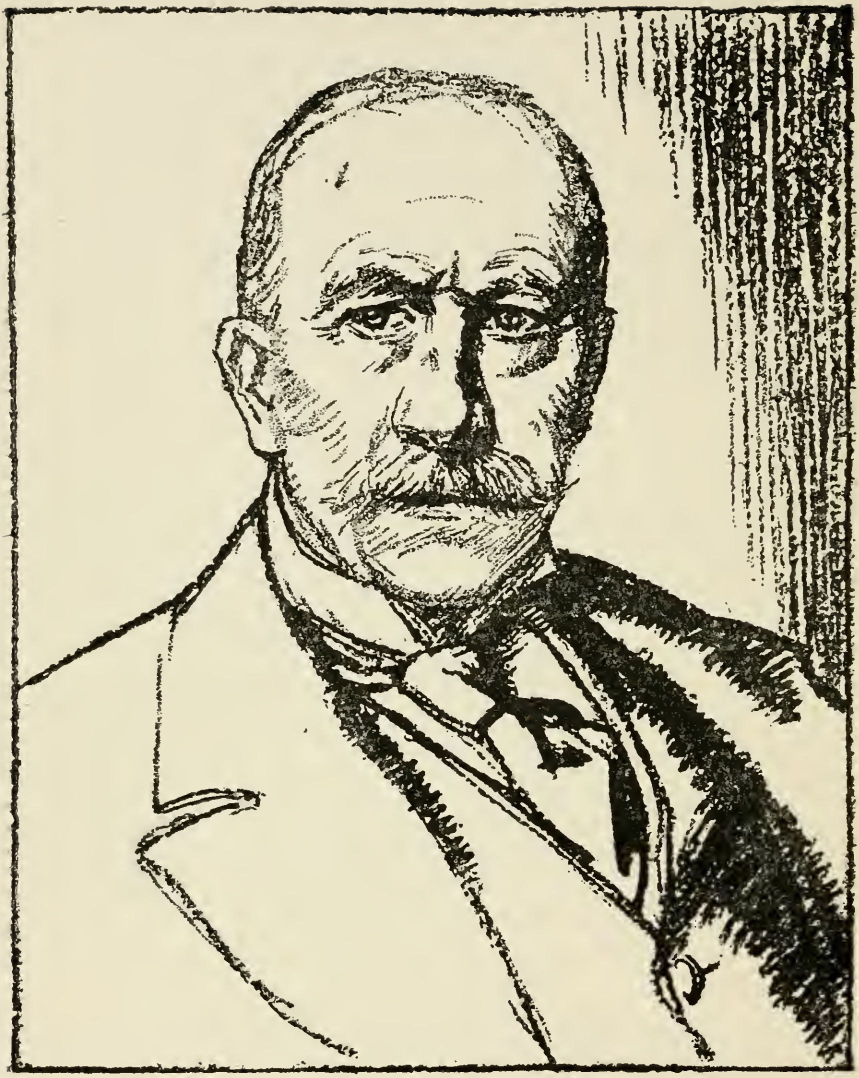
Still, his dreams have come true. He believed always in local self-government ; did he not, indeed, give £10,000 for Irish Home Rule ? Since self-government has been granted to the erstwhile South African Republics, they have become loyal provinces of the Empire. He believed in a great South Africa, united by its own efforts and on its own initiative, governing itself under the protection of the British flag. Such a South Africa confronts us to-day and has been one of the greatest supports of the Empire in the European

War. He believed in the expansion of the Empire northwards and from sea to sea. Botha and Smuts have swept Germany from South-West Africa, Portugal is our ally and Germany is retiring rapidly from the eastern coast. He believed that white and black could dwell together in peace and amity; his tomb and effigy among the Matoppo Hills are an eternal monument to that faith, and will keep his memory for ever green amongst the natives, to whom he was "the Great White Chief."

The wealth which he had carelessly amassed and spent lavishly for public purposes during his life, he dedicated in his will to the public service. Groote Schuur, his palace near Cape Town, with its wonderful gardens, was always thrown open to his fellow-citizens; at his death he bequeathed it to them, until it should become the official residence of the Premier of a federated South Africa. The bulk of his fortune went to the trust for founding Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford, whereby young men from our Overseas Dominions, from America, and, by a curious codicil, from Germany, were to be enabled to get a better understanding of Great Britain and its ideals before beginning their life's work.

To answer the questions, the inevitable questions, which Rhodes's personality suggests must be frankly recognized as impossible. We cannot deny to him the attribute of greatness any more than we can refuse to acknowledge his genius: but it was a greatness qualified by obvious defects and a genius with some strange limitations. Material as were his ambitions, he yet was an idealist, and for this reason, as well as for others, there was nothing sordid or mean or poverty-stricken in his character. He loved a fight in the open; he did not care for intrigues in the dark. He amassed wealth carelessly and spent what he had gained as

carelessly ; but for money as an end of life he had no liking. Money was power and therefore was valuable ; he had no miserly instincts. Sometimes, perhaps, he showed himself to be a bad judge of character ; or perhaps he employed men for particular objects, and when these objects were gained had no further use for them. At all events he knew how to win men's loyalty. His was a great, genial personality, wide, generous, overflowing—with much of the nature of a schoolboy and the quick intelligence of a far-sighted statesman. It is easy to criticize such impulsive souls : in Rhodes's case it is more useful perhaps to appreciate and admire.



LORD MILNER

CHAPTER V

ALFRED MILNER AND JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

It is impossible to write of Alfred Milner as High Commissioner of South Africa (1897–1905) without also writing of Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary (1895–1903). It has been said of Chamberlain that he was the first real Secretary for the Colonies—the first, that is, to administer them with a clear vision of the part they were destined to play in the future of the British Empire. Doubtless there were Imperialists before Chamberlain—Grey, Frere, Rhodes, to go no farther than South Africa ; but, except Disraeli, whose Oriental origin coloured his dream of Empire, no great British statesman had taught the British nation to think imperially until the Birmingham merchant and municipal reformer went to the Colonial Office. In Milner he found his perfect instrument. There is a story which, if not true, is at least well invented, that on a certain day in the winter of 1896-7 Mr. Chamberlain, distracted by South African difficulties, went to Lord Salisbury and said, " I have found the right man for South Africa." " So have I," said Lord Salisbury. " My man is Sir Alfred Milner," said Mr. Chamberlain, rather taken aback. " So is mine," answered Lord Salisbury. And Milner was appointed.

He went out to the Cape in May 1897 to take over the management of affairs in circumstances of peculiar

difficulty. At home a House of Commons Committee was still inquiring into the Raid, and the air both in England and in South Africa was thick with rumour and scandal. Rhodes was accused of having used Jameson and the Uitlanders to depress the shares of the Chartered Company. Chamberlain was declared to have been privy to the Raid. The Afrikander Bond had reduced Lord Rosmead (Sir Hercules Robinson) to such a condition of subservience that he took his orders from Mr. Hofmeyr, and the Uitlanders were in worse case than helots. Rosmead since the Raid had completely lost his nerve. Without Rhodes he was helpless, and his resignation of the High Commissionership on grounds of health had been accepted with relief.

In July the House of Commons definitely acquitted Chamberlain and the Colonial Office of any guilty pre-knowledge. Men of common sense had concluded much earlier that Chamberlain was not such a fool as to propose to upset Kruger with five hundred policemen and two Maxims. But so strong a prejudice against him had been excited both at the Cape and on the Continent that even to-day distinguished French critics believe him to have been a second Machiavelli, who sent Milner to South Africa to engineer the Boer War.

Milner as High Commissioner.

What sort of a man is this *agent-provocateur*, disguised as a proconsul? A typical son of Oxford, or "the most German mind in Europe" (*Nation*)? Certainly his early years were spent in Tübingen, where he may have imbibed, as well as inherited, an admiration for German methods of organization. His grandfather had settled in Germany and married a German wife, and his father, though an English physician, became later Reader in English at Tübingen University. From

Tübingen Milner went to King's College, London, and thence to Balliol, where he won practically every University distinction and was elected Fellow of New College. After being called to the Bar and spending a few years in journalism under Mr. John Morley, he made an unsuccessful attempt to enter Parliament ; but soon found his proper *métier* as a Government official. In 1887 he became private secretary to Goschen, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Two years later he was made Under-Secretary of Finance in Egypt, and on his return to England in 1892 was appointed Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue.

Milner was an ideal official—" one of the clearest-headed and most judicious officials in the British service "—and it was thought that, as a moderate Liberal, he would be more likely than an avowed Unionist to command general confidence at the Cape. There the British and Dutch elements, so long and so successfully held together by Rhodes, had been thrown into opposite camps. It was of the first importance to conciliate the Cape Dutch and, to begin with, to learn to understand them. Milner did his best. He spent his first year as High Commissioner in travelling through Cape Colony, Bechuanaland, Rhodesia and Basutoland, and he devoted his leisure to acquiring Dutch and the *taal*. But, in a speech early in 1898, he made it clear that his view of the future of South Africa involved the assimilation of Dutch institutions to British. The Dutch not unnaturally declined that method of conciliation. Very likely he was right. There was not room in South Africa for two paramount Powers. The country had to be Dutch or British until it could become South African ; but, even if the time for such fusion had come, Milner was not the man who could have effected it.

Meanwhile the Uitlander element in the Transvaal,

placed by the Raid under the heel of Kruger, was becoming more and more restive; whilst Kruger, strengthened by his good relations with Berlin, was showing himself more obdurate. In the autumn of 1898 Milner, who had been obliged, whether he liked it or not, by the result of the Cape elections to summon Mr. Schreiner of the Afrikander Bond to form a Ministry, came to England to take counsel with Chamberlain. The two together seem to have decided to force Kruger's hand. In Milner's absence his duties had been performed by General Sir William Butler, who took a less sympathetic view of the Uitlanders' grievances. Chamberlain, however, direct from Downing Street, told the Transvaal Government that the dynamite monopoly, which so hampered the gold industry, was a breach of the London Convention of 1884. The Johannesburg financiers offered Kruger £600,000 to terminate it by buying out the dynamite company. Their offer was not accepted. In March, the Uitlanders forwarded a petition for redress of grievances direct to Queen Victoria. It had 21,000 signatures. In May, Milner wired to Chamberlain that the "case for intervention" was overwhelming. Chamberlain replied by proposing a conference at Pretoria. Simultaneously Milner received an invitation from Boer sympathizers in the two Republics to meet Kruger at Bloemfontein. He went there on May 31st; but the conference proved abortive.

If only Chamberlain could have presided himself! Writing nearly twenty years later, Lord Morley gives an extract from his Diaries which illustrates most aptly the contrast between the two masterful Imperialists:—

August 5–7 (1905).—Week-end with the Chamberlains at Highbury. Extremely pleasant. He asked me the eternal question, "Where was it you think we went wrong in the Boer

quarrel?" and I gave my standard answer: "At the Bloemfontein Conference between Milner and Kruger. You had at last got the old gentleman down from his sulky fastnesses at Pretoria, and yet at the first point of difference Milner throws the table over and breaks off. If you had been there, when a hard point arose you would have pushed the tobacco-jar to him across the table, suggested a reflective pause, and persevered until the thing had been brought round." He took the compliment modestly, but with no particular emphasis of dissent.

As a matter of fact, both sides at the time meant war. The Boers despised the British fighting power and expected the Dutch throughout South Africa to rise in their favour. They were confident that they could sweep the British into the sea. The British, on the other hand, made their usual mistake of underrating their adversaries. As General Smuts has reminded them, they forgot "the strength which resides in the soul of a people," and the resisting power of a small nation fighting for its life. Instead of a three months' campaign and the reversal of Majuba, they had to expend the whole resources of the Empire in a three years' war.

Throughout that period Milner remained at the head of the civil Government and was a strong support to the military. Of his firmness and his courage there has never been any doubt. His statesmanship is another matter. Before the war the Boers had offered arbitration. This Milner and Chamberlain would not accept on the legal ground that a suzerain Power could not treat as an equal the Power owing it allegiance. On the other hand, the interference of the suzerain Power in the internal affairs of the smaller State was of more than doubtful legality. If justified at all, it could only be justified by an appeal to the "higher law" of a State's right to protect itself—in other words, to the paramount necessity in British eyes of preserving the British supremacy. At the time, no

doubt, the Empire stood solid behind Chamberlain—just as Europe stood solid against him. Doubts and after-thoughts only came when peace had been signed; but when they had come Milner could do little to resolve them.

A Frenchman who, in May 1890, heard Milner address a workmen's delegation at Cape Town, describes his quiet, self-contained manner, his well-chosen phrases, his rare gestures, his absence of any oratorical devices. "Sir Alfred Milner n'agite rien, il précise. Il n'annonce pas, il constate. Il ne prédit pas, il organize." The ideal official! Yes, but something more. The Governor of a people in subjection, never the builder-up of a free nation. Just, according to his lights, but they were British lights; determined never to treat with his opponents until he had first reduced them to subservience.

That was why Milner, though successful in carrying out Chamberlain's projects and holding South Africa together until the war was brought to a conclusion, was a complete failure when it came to the building up of a South African nation. He did not want a South African nation; he wanted a British colony. He was sound enough on such questions as agriculture, irrigation and finance; what he did not understand, and by temperament never could have understood, was "the soul of a people." He could not stand aside and let that delicate and fugitive thing blow, like the wind, where it listed.

Transvaal Administration.

In December 1900, one year after the outbreak of war, Milner took over the administration of the Transvaal, which Lord Roberts had kept in his own hands since the occupation of Pretoria (May 1900). At the same time he gave up the governorship of Cape Colony

to devote himself the more entirely to his wider duties as High Commissioner. Two great difficulties had to be faced, the devastation of the country by the war and the check to the mining industry caused by shortage of labour. Little could be done during 1901, since the guerrilla warfare continued; and Milner went home for another conference with Chamberlain. The great mortality amongst the Boer children collected in the concentration camps was causing much searching of heart to the friends of South Africa. The military authorities were primarily responsible for the organization of these camps, and sanitation, even for our own army, was throughout the war very defective. Transport difficulties, too, contributed to outbreaks of disease from improper feeding; and though the authorities, once roused, tried by every means in their power to find a remedy, the deaths of four thousand Boer women and sixteen thousand children made a painful impression throughout South Africa. No doubt the camps were a necessity. The women and children would have starved had they been left in scattered homesteads throughout the war zone, with fathers and husbands away fighting in the Boer commandos. Botha himself admitted this at the close of the war, and some gratitude was expressed by the Boers to the British authorities. But the mortality, avoidable or not, remained an unfortunate fact, part of the general ill-luck which seemed to attend all our dealings with the Dutch in South Africa. And it certainly did not tend to increase Milner's popularity.

On the other hand, it should be reckoned to his credit that the repatriation of the Boers at the end of the war was successfully accomplished in less than a year. By the peace of Vereeniging (May 1902), Great Britain had agreed to reinstate in their farms both the thirty thousand Boer prisoners of war and all

the non-combatant population (over two hundred thousand) in the refugee camps. It was a herculean task. The whole country was in ruins. Every other house had been burned; half the farms were destroyed; it was mid-winter and the veld was bare; the railways were choked with military trains transporting the departing army; and more than 50 per cent. of the transport animals handed over by the military to the civil authorities were crippled by disease. Even if the people could be got back to their homes and left with a month's rations, they were incapable of starting life afresh without seed, stock, or farming implements.

But Milner was nothing if not thorough. With the help of the little group of young Oxford men he had gathered round him—"the Milner Kindergarten"—he set himself to rebuild Boer agriculture and to rebuild it on a better basis. He secured supplies of seed and breeding animals from Europe, established experimental farms under Government control, sent round Government ploughing teams from farm to farm, and founded an institute which developed into an Agricultural Training College. A drought which swept the country in 1903, bringing cattle disease in its train, undid much of his work, but proved a blessing in disguise since it turned his attention to irrigation, and he got out Sir James Willcocks (of Egyptian fame) to report on the necessary measures. Bridges were built, railways planned and partially constructed, and inducements held out to British settlers to come and take up land.

By all these means Milner hoped to re-make the Boer Republics into prosperous provinces of the British Empire. But money was sorely needed. He was a born financier, and his Egyptian experience had familiarized him with the newest methods of Imperial finance.

His keen eye for sources of revenue saw at once that the mines must pay the cost of reconstruction. These had been slowly restarting even in 1900 under Lord Roberts's administration of the Transvaal; but owing to the serious shortage of native labour, the 10 per cent. tax on their output imposed in 1902 did not bring in nearly what was anticipated.

Causes of Failure.

Faced with this difficulty Milner made his first great mistake. He pressed for the introduction of Chinese labour. This expedient was first suggested in Chamberlain's time; but it met with a stern and definite refusal from the astute statesman, who understood far better than Milner what a bitter feeling it would rouse throughout the Empire. No doubt the alternatives were difficult. The indigenous native labour was wanted also for roads, railways, and the general agricultural work of the colony. Recruiting to the north proved disappointing. The mine-owners offered too little (30s. a month in place of a previous 47s.), fearing that if they offered more their Kaffir boys would only work a few days a week. The employment of unskilled white labour was tried and too hastily declared a failure; it was unpopular with the mine-owners, not only, as they alleged, because of the racial difficulty occasioned, but much more because of its greater cost. Indentured coloured labour under adequate restrictions appeared the only alternative. The Indian Government refused to supply it, and Milner asked the Colonial Office to sanction the introduction of Chinese. In 1903 Chamberlain refused; in 1904 his successor, Alfred Lyttelton, gave way to Milner's persistence.

That, and his attitude on the education question, were to wreck Milner's administration. He insisted

on making English the basis of instruction. The Dutch *taal* was indeed specifically allowed; but Milner was too anxious to anglicize the new provinces to trouble much about linguistic impartiality. The result was that Dutch schools were started in opposition to his English schools, and a few years later a determined attempt was made to establish the ascendancy of the *taal*. Even as late as 1913 the trouble was not over; neither, apparently, had Milner reconsidered his opinions, for in a Preface to a collection of his speeches, published in 1913, he said that we are carrying the principle of toleration too far when in any part of the Empire we allow another language "to be put on a footing of absolute equality with English in official use, and its teaching and employment to be made compulsory."

Unpopular as Milner's attitude on the language question made him throughout South Africa, this was as nothing to the outcry occasioned by Chinese labour. No doubt it got the mines into more or less full work again and therefore furnished the revenue needed for reconstruction. But material prosperity can be too dearly purchased. Australasia was in a ferment of indignation and demanded to know whether this was what it had fought for, alongside of the Mother Country. At home the cry of "Chinese slavery" did as much as Tariff Reform to sweep the Unionists out of power and to keep them out for the term of three Parliaments.

By that time Milner had resigned; otherwise no doubt his recall would have been one of the first acts of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Administration. His last administrative effort was the drafting of a Constitution, giving limited representative government to the conquered Dutch Republics. It had scarcely been promulgated before an agitation arose for the

grant of full self-government. This Milner would not have supported; but by the time (February 1906) the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet were in office, and the bold policy of granting the Boer demands was decided on, Milner had been replaced by the more conciliatory Lord Selborne, who, with Botha as his first Premier, effected a peaceful settlement of many ancient discords.

Milner felt bitterly the undoing of his work. He never understood the new South Africa. To him it remained, even in 1913, a "centrifugal, not a centripetal force," and "the weakest link in the Imperial chain." What view does he take of it, one wonders, now when he sits side by side with General Smuts in the British War Cabinet? It has been well said of Milner that for reconstruction he was well fitted, but for reconciliation he was too rigid. Yet in 1904 reconciliation was even more needed than reconstruction. It was not his fault that he had none of Rhodes's easy humanity, and indeed no natural gift for popularity. He was the ideal official, and the essence of officialdom is to stand apart from the rest of mankind. He could not help being the Governor among subjects, not the man amongst men; but though Egypt or a native Indian State might need a Governor, South Africa wanted a man.

Chamberlain's Imperialism.

During Milner's term of office Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, visited South Africa. It was the first time that a Colonial Secretary had ever come out to see with his own eyes what was happening in the overseas territories which it was his business to administer. Chamberlain's colonial administration had indeed centred in South Africa ever since he first came into office, and his Radical sympathies had gone out

to the unenfranchized Uitlanders of Johannesburg. Now that the war was over and resettlement in progress, he was very anxious to see South African questions through colonial eyes. He arrived at the end of 1902 and spent two months travelling about the country, making a satisfactory financial arrangement with the leading Transvaal financiers, and satisfying himself that a system of imperial preference would tend to draw closer together the bonds, not only between South Africa and Great Britain but between every component part of the British Empire. He believed, in short, " that the bond of mutually profitable trade is a powerful factor in promoting political unity " (Milner). And he went home to preach this gospel to his countrymen.

He might as well have started for Moscow. On May 15, 1903, the day when Chamberlain declared at Birmingham for Tariff Reform, a keen political observer entered in his diary, " Chamberlain starts for Moscow." And a Moscow it proved, not only for himself but for his party. Eighteen months later, on the eve of the general election of January 1906, Lord Rosebery pronounced his epitaph, " Here lies Joseph Chamberlain, who in his time broke up both parties in the State. May he rest in peace ! " Rightly or wrongly, the British electorate, some of whom were old enough to remember the " hungry forties " and all of whom had been nourished on Free Trade, would have none of his reversal, or even modification, of their traditional fiscal policy. In 1910 it was the same. Twice that year the Liberal Government went to the country ; twice the electorate returned them to power and left Tariff Reformers out in the cold. Whether the experience of the last four years may have brought about any change, it is hard to foretell. The war, like Chamberlain, has helped us " to think imperially,"

to recognize that all our Overseas Dominions have one centre and one interest; but whether that common interest needs cementing by the material bond of a common tariff is a question which only the future can decide.

CHAPTER VI

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA

(1862–   )

It was well for the future of South Africa that when Lord Milner had demonstrated the failure of the Crown Colony type of government applied to an independent white race, his successor, Lord Selborne, should find a coadjutor as able as Louis Botha to help him to inaugurate the era of free self-government. Born on September 27, 1862, of French–Dutch–Huguenot parentage, young Botha was brought up, like his forbears, a farmer, and, like them, trekked away from the parental homestead at an early age. His father had been established first at Greytown, on the borders of Zululand, then an outpost of South African civilization. There young Louis was born, eighth child and third son of his parents, whose family numbered thirteen. His father, Louis the elder, was a genial, free-handed man, who now and again got into money troubles through backing his friends. To meet a heavy obligation of this kind, he had to sell his farm and migrate over the border into the Orange Free State, where, near Vrede, he settled down again to ostrich farming.

It was a wild country, and big game was plentiful. The boy learned early to ride and shoot straight, and to be at home on the veld, a knowledge invaluable to the future general. Of other education he had little; but even as a boy he was remarkable for his strength and his soberness of judgment.

Louis Botha

Zululand Experience.

Living in the Free State, which remained on good terms with England, the Botha family were untouched by the first Boer War (1881); but they were intimately concerned with the Zulu troubles, for two of the daughters, who had married Natal colonists, had to take refuge in the parental homestead when Cetewayo took the war-path in 1879. Young Louis himself had several adventurous encounters with Zulu bands when, like David of old, he was pasturing his sheep in the winter down on the coast-lands beyond the Drakensberg. He was once surprised with only one cartridge left in his belt, and nothing but his coolness and his lifelong training in dealing with natives saved him and his shepherds from being massacred in cold blood.

In 1884 Cetewayo died, having appointed his son, Dinizulu, as his successor, and appealing with his dying breath to the borderland Boers, now independent of England, to take his son's part. The Boers were ready to fight—on terms. They managed to secure Dinizulu's person, and they agreed to restore him to his kingdom in return for grants of land. A Boer commando entered Zululand in May 1884, and it numbered amongst its members Louis Botha and his friend Cheere Emmet, a descendant of the Irish rebel, as well as Lukas Meyer, the former leader of the Dutch party in Natal. They succeeded in putting Dinizulu on his throne, though not without fighting. At Ubombo, under Meyer's skilful generalship, the rival chiefs were defeated, and young Botha gained his first experience of successful veld fighting.

His next task was one of administration. Zulu kraals were springing up like mushrooms all round the little pioneer force at Ubombo. These people must

be ruled, and the Boer commando decided to found a new State, to be called "The New Republic," with Lukas Meyer as its first President. Its independent life was short, for both Boer and British Governments declined to recognize its rights over Zululand. Natal vied with the Transvaal as to who should annex it first, and the Transvaal won. In 1888 it became Transvaal territory, contributing its surplus revenue of £6,000 to the Transvaal treasury.

For the existence of this surplus some credit must be given to Louis Botha, who had added to his duties as a Commissioner of Lands the more arduous and dangerous task of collecting a hut-tax from the natives. He performed this duty for eight years, as well as that of a Boer field cornet, responsible for summoning, when need be, all men liable to military service. In 1894 he was made special Native Commissioner in Swaziland. He had married Annie Emmet, the sister of his friend, a clever, charming Irish girl, and settled with her at Vryheid, the centre of the "new Republic."

South African War.

In 1895 Botha was elected to the Transvaal Volksraad. Almost immediately upon his entrance into Transvaal politics occurred the Jameson Raid, with its disastrous result of intensified ill-feeling between Boer and Briton. Though Botha, in the first heat of indignation, voted in favour of shooting Jameson and his fellow-conspirators, his general trend in politics was towards conciliation. He supported Joubert and the anti-Kruger party in the Volksraad, and even at the eleventh hour, when Kruger was launching his ultimatum, Botha's was one of the seven voices in the wilderness crying out for peace.

But, war once declared, he saw his duty clear. It was suggested to him that as a member of the Volksraad

he could avoid fighting. "No," said he, "if there is a war, I shall be the first to go," and, as a mere field cornet, he joined General Joubert's force which invaded Natal. At the battle of Dundee he showed his powers. Ten days later Sir George White was driven back on Ladysmith, and a considerable section of his force was cut off and captured at Nicholson's Nek. To this success Botha's strategy had contributed much; but he was given no definite command until Joubert was invalided, when he was chosen by the commandants to be Acting Assistant-General of the Boer Army opposed to Buller. So it came about that with an army of 6,000 he defeated Buller's 18,000 at Colenso, and recaptured Spion Kop after the disastrous British withdrawal.

When Lord Roberts's victorious advance had drawn off the main Boer force, and Botha with insufficient troops was unable to prevent the relief of Ladysmith, he fought a last gallant but unsuccessful action at Pieters Hill, and, with Lukas Meyer, withdrew his unbroken army from Natal to take the defensive in the Transvaal. The war had entered upon a new phase. Botha distributed his commandos over the country, as far as possible in their own districts, so that smallness of numbers might be made up for by intimacy with the country. He shared the hardships of his men, hungry, ragged, for ever on the move, now pursued, now pursuing, leading a life of excitement, adventure, hairbreadth escapes and sudden swoops upon the enemy's forces. He is said never to have used a map; he had no scientific training; but he had the veldman's instinctive knowledge of the country—its water, its distances, its strategic opportunities—and he had the imagination of the born general who knows, before he sees it, what is behind the further hill. He proved it again and again in the long guerrilla warfare

against the British ; he proved it afresh in 1915, when fighting for Britain in German South-West Africa.

His qualities as a statesman stood out with equal clearness when it became a question of peace. As long as there was the faintest chance of harrying the British until they were ready to grant terms guaranteeing the independence of his country, no one could be more unyielding than Botha. Though several times nearly captured, he fought on right through 1901. His wife, during that year, was sent to him again and again by Lord Kitchener with overtures of peace, but the terms never included independence. It was only when a Kaffir rising threatened and famine stared him in the face, that he judged it right to surrender on terms and so save his race from extinction.

It needed all his powers of persuasion to win over Steyn and De Wet and the party who were for fighting to the bitter end. But at last, at Vereeniging, he convinced them that the bitter end had indeed come. " What is the bitter end ? " he said. " Is it to come when all of us are either banished or in our graves ? . . . No other nation in the world would have fought as our nation has done ! Shall such a nation perish ? " Supported by Smuts and De la Rey, he carried his point even with De Wet, the last to give way, and on May 31, 1902, he signed with Lord Kitchener the treaty of peace. " We are good friends now," said Kitchener, holding out his hand to General Botha, and the friendship thus sealed between the two nations has endured.

For the next four years Botha worked hard for the preservation of his nation. True, he held aloof from Lord Milner's work of reconstruction, and refused a seat on his Executive Council. But Milner had no gift for conciliation, and the Boer Generals—Smuts and De la Rey as well as Botha—had no belief in his

proconsular type of government. They preferred to go to Europe to appeal to the Colonial Secretary direct for a generous measure of relief for their countrymen. They visited other European countries and issued an appeal to the civilized world; but the response was disappointing and compared unfavourably with the British Government's grant. Either this fact, or the friendly attitude of the London populace, had an undeniable effect, which was aided by King Edward VII's kindly reception of them at Buckingham Palace. They returned to South Africa better disposed to Great Britain and to Chamberlain in particular; but they would take no part in the Transvaal administration until they should be able to do so as the elected representatives of their people.

The Transvaal had, indeed, been promised representative institutions, but no date had been fixed. Meanwhile Milner's reforms were expensive, his Chinese labour policy was unpopular, and Boer and Briton alike began to revolt against the idea that a British colony could not be trusted to manage its own internal affairs. When Lyttelton succeeded Chamberlain a Constitution, conceding representative government, was offered, and Lord Selborne was sent out in Milner's place to try to make it acceptable to the Boers. Whether he could have succeeded is very doubtful; but before he had time to find out, the general election at home had brought Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman into power, and the Transvaal and Orange Free State were at once promised full self-government.

Premier of the Transvaal.

It was a bold experiment, fully justified by its results, and fortunate in bringing together Selborne and Botha into an effective working partnership. The two men understood each other from the first. Their mutual

love of agriculture had much to do with it. Botha is essentially a progressive farmer, not so far removed in tastes, habit and outlook from the English yeomen farmers and country gentlemen. He had become the leader of "Het Volk," the progressive national party in the Transvaal, and this party secured a clear majority over all other parties at the first election under the new Constitution. Selborne, therefore, called upon him to form the first Transvaal Government. He chose as his chief lieutenant General Smuts, the brilliant lawyer and soldier, who possessed the culture and expert knowledge of law and history which he himself lacked.

The two men were admirably fitted to supplement one another, Botha supplying the patient common sense and sagacity, Smuts the fire and the initiative. The Cabinet as a whole was Progressive, a fact which awoke some discontent amongst the "back veld" Boers; and Botha ran some risk of increasing his unpopularity with that element by the journey to England which he was at once obliged to take to attend the Imperial Conference of 1907. But he increased his knowledge of England and won additional respect from Englishmen. He had, moreover, a notable conversation with Lord Haldane on imperial defence, which bore fruit four years later in the South Africa Defence Act, an Act which gave Botha his chance to save South Africa for the Empire in 1915.

On his return two immediate tasks awaited him—the repatriation of the Chinese, and the revision and reduction of Lord Milner's expensive Civil Service. The first won him the hostility of the mine-owners; but one of them, Sir J. B. Robinson, rallied to his side and intimated his readiness, if necessary, to help the Government to run the mines themselves with white and native labour. The threat was enough. The mine-owners had no desire to see the mines taken

over, even temporarily. The "indispensable" Chinese were dispensed with, and Botha's ascendancy was secured. With the Civil Service Botha was wise enough to go gently. He retained the best of the Englishmen, but set himself gradually to fill vacancies with Transvaalers, though sternly discouraging any attempt to make office a family affair.

In the domain of agriculture he approved and continued many of Milner's improvements, especially the model farms, the supply of stock and seed, and the laboratory and experimental work. He kept the Department of Agriculture in his own hands, and gave his keen interest in progressive farming full play. He even went farther than Milner, for he sent a number of young Boers to Canada and America to learn new methods of farming, so that on their return they might put new life into the veld.

From the first, too, he directed his mind to the great question of South African Union. There already existed common agreements between the South African States as to railways and customs; but the renewal of these agreements, as they periodically expired, always brought about a situation of tension. Portugal, with her railway to Delagoa Bay, stood ready to profit by any disunion between the colonies, and at any moment the recalcitrance of one colony might involve the rest in war. Lord Selborne realized this on his arrival in South Africa in 1905; Botha realized it even more vividly in 1907 when, as Premier, he had to renew the agreements. In May 1908 the danger became even clearer, for the Railways and Customs Conference, called together at Pretoria, failed to agree. It passed, however, two eminently sane resolutions, one in favour of South African Union, and the other in favour of a Convention to bring it about. In the meantime it decided to continue the existing agree-

ments for a year, until the colonial Parliaments had had time to consider these resolutions.

The Convention thus foreshadowed assembled in October 1908 at Durban in Natal. Botha and Smuts were among the Transvaal delegates; Merriman and Jameson came from the Cape; Hertzog, Steyn and De Wet from the Orange Free State. Lord de Villiers, the Chief Justice of the Cape, presided, with Steyn as Vice-President. Botha played a conspicuous part, speaking always in Dutch and as a Dutchman but pressing upon his fellow-delegates his strong conviction that henceforth there should be neither British nor Dutch, but only South Africans. He made one life-long ally, and that his former enemy Starr Jameson, the representative of the British Loyalists. The two worked hand in hand for the cause of Union, and in May 1909 the draft Act was signed and sent to England to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament. Botha went with it and returned to South Africa in 1910, there to receive the summons of Lord Gladstone, the new Governor, to form the first Union Ministry.

Premier of the Union.

His desire was to form a Coalition, or "Best Man," Ministry which could include Dr. Jameson. But Merriman and Sauer, who had just won the Cape elections against Jameson's party, would have none of this, and it was also opposed by the Free State. He was obliged to stick to his own South African party. Merriman would not take office; but Sauer, Smuts and Hertzog were all included. A general election followed. Botha made the mistake of leaving a safe seat at Standerton and contesting East Pretoria. He was beaten and for a moment thought of resigning; but his party had a working majority, and he decided to persevere.

It was necessary for him to remove to Cape Town and to occupy Cecil Rhodes's beautiful home at Groote Schuur, bequeathed by Rhodes with prophetic vision as a home for the Premier of a Union Government. Almost immediately he had to go to England again for the 1911 Imperial Conference, where he spoke strongly against the proposal for establishing an Imperial Council to control the Dominions, or against any similar attempt at premature and mistaken centralization. "Decentralization and liberty have done wonders," he said. "Let us be very careful before we in the slightest manner depart from that policy. It is co-operation and always better co-operation that we want." Has not General Smuts recently sounded the same note? And it was on this same visit that, at a dinner to celebrate the completion of the Union, Botha rose, after the toast of the King, and simply said, raising his glass, "To the Memory of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman." Six years later General Smuts, speaking in London, paid a similar tribute to the creator of the Union: "I hope that when you draw up a calendar of Empire-builders you will not forget the name of Campbell-Bannerman—a wise man with profound feeling and profound political instinct, who achieved one of the wisest political settlements in the history of this nation."

Botha's work as Premier since the Union is notable for his handling of the native question, a grave difficulty where blacks stand to whites in a proportion of five to one. In Cape Colony, where the disproportion is much smaller, there was a tendency to support an equal franchise; in Natal and the Transvaal such a policy would have been an active danger. Botha, like Rhodes, held out for an education test, a measure which helped to solve the difficulties between Natal and the Indian Government over the question of

admitting or excluding coolie labour. It was largely due to Botha that Lord Gladstone's suggestion of a Commission to deal with the matters in dispute was accepted, and it was he who persuaded Natal to agree to the Commission's findings.

He had before this, in 1912, to deal with a serious Cabinet crisis occasioned by General Hertzog's opposition to the proposal of an enlarged contribution from South Africa to the Imperial Navy. Botha favoured a South African Navy for defence purposes; Hertzog regarded this as a concession to Jingoism. Botha called on Hertzog to resign, since the Cabinet could not speak with an uncertain voice. Hertzog refused. Then Botha resigned himself; but Lord Gladstone, after accepting his resignation, at once asked him to form a new Cabinet. He did so, omitting Hertzog, who thenceforth made himself the leader of the malcontents, especially in the Free State, which had never accepted British rule as heartily as the Transvaal. At a great meeting of the South African party De Wet moved what was in effect a vote of censure on Botha. For a time the issue was in doubt; but before the Congress separated a vote had to be taken, and Botha's party won by 131 to 90. The enmity, however, still smouldered. It burst out again in 1914, when Hertzog once more opposed Botha on the question of South African participation in Britain's wars; and the ill-feeling which he had helped to inspire bore bitter fruit in the rebellion of Maritz, De Wet and De la Rey.

In the interval an acute Labour crisis had occurred in the Transvaal, needing firm and skilful handling. There had for long been discontent in the mines. It came to a head when the Commission of Inquiry into miners' phthisis issued its report and revealed the terrible proportion of 30 per cent. of the workers

already infected. A tactless new manager in the New Kleinfontein Mine brought about a local strike in May 1913. A few weeks later the men on strike suddenly attacked the other mines, called out the white men still at work, and threatened the natives with dynamite. Smuts was Minister of the Interior, and the story of the measures taken belongs to his record rather than to Botha's, for Botha was not consulted till after the event (see p. 189). But when the strike fever had spread to all other workers, and Johannesburg lay at the mercy of an armed mob, Botha accompanied Smuts from Pretoria and, regardless of personal risk, brought his unequalled powers of persuasion to bear upon the strike leaders. He has a genius for peace-making and he effected a settlement, though six months later the trouble broke out again. Again he motored to Johannesburg, and, when armed strikers threatened him, he calmly replied: "Shoot, if you like; but remember I have come to make peace, and if you shoot me there will be no peace." The pistols were instantly lowered.

War with Germany.

He was away in Rhodesia on a holiday when war broke out between England and Germany. Returning to Pretoria at once, he summoned a Cabinet and cabled to London that, if the Imperial troops were needed at home, they could be withdrawn for South Africa could defend herself. The British Government replied by asking Botha whether South Africa could also take the offensive and seize the wireless stations in German South-West Africa. Botha did not hesitate for a moment. He faced even the tragic possibility of South African treachery with undaunted courage. He knew what Hertzog would say to such an aggressive policy; but he came before the Union Parliament

with the statement that the Germans were already massed on the borders, and that to defend South Africa, South Africa must be prepared to attack. There was no response to be made to Great Britain but one of unswerving loyalty—" the road of treason was an unknown road among the Dutch and English-speaking of South Africa."

Unfortunately there were some who knew this road, which Germany had expected so many to tread. The standard of revolt was raised by Colonel Solomon Maritz, a Cape Dutchman who had served with the Germans against the Hereros. Immediately upon this General Beyers resigned his post as Commander-in-Chief of the Defence Force, and sent an invitation to General De la Rey to meet him at Pretoria. Whilst both were motoring back to Johannesburg on September 15th, the car was challenged and, as it did not instantly stop, the policeman fired, killing De la Rey on the spot. Beyers denied all rebellious intention; but within a month bodies of rebels under Maritz, Beyers and De Wet had taken the field. On October 12th Botha proclaimed martial law; on October 28th he marched out of Pretoria and routed Beyers and his commando at Rustenburg. He followed up this success by blow after blow against the rebel commandos in the Transvaal, and by the end of November all the leaders had been put to flight or captured. Beyers was afterwards drowned crossing the Vaal River. De Wet held out longest; but the use of armed motor-cars had revolutionized even veld warfare. For a time De Wet eluded them; but, moving right and left, they circled round his force and in the early dawn of a late November morning crept round the farmhouse where the old warrior slept exhausted. De Wet was Botha's prisoner.

At last Botha was free for the invasion of German

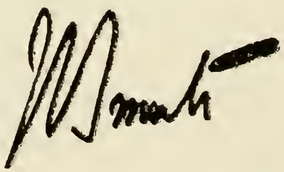
territory. Without his tremendous personal influence it might have been difficult to get the burgher troops to serve outside their own country. But "Louis Botha says so" was enough for most of the commandos. Just as this absolute trust in him kept the Boers in the field in 1902, so it drew them after him into the German-African desert in 1915. The existence of this waterless desert was the great difficulty of the campaign. It was necessary to move fast, to strike hard and to strike quickly. Botha made great use of the armoured cars belonging to a Royal Naval Armoured Car Division. Even at the sea-base, Walfisch Bay, there is no supply of fresh water. Every drop has to be condensed from sea-water. Inland are rolling sand dunes, volcanic rock and desolation; the only roads are dried-up water courses; the water-holes, few and far between, contain a brackish fluid fruitful in stomach trouble. Botha pushed on ahead of his supplies, using a hastily repaired narrow-gauge railway as far as it would serve, but moving so fast—190 miles in five days—that the Germans were kept continually on the run. Finally he manœuvred his armoured cars in his favourite double-flank movement, encircling the German force in a gigantic pair of pincers, until, with their retreat cut off, they surrendered unconditionally. Only a commander with his experience dared have taken his risks, but he was justified by his results. He had added a quarter of a million square miles of territory to the Empire at a total cost in lives of 140 men.

When the German force lay absolutely at his mercy, it was suggested to Botha to annihilate them rather than wait for their surrender. His answer was characteristic. "No," said he, "for we shall have to live with their people afterward." Then, as always, he was looking to the future peace of South Africa.

He returned to face the turmoil of a general election,

and to tell his countrymen that "British South-West Africa" must be settled and cultivated by South Africans. There was still much ill-feeling amongst back-veld Boers of Hertzog's party. The contest was fought with great bitterness. Sometimes no chairman could be found to support Botha at his meetings in country districts, but he became his own chairman and faced the hecklers undismayed. The result was a substantial majority—94 to 36—and at the close of 1915 Botha entered upon his second South African premiership. He signalized it by the release of De Wet, and he reaffirmed his devotion to British interests by preparing the East African expedition, which Smuts was to command.

Strong, burly, kind-hearted, Botha exercises a magnetic influence over the great majority of his fellow-countrymen. He looks like a well-to-do farmer, and he lives, even at Groote Schuur, the simple, early-rising, healthy life of the man born in the country. Public affairs come first with him; but he is jovial, good-humoured, and given to hospitality. Bridge is his favourite recreation, farming his favourite pursuit. From the natives he has learned to be a patient listener, slow in debate, letting other speakers state their case and then answering with some wise, homely saw, expressed in the vernacular. Sparing in words, strong in deeds, such is Louis Botha, still the greatest soldier and statesman that South Africa has produced.



CHAPTER VII

GENERAL SMUTS

(1870–   )

At a certain stage in the development of the Roman Empire the prominent men, who seemed to hold the destinies of the State in their keeping, came from the provinces. History repeats itself. At the present moment, when grave questions are being discussed as to the future of the British Empire and the very meaning of Imperialism, the views of Canadians, Australians and South Africans are listened to with sympathetic and respectful attention. One of the most significant personalities of the day is not an Englishman, a Scot, or a Welshman, but a man of Dutch extraction. Since the outbreak of the war Jan Christiaan Smuts, "Oom Jannie," has rapidly attained a very high position as one of the statesmen and politicians who count. We may be doubtful as to the right pronunciation of his name, but we have no doubts of his forceful character, his far-sighted views, his impressive individuality. We recognize that in the reconstruction of most things —national, international, social, political—he is destined to play a commanding part. If a new member of the War Cabinet or Committee is required, we forthwith utter the name of Smuts. If the aeroplane menace is to be handled with sagacity and daring, we associate side by side with the Prime Minister the valuable guidance of Smuts. When delicate diplomatic negotiations are to the fore in Switzerland, we send Smuts

on a secret mission. And when the War Office has obviously blundered, it tries to hide behind Smuts. It looks as if he were fated, despite his reluctance—for he is a modest man and his ambition, whatever it may be, is carefully concealed—to be a Saviour of Society, as well as an Organizer of Victory. He stands on a pinnacle of success quite perilous enough to turn an ordinary man's head.

Fortunately, he is not an ordinary man, but one quite exceptionally endowed. If we think of most of the attributes of those who succeed, we shall see that he unites all of them, or nearly all of them, in his single person. He has untiring industry. He has great constitutional strength. He is a thoughtful statesman. He is a clever opportunist. He has some degree of wit. He is a soldier of the most modern type. He is a skilful strategist. He has organizing ability. He can stoop to conquer without losing his dignity. He is something of an orator. He is personally brave. He has read a good deal and thought a good deal. He is deeply versed in law. He has dabbled in metaphysics and is a disciple of Kant. He has much personal charm. His instincts are domestic. His private life is blameless. He is academic among men of the world, and a man of the world among academics. Last, but not least, he has a saving sense of humour. Really, when one thinks of it, there was a moment, or let us say a few months, when he shared with President Wilson the homage of an awe-struck world.

There are spots in the sun, of course, or else it would be too dazzling for average humanity. *The Times* once alluded to his " hard brilliancy," a compliment, no doubt, but rather a left-handed one. The South African caricaturists were fond of illustrating what they thought were his autocratic ways, sometimes representing him as a despot of Asiatic tendencies.

The deportation of Poutsma and his friends in the *Umgeni* is perhaps a case in point. Again, consistency is not his forte, if we look at different stages of his career. But consistency in an enlightened statesman who "looks before and after and sighs for what is not" is a minor virtue. Moreover, Smuts has been very apt to use whatever men or circumstances he has found handy, without a very punctilious regard for method. Have we not said that he is an opportunist?

. . . . .

Jan Christiaan Smuts was born on May 24, 1870, at Bovenplaats in the fertile Western Province of Cape Colony, where his father, Jacobus Abraham Smuts, had a farm near Riebeck West. His mother was Catherina Petronella de Vries, both parents belonging to the Dutch farmer class, who spent their lives in pushing South African civilization ever farther into the wilds. The boy began young to be useful. As a mere toddler he was helping his grandfather to guide the teams in ploughing. From eight to twelve years of age he was successively "goose-girl," pig and goat herd and shepherd, and it was only in 1882 that the very elementary schooling he had picked up in the intervals of roaming about the farm gave place to a regular school education in Riebeck village. He could read and he could cook before he went to "De Ark" to be taught by T. C. Stoffberg, who in 1915 was contesting a parliamentary seat against his former pupil. There his progress was rapid. At the age of fifteen he was able to enter Victoria College, Stellenbosch, where he matriculated two years later and took his B.A. degree both in Literature and Science, an unusually brilliant performance. In 1891 he won the Ebden Scholarship of the Cape University, and this provided funds to bring him to Europe.

We need not follow his academic career in detail. He divided it between Cambridge, Leyden and Bonn. Obviously he must have been more mature in mind than the ordinary Cambridge freshman, possibly even than the average "Rhodes Scholar" as we know him at the sister University. Anyway, a friend, writing little more than a year later to the *Cape Times* (June 22, 1892), says: "Smuts's success is unprecedented in Cambridge annals. He took Parts I and II of the Law Tripos both at the same time, was placed first in the first class of each, and has been awarded the George Long Prize in Roman Law and Jurisprudence, a prize only awarded in cases of special merit." Not bad for the son of the veld! And when we read that in December 1894 "the Council of Legal Education awarded to Smuts, J. C., a special prize of £50 for the best examination in Constitutional Law (English and Colonial) and Legal History" we discern the future State Attorney and South African Constitution-maker.

Like most clever young men, he had already tried his hand at literature. There are articles, signed "J. C. S.," on the history of Holland, on the tenacity and strength of the old Hollanders, on law as a liberal study and other more or less academic topics. There are even love-poems not unconnected with a Miss Sibylla Margaretha Krige, whose tastes were as Greek as one of her names. Indeed—though this is to anticipate—the lady, who in 1897 became Mrs. Smuts, was said to walk about with a Boer baby on one arm and a Greek lexicon under the other. Be that as it may she was the love of his boyhood and the helpmate of his manhood; she it was who drew him back to the home of his childhood, and by her strong common sense and sturdy patriotism did much to turn him from a dreamer of philosophic dreams into a man of action.

Early Political Career.

He had returned to South Africa at a most critical time. South African politics were still dominated by the forceful personality of Cecil Rhodes. "Africa for the Afrikanders" had been the rallying cry of the Dutch elements in Cape Colony ever since the Afrikander Bond came into existence under Du Toit in 1881. With that cry Rhodes had considerable sympathy. He, too, wished to see South Africa united by the South Africans, but neither under a Dutch flag nor independent, at any rate as long as Germany, alike on west and east, was knocking at the door. Africa, democratic, self-reliant, self-governing, under the shadow of the British flag, was the ideal of Rhodes. Is it not also now the ideal of Smuts?

When Smuts returned to the colony, like almost every other rising Cape politician he fell under the influence of Rhodes. The clouds were gathering darkly in the Transvaal, but in Cape Colony and Natal relations between the British and Dutch elements had never been better. The Transvaal Press might warn the Cape Afrikanders against the Rhodes alliance; but the Cape Bond under Mr. Hofmeyr's leadership could retort effectively that a somewhat more liberal policy in the Transvaal would be found to work wonders. Of that faith too was Smuts. In the autumn of 1895 he went up to Kimberley at Rhodes's bidding. It was the young advocate's first important public speech. He was bidden to defend the policy of "encouraging" native labour, as the Glen Grey Act encouraged it by remitting taxes to native miners. "Equal rights for all civilized men south of the Zambesi" was Rhodes's watchword, and the government of negroes with as much liberal kindness as could safely be practised. Meeting the charge of employing forced labour, Mr.

Smuts said: "You cannot safely apply to the barbarous and semi-barbarous natives the advanced political principles and practices of the foremost peoples of civilization. . . . Unless the white race closes its ranks, its position will soon become untenable in the face of the overwhelming majority of prolific barbarism . . . We want a great South African nationality, a pervading national sentiment."

Two months later occurred the Jameson Raid. The news reached Smuts on January 1, 1896, as he sat on the stoep of his parents' house at Riebeck, surrounded by the pastoral life of his youth, face to face with the mountains he passionately loved. The shock was almost incalculable; it drove him for the time out of public life. At Kimberley he had gone bail for Mr. Rhodes's honesty, and Mr. Rhodes had betrayed him. For a year he made no public utterance. When he did speak again, in January 1897, it was to describe Cecil Rhodes as a permanent barrier between English and Dutch. "All we can do is to lift up our voices in warning to England so that she may know that the Afrikander Boer still stands where he stood in 1881. If England sends Rhodes back to us, the responsibility will be hers. The blood be on England's head."

The South African War.

In April of that year Smuts married Miss Krige; in May he took her to Johannesburg. He had gone back to his own people, and it was Jameson and Rhodes who had sent him. A year later he had become Transvaal State Attorney, and in that capacity he attended President Kruger to the Bloemfontein conference with Sir Alfred Milner which preceded the Boer War. He had no wish for war. In England and in Anglophil Cape circles, he may have been regarded as favouring hostilities; but the Boer war-party thought him a

dangerous peace advocate. With Botha and De la Rey and others he fought hard for a pacific settlement; it was only when those efforts failed that he threw himself heart and soul into the war.

There is no need to recapitulate here the history of this war; it is too fresh in all our recollections. Smuts's part in it began with diplomacy, but soon passed from statesmanship to strategy. He seems to have been chief author of the historic document *A Century of Wrong*, in which the Transvaal Government stated their case against Great Britain. He took a leading part in the organization of the army, visiting the various battle fronts to see for himself that commissariat and transport were working smoothly. And before Pretoria surrendered to Lord Roberts's victorious force it was the State Attorney who saw to it that the "Kruger millions" were transferred from the vaults of the bank to a railway train in the very nick of time.

When the Government of the Republic could no longer command even a railway saloon, Smuts found his way to the Western Transvaal, and for the next two years was one of the leaders of the guerrilla warfare which for so long baffled the best brains of the British Army. What he achieved has never been better described than by his then opponent and present admirer, Field-Marshal Lord French. Speaking at a dinner in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, on May 15, 1917, given specially to General Smuts, Lord French quoted Marius's reply to Sulla: "If you be a great general, compel me to fight you." "Day after day," he said, "week after week, month after month, our distinguished guest, with every disadvantage in the way of numbers, arms, transport, equipment and supply, eluded all my attempts to bring him to decisive action, and impressed me far more than any opponent

I have ever met with his power as a great commander and leader of men." This is no small tribute from one who himself made a great reputation in the same campaign as a dashing leader of cavalry.

Smuts had many hairbreadth escapes. Once his camp was surprised by night and, though most of his men got away, he himself was so sound asleep that he only woke to find khaki all round him. His bush training stood him in good stead; he managed to wriggle out in the dark and stumbled upon his brother-in-law, P. S. Krige, just outside the camp. Together they made good their escape. Another time, as he himself told the story at that same House of Lords dinner, he was surrounded by Lord French's scouts in a place called "Murderer's Gap" and was the only man to escape alive. "One Boer escaped," said the contemporary British account, "but he probably had so many bullets in him that he would be no further danger." It was General Smuts, who survived to such good purpose that fifteen years later he was employing his unequalled knowledge of bush and veld fighting as leader of the British forces in East Africa.

Peace and After.

When the end came and the Boer leaders were summoned to Vereeniging, with the offer of a free conduct signed "D. Haig, Col.," Smuts's voice was raised in the cause of peace. He had come out of the war a new man, physically so changed that his own family did not recognize him. From a student and recluse he had become a bronzed and bearded soldier, alert, vigorous, an unmistakable leader of men. Of the mental change he has spoken himself. "Those were very difficult and strenuous days. . . . One of the lessons I learned was that under the stress of great difficulties the only things which survived were the

simple human feelings of loyalty to your fellows, of comradeship and patriotism which carried you through change and privation." He says this now, looking back. But he had said much the same long before to Mr. Chamberlain, when that statesman visited the Transvaal in 1903, a year after the peace. "Co-operation must rest on a proper basis—that of confidence and respect. Mutual disrespect has been the curse of South Africa."

It was long before this confidence was won. Between Smuts and Lord Milner little love seems to have been lost. The two men failed to understand one another. Like the other Boer leaders, Smuts had come out of the war a poor man and had returned to the practice of his profession as advocate. He regarded the future with misgiving. He remained out of public life. English newspapers and many South African ones seldom mentioned him without a sneer at his "so-called" leadership and omitted to recognize his military rank. He himself wrote to Miss Emily Hobhouse, in a letter not meant for publication though it found its way to the Press: "I prefer to sit still, to water my orange-trees and to study Kant's *Critical Philosophy*, until, in the whirligig of time, new openings for doing good offer themselves."

This was in 1904. But a year later the opportunity had come. Lord Milner had gone. This is not the place to estimate his work (see p. 157); but, in the opinion of many South African critics, he did not suit South Africa and South Africa did not suit him. He had been succeeded by the more sympathetic Lord Selborne, and Smuts threw in his lot with Botha's rising party of Afrikanders, whose organ was *Het Volk* (*The People*) and whose creed was the amalgamation of all South Africans, wherever born and of whatever nationality, in a common love of South Africa. Even

before Lord Milner's retirement the grant of a liberal Constitution had been decided upon between him and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary in Mr. Balfour's last administration. It was well that it devolved upon Lord Milner's more tactful successor to inaugurate the new regime; for, under Milner, the South African colonies had been rent from one end to the other over the question of Chinese labour. Indeed, even at home the cry of "Chinese slavery" had done much to turn the election which drove the Unionists from power for the next ten years.

When, in 1906, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into power, his Government at once announced that no ordinance imposing "servile conditions" would be sanctioned. Moreover, the new Prime Minister declared in the House of Commons his intention of granting the Boers not only representative institutions but actual self-government, which was indeed confirmed by letters patent before the close of the year.

Transvaal Ministry.

The change gave General Smuts his great opportunity. While his lifelong friend, General Botha, became the first Premier of the Transvaal, Smuts became Colonial Secretary. He had taken a strong line during the elections against the continuance of Chinese labour, and in favour of the teaching of Dutch as well as English in the schools. He still clung to his ideal of racial conciliation and the creation of a great South African nation. But he could be strong when repression was needed. He called out the British troops to patrol the Reef during the miners' strike of 1907, even though later he told the mineowners in unambiguous terms that "it was inevitable the Chinese should go, and go finally." Go indeed they did; three years later every coolie had been repatriated,

and it is not on record that the mining industry collapsed. Nor did he ever cease to work for Union: "Two such peoples as the Boers and the English must either unite or try to exterminate each other. The past, the present, the future pointed to but one road of salvation and that was the road to Union . . . . South Africa's strength lay not in its material prosperity but in its men." And again: "It is really the spirit of union, of friendship, of comradeship among men, that forms the strongest impelling force. If we wish to solve our problems, let us avail ourselves of this tremendous force of South African patriotism and South African comradeship."

We said at the outset that Smuts was an opportunist. But there are two kinds of opportunism There is the opportunism which can twist and turn every occasion to the opportunist's own advancement, and there is the opportunism which can convert every occasion into a means of advancing a long-cherished ideal. Was not Paul of Tarsus the greatest of such opportunists? "I can be all things to all men if by any means I can save some" was the proud boast of the man who with equal truth affirmed "I count myself as nothing." What kind of an opportunist is the statesman who, through evil repute and good repute, believing first in Briton, then in Boer, then in both, fought unceasingly and unswervingly for the unity of his native country? Upon the answer to that question will depend the place in history which posterity will assign to Smuts.

It has been urged against him that his sympathies were now British, now Dutch, now in favour of Boer independence, now of loyalty to the British Crown. But in a new and growing country there are kaleidoscopic changes. Do we ourselves now envisage the events which preceded the Boer War as we saw them

when Rhodes's spell was over us, or in the black week of Magersfontein ? The question is not whether Smuts was consistent in the course he advocated, but whether his changes were guided by one deep underlying conviction. That he had such a conviction the extracts already quoted from his public speeches make abundantly clear. Even certain phrases recur again and again. " The spirit of comradeship," the " free co-operation of nations," a " pervading national sentiment," these were the thoughts constantly in the mind of the man who a few months ago told a British audience that " where you build up a common patriotism and a common ideal, the instrument of government will not be a thing that matters so much as the spirit which actuates the whole." Perhaps in his earlier days he even thought, and thought honestly, that the question of the flag under which South Africa should be united mattered less than the Union itself.

Union Ministry.

Be that as it may, having in 1902 accepted British suzerainty, he has never gone back on his word. As a Minister of the Transvaal he was loyal to Lord Selborne, whom, like Botha, he seems genuinely to have liked. When in 1910 the Union of all the South African colonies was finally achieved, he was equally loyal as Minister of the Interior, of Mines and of Defence in the first Union Ministry. Speaking at the farewell banquet to Lord Selborne on April 15, 1910, he said : " Lord Selborne came in very critical days—days of depression, days of sullen temper on the part of the people of the Transvaal. He showed what could be done to right the situation. He got into touch with all sections of the people. He told them home truths. . . . He saw that the time was coming when new ideals had to be placed before the people." General

Smuts too could place new ideals before his countrymen; but he could also tell them home truths. He was not the kind of opportunist who fears unpopularity; he could call Johannesburg "the Mecca of the hooligan," and he could train guns upon the strikers of the Rand. He had himself prophesied that the first five years would be the most critical in the history of the Union, and he had added that "if anything is worth striving for, it is worth fighting for." Events certainly justified him. The Botha–Smuts partnership met with strenuous opposition. The Minister of Defence, however, forced his Defence Act through Parliament in 1912 regardless of outcries about "Oriental despotism." And in the Cabinet crisis and reconstruction which followed, he retained the portfolio of Defence and combined it with Finance. He wanted "an organization that should not be Boer or English, but a South African army." It is well for us here at home that by 1914 he and Botha had got it.

But perhaps nothing shows his strength more than his handling of the strikes in the critical years of 1913–14, after the break-up in the Cabinet occasioned by General Hertzog's advocacy of racial separation. In July 1913 a miners' strike broke out on the Witwatersrand; the police were called upon to disperse a mass meeting; the mob fired several buildings; the natives in the mines were incited to take a hand in the game. The Defence Force was still in its infancy, and the Governor-General, at the request of General Smuts, called out imperial troops. After due warning they fired, and there were many killed and wounded. The excitement was intense. On July 5th, when Smuts and Botha motored into Johannesburg without escort to meet the strike leaders and try to effect a settlement, they took their lives in their hands. Their coolness saved the situation, and a treaty of peace was signed,

known later as the "Bain treaty" from the name of the principal strike leader. Six months later trouble broke out again, this time with the railway men, under one Poutsma. The leaders of the Rand Federation of Trades followed by declaring a general strike to demonstrate the solidarity of labour. At Germiston, the centre of the railway system, the railwaymen showed fight, and a military authority issued the order "Do not hesitate to shoot." It had not come from Smuts; but as Minister of Defence he upheld it, just as he justified the action of De la Rey, who settled the general strike by training his guns upon the Trades Hall. The railway strike at once collapsed, and the leaders were arrested. Nine of them were promptly deported on the s.s. *Umgeni* to Europe, and when an application was made to the courts for stay of sentence, it was found that General Smuts had forestalled it—the steamer had sailed! A furious campaign against Smuts broke out both in Press and Parliament. Even the Imperial Government raised objections. But Smuts carried his Indemnity Bill by 95 votes to 11, and pledged the House "if they wished this young country to go ahead under conditions of real liberty, to lay the foundation on force."

War with Germany.

Six months later England declared war on Germany, and the South African Parliament met in special session to consider participation. There was considerable opposition from Beyers, Maritz, and the Nationalists, who held that it was "England's war," not South Africa's. But Botha and Smuts bore it down. When in October Maritz and De Wet headed a definite revolt and Beyers refused to move against them, Smuts, mindful of the entirely new conditions in modern warfare which De Wet had forgotten, at once mobilized

a motor brigade. In three months the rebellion was at an inglorious end. 1915 saw General Smuts in South-West Africa, where General Botha was harrying the main German forces. It is on record that Smuts travelled so fast as to leave Staff and food behind him, and at length to be captured by one of his own patrols! Early in 1916 he accepted the East African command, where he kept the enemy on the run in the most difficult bush country. There he realized for himself, as he has said recently, the great military value of the African natives, and the appalling danger, not only to South African but to European civilization, of allowing a Power such as Germany to found a Central African Empire.

Now he is in Europe, and he has two main objects in view. One is to convince his fellow-countrymen that South Africa has her own peculiar problems to settle. She has to amalgamate her white populations, of whatever nationality, into a new and great nation, and she has to teach her black communities to develop on liberal but different lines, side by side with the white, without intermixture and without perpetuating servility. The other is to impress upon Britain how the great overseas democracies envisage the future of the British Empire.

He will have nothing to say to the Federal solution. The British Empire is, in his view, unlike anything that has ever existed before. Other Empires were founded "on the idea of assimilation, of trying to force human material into one mould." But the British Empire is a Commonwealth of free and widely scattered nations. "You do not want to standardize" those nations; "you want to develop them towards greater, fuller nationality." But you must find some way of holding this Commonwealth of nations together, and Smuts finds two First the hereditary kingship,

not very different from a hereditary republic, but superior because it provides a President, who is not the choice of any one nation, nor the "representative" of any, or of all, nor need he be elected by a system which, to be satisfactory, would pass the wit of man to devise. Secondly, the development of Imperial Conferences into some form of continuous conference, possibly by means of an Imperial Cabinet, which shall decide foreign policy and make it more what democracy can understand. For "the war must end in the triumph of democracy"; the world must, as Wilson said, "be made safe for democracy." That is the message to Europe from South Africa, from America, from everywhere beyond the seas. "To me the most impressive thing about this war," said Smuts to an American journalist, "is not its slaughter, nor its cost. It is the fact that it has linked together for combat the forces of Democracy, the fact that through it Liberty at last is organized."

AUSTRALASIA

CHAPTER I

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK AND THE EARLY EXPLORERS

The story of the exploration of an island continent, which begins with a pirate and ends with a convict station, reads like a Stevenson romance, or a new *Robinson Crusoe.* There is nothing in British colonial history quite like the records of the discovery of Australia. Canada was first won from the French and then penetrated slowly by the adventurous fur traders; its early history is part conquest, part tracking through primeval forest. Africa, from the very first, attracted to itself the zeal of the missionary Moffat and Livingstone went forth to preach the Gospel, incidentally they opened up the riches of a continent. But Australia was discovered haphazard by adventurous sailors, sailing the Southern seas for gain or for curiosity, men who brought home marvellous tales of giants and of beasts which "advanced by great leaps instead of walking," but who do not seem to have suspected the presence of gold or minerals, or to have had any ambition to civilize or convert the aborigines.

William Dampier was the first of these voyagers—at any rate, the first of British birth. The Portuguese and the Dutch had been before him, but seem to have been hazy as to the land they sighted and the seas

they sailed through. De Torres, the Portuguese navigator, who named Torres Strait at the beginning of the seventeenth century, certainly rounded the southern end of New Guinea, but has left no record of having recognized that it was a continent whose northern shores he must have skirted. Pelsaert, the Dutchman, some thirty years later, brought back legends of the kangaroo, and he and his fellow-navigators charted most of the western coast of "New Holland," the early Dutch name for the great Southern land. "Barren, bleak and waterless" was their account of the country. They had reason to remember the lack of water, for it led to a mutiny, only put down by hanging eleven sailors and marooning two—a yet more terrible fate—on the desolate shores among the hostile natives. The only explorer before Dampier who tried to take possession of the newly discovered country was Tasman, who sailed in 1642 from the Dutch East Indies and discovered the island of Van Diemen's Land, now Tasmania. He hoisted the Dutch flag and declared the country subject to the government of the Netherlands; but his action was not followed up, and the Dutch title lapsed.

William Dampier.

Forty years later came Dampier, sailing as a supercargo upon the buccaneering ship *Cygnet*. He had already led an adventurous life. Born at East Coker in Somerset in 1652, he was early left an orphan and by some good fortune was sent to sea on a Weymouth trading vessel. Following the traditions of Drake and Hawkins and the men of the West, who sailed the Spanish main in the days of Elizabeth, he visited East and West Indies alike; served in the Dutch War of Charles II's days; was manager of an estate in Jamaica; engaged in the West Indian coasting trade; and finally

joined a band of pirates, in whose company he crossed the Isthmus of Darien, sailed down the Peruvian coast, and, after sacking and plundering such ships and ports as proved vulnerable, arrived at Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez. After further piratical expeditions of varying fortunes and a season of debauch on the Philippine Islands with one Captain Swan, Dampier seems to have grown weary of his company, and, detaching some of the crew, cruised across the Pacific to China and thence by the Dutch East Indies and the Spice Islands to New Holland. Eventually he returned to England in 1691.

His account of the country, though no more favourable than that of the Dutchmen—he described it as barren and sterile and chiefly remarkable for the kangaroo—so far interested the British Admiralty that in 1699 they sent him off in the *Roebuck* to explore the Southern Seas. He made various discoveries amongst the islands upon this and subsequent voyages. Now and again he diverged into piracy. On one voyage he left Alexander Selkirk marooned upon Juan Fernandez and on another voyage, four years later, picked him up again. After all he died in his bed in London, leaving behind him picturesque records of his experiences, not absolutely reliable as history or as science but revealing a great gift of observation and a love of natural history, and inciting subsequent navigators to follow in his footsteps.

Captain James Cook.

The most famous of these was Captain James Cook, a Yorkshire boy born in the Cleveland division of North Yorkshire in 1728. His father was a farm labourer, and the boy at twelve years old was apprenticed to a Whitby haberdasher. But the call of the sea was too strong. He soon took service with a firm

of shipowners and served for years in the grey North Sea, voyaging between Norway and the Baltic and the English port of Newcastle. In 1755 he transferred himself from the merchant service to the Royal Navy and was sent to the St. Lawrence, where he did valuable work in sounding, surveying and charting the waters of Quebec and Labrador. He made some reputation as an astronomer and, when the Admiralty and the Royal Society decided in 1768 to send an expedition to the Southern Seas to observe the transit of Venus, Cook was placed in command. He sailed in the *Endeavour*, accompanied, amongst others, by Sir Joseph Banks, the great botanist. They made Tahiti, witnessed the transit, and then sailed in quest of the great Southern Continent. After discovering and exploring the Society Islands, they touched New Zealand and circumnavigated both islands, carefully examining the coasts, but failed to penetrate inland owing to the fierce hostility of the formidable Maori warriors, who were later on to make so much trouble for the English settlers. From New Zealand Cook crossed to New Holland, whose east coast he thoroughly explored. He named New South Wales from a fancied likeness to Glamorgan, and found Botany Bay—afterwards the beautiful harbour of Sydney. But its first name, though given to it because of the many and beautiful plants on its shores, acquired an evil sound from its long connexion with a thoroughly vicious convict system.

Cook took formal possession of the coast, but again could not advance inland, for the natives, though incurious, were determinedly hostile. When the *Endeavour* entered Botany Bay and dropped anchor, the savages on shore took no notice at all. But as soon as the captain and sailors approached in a pinnace, two black men armed with spears advanced

to meet them, and held their ground in spite of musket shots, fired in the hope of scaring them away. The natives merely produced shields of bark, and Cook felt that to shoot at them would be sheer murder. As no device to establish friendly relations was of any avail, he could but sail away and content himself with coastal observation, after hoisting the Union Jack and taking formal possession of the country. He got back to England in 1770, and two years later returned to New Holland with two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*. The New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Norfolk Island were among his discoveries, and he satisfied himself that there was no Antarctic Continent, though the frozen Antarctic seas held their secrets until Scott and Shackleton sought and found the Pole.

In 1776 the *Resolution*, accompanied this time by the *Discovery*, set out to find the North-West Passage by way of the Southern Seas and up the west coast of America. On this voyage Cook discovered Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands. He reached the Bering Strait and went back to Hawaii; but there he met his death in 1779 in a scuffle with the natives. His country had done little enough in his lifetime for the man who gave it Australia, and enriched the sciences of geography, botany and medicine by many valuable discoveries. After his death there was a race to pay him honour, not only in Great Britain but in foreign Courts. But perhaps the best tribute to his memory was the dispatch of a body of British settlers eight years after his death to take effective possession of the territory he had annexed in his first voyage.

British colonization in Australia began, then, in 1788, along a strip of coast about seventy miles north and south of Sydney, shut in between the Blue Mountains and the sea. Exploration of the interior was slow and intermittent. Oxley began it in 1816 but accom-

plished little beyond tracing the course of the Macquarie River and its tributaries. Captain Charles Sturt twelve years later discovered the Darling and Murray Rivers and followed their course to the sea. In 1840 Eyre, later the Governor of Jamaica fame, made a most adventurous journey through the country north of Adelaide, exploring the barren sea coasts of the Great Australian Bight. Sturt reached the centre of the continent in 1845, striking north from the River Darling. But until John McDouall Stuart in 1862, after more than one vain attempt, at last crossed the country from south to north and stood on the shores of the Indian Ocean, the desert interior of Australia remained a cruel, unknown land, which had claimed more than one victim amongst earlier explorers. Burke and Wills, who probably anticipated Stuart, never returned to tell their tale.

Convict Settlements.

The first idea of the British Government in sending out a party of settlers had been to use New South Wales as a refuge for dispossessed American Loyalists. That plan was abandoned ; but Lord Sydney, on behalf of the British Home Office, agreed that this distant land would be " a very proper region for the reception of criminals condemned to transportation." Penal settlements in Africa had become a scandal owing to the terrible mortality amongst the convicts ; but here was a plan " for effectually disposing of convicts and rendering their transportation reciprocally beneficial, both to themselves and to the State," by placing them in a remote situation, " whence it is hardly possible to return without permission." So began the system of peopling the Australian colonies with the children of those who had left their own country for their country's good, a system productive

of much trouble and many evils, a source of abiding resentment against the Mother Country in the minds of the Australian people.

The system would have worked even worse than it did but for the humanity of its first administrator, Governor Phillip. He was a captain in the Navy and a man of probity and honour. What he could do to mitigate the sufferings of the first convict settlers he did, even to sharing their miserable rations when the non-arrival of supply ships left the settlement face to face with famine. But the convicts, assigned as servants to the military garrison, were often grossly maltreated. They in their turn, when time-expired and "emancipated," committed horrible outrages on the natives. Indeed, the killing of blacks was thought no murder, so much so that, when as late as 1838 Governor Bourke had eleven men tried and seven hanged for the massacre of between thirty and forty natives at Myall Creek, they pleaded "that in killing blacks they were not aware that they were violating the law."

Meanwhile with the opening up of the interior and the development of the pastoral industry the demand for labour was in excess of even the steady influx of convicts. The Governors began to try to induce immigration of a better class. In 1822 Governor Brisbane introduced the system of offering grants of land to "free" immigrants, who could be more safely entrusted with the management of convict servants than the ex-convicts, or "emancipists." Besides these direct "Government immigrants" there were those brought by the steamship companies, whose captains received a bounty from the Government of so much per head. But it is easy to understand that the development of free institutions, or indeed the maintenance of decent conditions, amongst a population

so constituted was a matter of the greatest difficulty. How fierce the struggle was may, perhaps, best be learned by tracing the career of Sir Henry Parkes, himself a "bounty immigrant" of 1839, afterwards five times Premier of New South Wales and one of the foremost promoters of Australian Federation.

CHAPTER II

SIR HENRY PARKES

(1815–1896)

THERE is a curious parallel between the life of Henry Parkes and that of his contemporary, the Grand Old Man of Canadian politics, Sir John Macdonald. Both were born in the British Isles in the year of Waterloo; both were the sons of very poor parents; both had to face the world at so early an age that they had practically no education; both, conscious of their own powers, tried to remedy this defect by omnivorous general reading; both by their own unaided efforts raised themselves to the very topmost rank in the country of their adoption; both strove with might and main for Federation—Macdonald in Canada achieved it, Parkes died when it was in sight; both lived to extreme old age and died within a few years of each other.

Henry Parkes was born at Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, on May 27, 1815. Those were the days of unrestricted child labour, and he was put to work at eight years old. At an age when happier boys are at school, Parkes was working on a rope-walk for fourpence a day, cruelly and even brutally treated. He told the story himself in later years: "Unhappily for me I was not educated at all. I was never at school more than three months in my life, and whatever I have attained, I have attained in circumstances of

bitter poverty." Small wonder that he grew up with a deep sympathy for the wrongs of the working classes and a determination, like that of his great contemporary, Sir George Grey, that so far as in him lay the New World, to which he turned his face at about the same time (1839), should be so fashioned as to redress the balance of the Old. But Grey went out in authority, as Governor of South Australia; Parkes's chance was still to come. He had been apprenticed to the turnery trade in Birmingham and had married and had one child. With a view to bettering his fortunes he sailed for Sydney with his family, an ordinary "bounty immigrant" who, as soon as he could escape the horrors of the emigrant ship, must seek what sustenance he could find upon the streets of Sydney. With the literary gift, which he soon developed, he has left on record, both in verse and prose, his experiences as an emigrant in a ship "in which three or four hundred human beings are pent together for the space of four months, the ear incessantly assailed by the coarse expressions and blasphemies of the profligate, the eye, let it turn where it will, offended by some malignity or unnecessary unpleasantness in the conduct of those around."

He was friendless and without money, but he managed to make a living by ivory turning, the craft which he had learned. Literature was his ambition, and it says much for the impression he contrived to make upon those around him that only three years after his arrival in Sydney he published a volume of poems by subscription. He was also contributing articles to the Press and beginning to take his share in public movements. From 1843 onwards there was a ceaseless agitation in New South Wales for more representative and responsible government, combined with a strong movement against further contamination of the citizen

population by the introduction of convicts. This anti-transportation policy was warmly advocated by Parkes, who also spoke out strongly in favour of the right of the colony to govern itself through Ministers chosen by, and responsible to, the colonists. He was a strong reformer of the Chartist type, but even then, as always, a Loyalist. "I yield to no man," he said, "in loyalty to the British Crown; but my loyalty does not teach me to shut my eyes to the faults of Government."

Parliamentary Career.

With the help of friends he started a newspaper, the *Empire*, in 1849. It at once made its mark, and its vigorous leading articles, which he wrote himself, were read with attention. Unfortunately, he had no great gift for finance, and both he and the paper were always in difficulties. After his entrance into public life, first as member for Sydney in 1854 under the old Constitution, and then as member for East Sydney in the new Legislative Assembly of 1856, he found the strain and worry of keeping the paper's head above water more than he was equal to, and in 1858 he had to own himself insolvent. But in the meantime he had done much to keep the new Constitution democratic. The first scheme put forward by W. C. Wentworth, Australian patriot and chief author of the Constitution, included the creation of a colonial nobility with hereditary privileges, a nominated Upper House and a heavy pension list. Parkes powerfully assailed the Bill, and the peerage at least was dropped, as well as an undue degree of representation in the Lower House of the country, or "squatting," interest at the expense of the Sydney citizens.

For forty years he was seldom out of Parliament, though, for pecuniary and other reasons, he resigned more than once. Indeed, in the latter part of his life

he took leave of his constituents and announced his intention of saying farewell to public affairs almost as often as did Mr. Gladstone. But he always allowed himself to be persuaded to return after a very brief retirement. In 1861 he went on a mission to England to try and interest people at home in the Australian colonies and to promote desirable immigration. The idea of this mission was his own, and though he had had no thought of securing the appointment for himself, it undoubtedly brought needed relief to his finances. It was made an opportunity for unkind criticism of the kind which pursued him through life; but there does not appear to be any evidence at all that his poverty, though perennial, ever led him to subordinate public to private interests. He opposed payment of Members, when the proposal was first made in the New South Wales Parliament, and he refused an offer from his friends to get up a subscription to help him to go to England on a later occasion, when health was failing, on the ground that "as first Minister of the Government of the country . . . I could not reconcile the acceptance of a gift of money from the public with my sense of propriety."

He first took office in 1864 as Colonial Secretary. Prison reform and measures for the repression of bush-ranging were his first cares. Then came the Public Schools question. He was an ardent advocate of universal education, anxious to give others what he himself had missed; but he could not go all the way with the secularists, and was quite willing to give the denominationalists opportunities for religious teaching, provided a sound general education were secured. Both on this question and on that of Free Trade he was criticized for lack of thoroughness. He has himself said that, owing to an incomplete training in economic theory, he was an imperfect Free Trader

until he met and talked with Cobden in England. Even afterwards though a strong advocate for intercolonial Free Trade in Australia, he was not entirely averse to import duties for revenue. And he was absolutely opposed to free immigration, if it meant the immigration of Asiatics who would bring down the rate of wages and lower the standard of living for the white working classes.

In Office.

In 1872 he formed his first Ministry. With the majority he was popular, but all his life he had bitter enemies. "That great grievance but the friend of the community" so an electioneering speaker once described him. Perhaps his sensitiveness, amounting to touchiness, and his rather ungracious manners and unsociable ways had something to do with the misunderstanding he met with. Poverty and lack of education, a secluded home-life, due to the fact that his wife shrank from social intercourse—all these influences told against him in politics, and it says much for his ability and single-mindedness that, though they were hindrances, he never allowed them to hold him back from public duty. During his first Ministry he got rid of the border duties which were cutting Victoria off from the trade of New South Wales. In 1887, when he became Premier for the fourth time, it was as the exponent of Free Trade and the advocate of Federation. Twenty years earlier he had urged union by "some federal bond connection." Now at the end of his life he brought about a Federal Convention, which, sitting at Melbourne, drafted a Constitution on the lines finally adopted. It is an interesting and remarkable fact that one of the members of that Convention was his great contemporary, Sir George Grey, more Radical in his later years than Parkes, the "educated work-

man," whose Liberalism grew more Conservative with age.

Parkes resigned office in 1891 and did not live to see Federation carried. His last years were melancholy enough. His first wife had died in 1888. He married again, and though his second wife brought him domestic happiness, social recognition was not always accorded to her, and this brought him bitterness. She, too, predeceased him by a year. He married a third time, but illness and dire poverty threatened him The Government had to intervene on his behalf. At the last his political opponent, Sir George Reid, came with sympathy to seek reconciliation and to offer his tribute of respect. The old man with the leonine look, so marked in his portraits, lay dying; but when Reid had gone, he said, "I am glad he called; I am glad I saw him; I have misunderstood him." And in a few days he was dead.

Sir George Reid in his *Reminiscences* has left this picture of him; "Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier, was a man of commanding ability. His tall figure, leonine head and curiously rugged features added greatly to the impression his speeches made. Some of his accents and idioms revealed the lowly lot from which he rose. He was 'self-educated,' but the diction of his dispatches was of a high order of merit. He lacked gracious manners, was too conscious of his superiority, not affable to beginners, not fond of putting people at their ease; but he had some noble attributes and did some grand things. His extraordinary genius for getting into, and out of, financial troubles led him, as they have led other men, great and small, to do some inexplicable things. But these were forgiven him owing to the great public services he performed, and because he was quite free from any love of money for its own sake. . . . Sir Henry had some faults—

who has not ?—but his career was, upon the whole, the most striking and most fruitful in great events of any in Australia. He was his own schoolmaster, and he was one of the best examples that can be quoted of the immense value of the education in things that count in real life, which a man with natural ability can give himself. His mannerisms in speech never wholly fell from him—occasionally one saw the cottager's son in them—but his lofty notions of government and the soundness of his constitutional views, coupled with his massive eloquence, robust English and immense persuasiveness, made him the truly great man which his remarkable personal appearance suggested. When I stood by his bedside in that last illness, and he took me by the hand, all our previous barriers seemed to disappear. A mutual emotion of regret replaced them."

There is perhaps no one very definite achievement to point to as Sir Henry Parkes's claim to rank amongst Empire-builders. The fifty odd years of his public life saw Australia, and especially New South Wales, advance from a convict settlement to a great and free nation. And there was no public question, no constitutional change, no amelioration of the lot of the people during that eventful half-century to which he had not contributed. His handling of Labour questions was, perhaps, timid ; he himself belonged to the days of independent individualism, and the Socialism of the advanced school of Labour politicians did not win his sympathy. But he saw that Australia must be made a home for the white man, a country where free and independent workers could govern themselves. And he saw that to achieve that end intercolonial barriers must be broken down. He deserves in the truest sense the title of the Father of Australian Confederation.

CHAPTER III

COMMONWEALTH PREMIERS

AUSTRALIA is the happy home of the professional politician, if only for the ease with which Ministries are made and unmade and Premiers come and go Apparently every public man of any note gets his turn, and it is possible to group all prominent personalities of the last twenty years under the heading of this chapter.

Sir George Houston Reid (1845–1918).

First amongst them comes Sir George Houston Reid, not because he was first Premier of united Australia —that honour belongs to Sir Edmund Barton—but because of his long public life and the leading part he played. He was not Australian born. His father, John Reid, was a Scottish Presbyterian minister of some distinction as a preacher, who emigrated to Australia for reasons of health in 1852. George, the youngest son, born at Paisley in 1845, was seven years old when he landed at Melbourne. It was the year after the great discovery of gold, when fortunes were being made in a day and the prosperity of the colony was advancing by leaps and bounds. Labour was so scarce that a mason or a carpenter could ask £1 a day and not be always willing to work for that, whilst a carter's earnings were said to reach £12 a week. No

wonder Australia appeared a workman's paradise, and every politician in turn had to seek the support of Labour.

Young Reid, however, though later in life he coquetted, like all the other Australian statesmen, with the Labour Party, was given a better education than many of his contemporaries. After taking a junior clerkship in a business house at the age of thirteen, he was put into the Civil Service and began to read for the Bar. He was, as he himself admits, not very assiduous in his law studies. He dabbled in essay-writing, brought out a volume of verse and spent a good deal of time in debating societies. His Civil Service pay sufficed for his wants, and it was fourteen years (1865–79) before he had passed all his examinations and was finally admitted. He had no real ambition to shine in the courts; the law was only an avenue to public life. In 1880 he got his chance and was elected, together with Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier, but above him at the poll, as one of the members for East Sydney.

Reid had stood as a Free Trader, and all through his political career he was loyal to Free Trade principles. Indeed, he published some important essays on the subject and for twenty years opposed Federation, because he thought that the union of New South Wales with Protectionist colonies would be the death of Free Trade. Parkes, who liked coalitions—certainly when political groups, whether in or out of office, differ so little from each other as those of Australia, there is much to be said for them—invited Reid more than once to join his Cabinet, but the invitation was always met by a refusal. Nevertheless, after 1887 when Parkes declared for Free Trade, Reid refused to countenance any Liberal "cave" against him and did his level best to keep him in office.

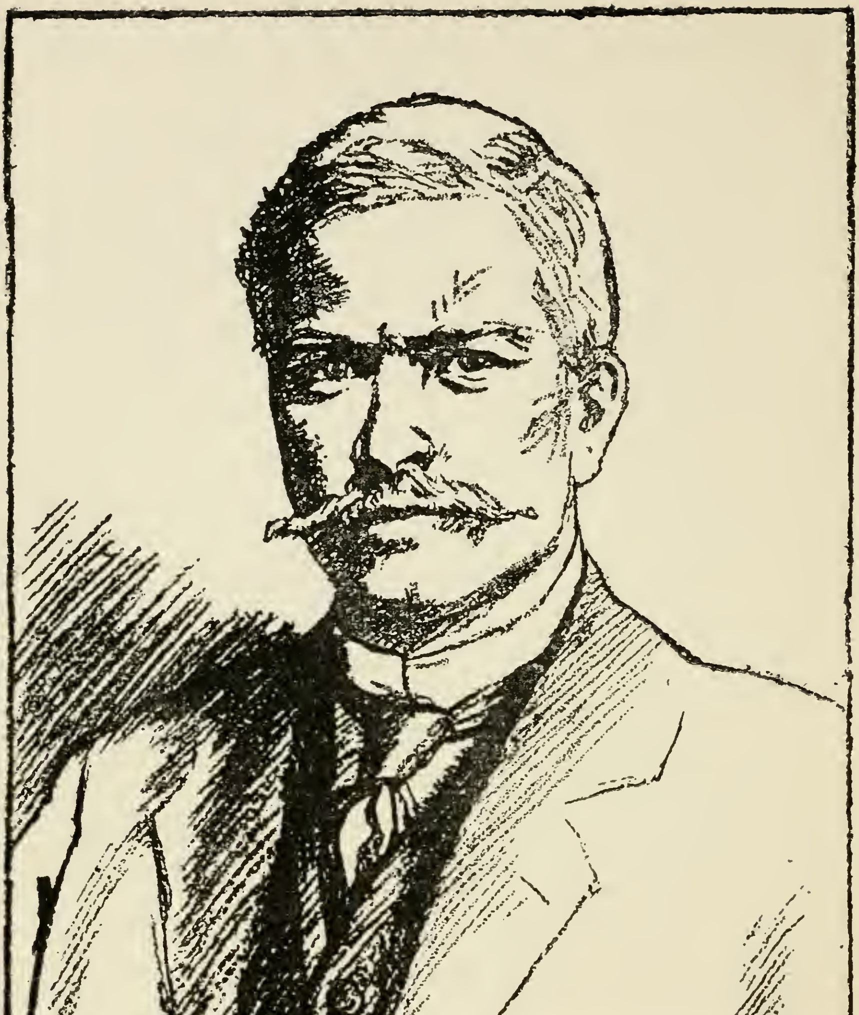
Reid had occupied a minor post in Alexander Stuart's short-lived Cabinet of 1882; but he held no high office until he became Premier of New South Wales in 1894. During his premiership he did much to reform the Civil Service; he visited England to represent his colony at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee; and when he saw that Federation must come he summoned the Convention of 1899 which finally drafted the Commonwealth Constitution. Before the birth of the Commonwealth (1901) he was out of office and Sir William Lyne was in his place. Lord Hopetoun, the first Commonwealth Governor, invited Lyne, as Premier of the oldest colony, to form the first Federal Ministry. But when he could not succeed, the summons was passed on to Sir Edmund Barton.

For a short and troubled period in 1904–5 Sir George Reid was Commonwealth Premier. A difference with Mr. Deakin, who sought the support of the Labour Party, threw the Reid Ministry out, and at the end of 1909, when an Act to constitute an Australian High Commissionership had passed the Australian Parliament, Sir George Reid was, with universal approval, appointed first High Commissioner of Australia. In that capacity he represented the country of his adoption in London until the beginning of 1916, a genial personality, prepared, as he himself said, to regard attendance at dinners and luncheons as "a primary duty," a ready and humorous speaker and an indefatigable worker, who ended as a British M.P.! When his term of office expired he was invited to stand for the St. George's, Hanover Square division of Westminster and was elected without contest as an "independent Imperialist." He died rather suddenly in September 1918.

Sir Edmund Barton (1849–).

But we must return for a moment to the first Premier of the Australian Commonwealth. Edmund Barton, Australian born, at the age of thirty entered the New South Wales Parliament as Member for the University of Sydney. He made no special mark in the political life of his colony, until the growth of the idea of Federation fired his enthusiasm. But he had the respect and esteem of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly, of which he was Speaker from 1883 to 1887. Like Sir George Reid he was a lawyer and eminent in his profession. After the death of Sir Henry Parkes he assumed the leadership of the Federal Party, and the Convention of 1899 at once elected him their chairman. It followed that, when Federation was accomplished, there should be an unmistakable desire on the part of Australia to see him called to the premiership. Sir William Lyne at once recognized this, and, though not refusing Lord Hopetoun's summons outright, very soon advised the Governor that Barton should be sent for.

He formed a non-party Ministry of all the talents, including all the colonial Premiers except one. But his task proved no easy one. He declared for Preference and Reciprocity, and at once aroused the opposition of Reid and the Free Traders. With these two parties about equally divided the Labour Party held the balance, and both sides assiduously courted it. Instead of a united Parliament, seeking only to secure the stability of Federation, Barton had to face rancorous party strife, and "scuffling" as he himself called it, "on the steps of the temple." Small wonder that in 1903 he was glad to give way to Mr. Deakin and to accept a Federal judgeship.



Andrew Fisher

invitation to Lord Kitchener to come out and report on the whole question of Australian defence Thus it is largely due to him and to his successor, Mr. Fisher, that Great Britain's need in 1914 found not only a ready response in Australia but a trained and disciplined force. Only a nation under arms could have sent, as Australia sent, seventy-six thousand men to the seat of war within a year of its outbreak. Since he went out of office Mr. Deakin has lived in retirement.

John Christian Watson (1867–).

Andrew Fisher (1862–).

The two first leaders of the Australian Labour Party are typical Australian politicians. Both are genuine members of the class they represent. Both are of Scottish parentage. Andrew Fisher was born in Scotland and brought up a Scottish coalminer. He emigrated to Australia in 1885. J. C. Watson was born in 1867, actually on an emigrant ship which was conveying his parents to the colony. He had no educational advantages, but contrived to teach himself enough to get work as a printer and began very early to play a leading part in Labour politics.

The year 1890 saw the great Australian strike, an echo of the London Dock and Transport Workers' strike of 1889. The English strike had been extensively financed by Australian Unions, and the English Labour leaders in return went to Sydney to help their brothers. The strike began in the mines but extended to the pastoral industry, and finally to all classes of labour. It was firmly handled by Sir Henry Parkes, who had no sort of sympathy with Syndicalism, and was as averse as Botha and Smuts showed themselves later in South Africa to allowing the trade and work of the community to be "held up" by malcontents. But

though the employers won, a great sympathy with labour was engendered, and the elections of the following year in New South Wales were marked by the first appearance in Parliament of a definite and compact Labour Party. It was thirty strong, and not pledged to support either of the other parties. By 1894 the party was smaller numerically, but more strongly led. J. C. Watson made his first appearance in the House, and with him was W. M. Hughes, not himself a working man but a Labour politician, of whom more was to be heard later.

Watson showed both wisdom and tact. He took a strong line against plural voting in New South Wales and thereby upset one of Sir George Reid's measures for electoral reform. And he inclined to Protectionism as a means of keeping up the white man's wages. This attached him, after Federation had come, to Sir Edmund Barton and Mr. Deakin, and he gave both these protectionist Premiers his general support. But in return he demanded legislation in labour interests, and his parliamentary influence compelled respect to his wishes.

For a few months in 1904 he consented to form a Labour Ministry. There had been trouble over a Conciliation and Arbitration Bill. The Labour Party wished to extend its provisions to State employees on the railways and in other public services, and to this the Government demurred. The crisis thus created ended in Mr. Deakin's resignation. Mr. Watson took office, but could not enforce his views and resigned in his turn a few months later. Until a tariff of which he could approve had been passed for the Commonwealth, he held his party together and kept them solid for Mr. Deakin and the Protectionists. Then he felt his work was done and handed over the leadership of the party to Mr. Fisher.

Mr. Fisher, who had entered parliamentary life in Queensland as soon as he arrived in Australia, was from the first a member of the Federal Parliament. He had previously entered the Queensland Legislative Assembly in 1893 and had taken office in 1899 as Minister of Public Works. In 1908 he became Commonwealth Premier in succession to Mr. Deakin and formed a Ministry which lasted only six months. He was attacked by the Deakin–Cook supporters, and especially by Mr. Cook, an ex-Labour politician, for lukewarmness in the matter of Imperial defence, chiefly because he advocated the building in Australia of an Australian Navy rather than the gift to Great Britain of the value of a *Dreadnought*. His subsequent record was to give the lie to this accusation.

About a year after the fall of his Ministry came the general election of 1910, which resulted in a sweeping victory for Fisher and the Labour Party. They had for the first time a substantial working majority in both Houses, and the opposition was powerless. This result was a good deal due to the dislike of the electors to Mr. Cook, whom, rightly or wrongly, they regarded as a renegade, and whose association with Mr. Deakin made the Coalition unpopular. It could not be claimed that the electors had unbounded confidence in their Labour Government, for on a referendum they deliberately rejected various amendments to the Commonwealth Constitution proposed by Mr. Fisher, which would have enabled Labour to deal as it liked with "monopolies," with trade combinations, and with the fixing of wages and labour conditions.

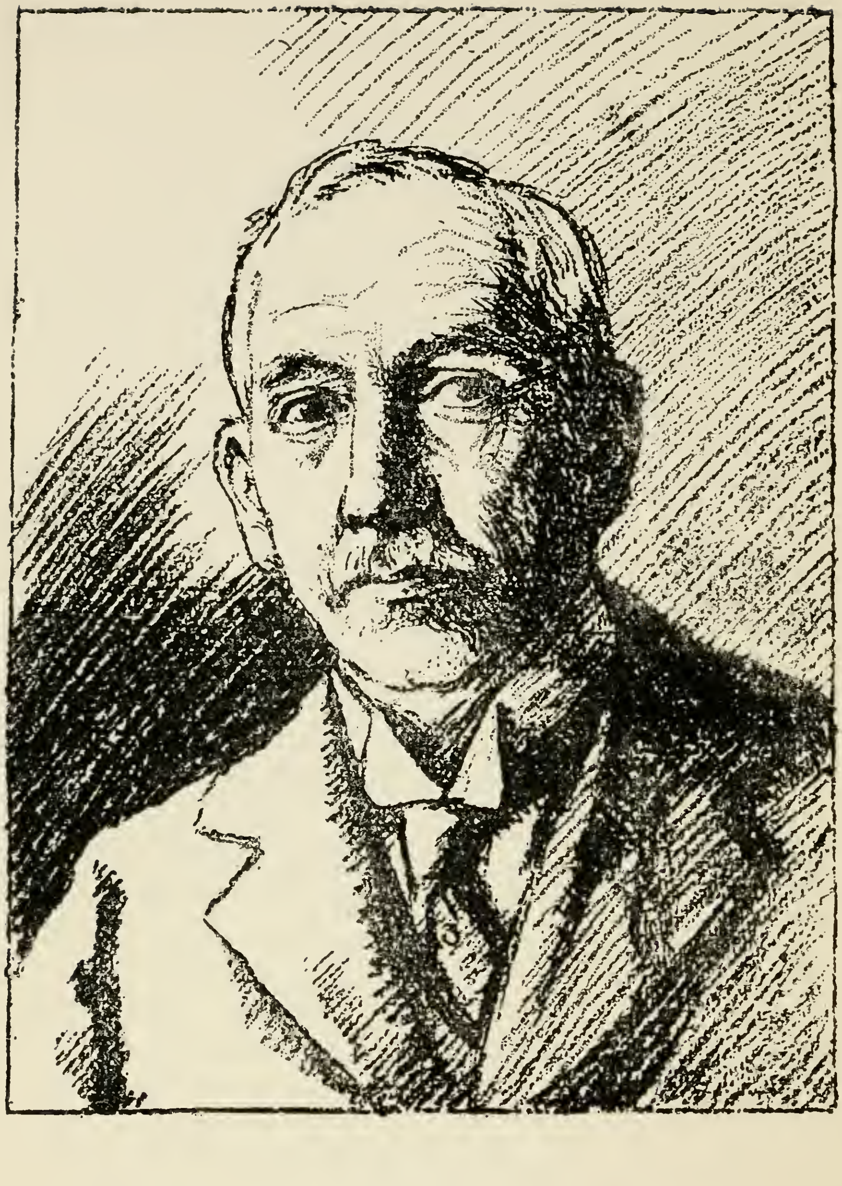
Perhaps the most remarkable action taken by the Fisher Government was its handling of the question of imperial defence. It adopted Lord Kitchener's report and passed a measure establishing universal military training. Mr. Fisher attended the Imperial

Conference of 1911. In the same year he invited Admiral Henderson to visit Australia and report on its naval needs. Meanwhile the building of warships for Australia, determined on in 1908, was pressed forward. Such a policy was perhaps hardly anticipated from a Labour Government. But it made possible the active and useful part played by the Australian Navy in the present war—and especially the capture of the *Emden* by the *Sydney*.

The revenue needed for this naval programme was obtained by a land tax which was the subject of heated debate in the Commonwealth Parliament. It aimed at the breaking up of large estates and was unpopular with the landed interests. But ultimately it was passed, together with a measure for readjusting the division of customs and excise duties between the Commonwealth and the States.

Australian Parliaments are triennial, and in the 1913 elections Mr. Fisher and the Labour Party were in a minority in the Lower House Fisher, therefore, resigned, and Mr. Cook was called upon to form a Liberal Ministry. He came in with a Free Trade and moderate programme ; but as Labour still had a substantial majority in the Upper House, the Government found their measures blocked, and affairs were at a deadlock. To English observers, a Lower House reduced to impotence by a Labour majority in what answers to the Lords has an undoubted piquancy. In practice it was extremely inconvenient, but the situation dragged on until August 1914, when came the declaration of war.

Mr. Cook at once took the patriotic step of placing the Australian fleet units at the disposal of the British Admiralty. He then resolved to appeal to the electorate, with the result that Labour won hands down, and Fisher returned to office and to the vigorous handling



W. M. Hughes

of the question of defence. He visited New Zealand to discuss concerted measures with its Premier, Mr. Massey, and his hands were further strengthened in Australia by a visit from Sir George Reid, who toured the country making speeches in support of recruiting. The High Commissionership would have fallen vacant at the beginning of 1915 if Sir George Reid's tenure of office had not been specially prolonged. When it did fall vacant, Mr. Fisher resigned the premiership and came to London to represent his country. He was succeeded by his active lieutenant and Attorney-General, W. M. Hughes.

William Morris Hughes (1864–)

The rather flamboyant personality of the present Premier of Australia is familiar in this country, where in 1915 he entered upon an oratorical campaign in support of the war. William Morris Hughes, as his name suggests, is a Welshman and proud of it. He was educated at Llandudno and in St. Stephen's Church of England School, Westminster, where he was trained as a national school-master. But he seems to have had pronounced Socialist opinions, and at the age of twenty he emigrated to Australia. Ten years later he appeared in the New South Wales Parliament, alongside of J. C. Watson, as a leader of the Labour Party. He has many of the gifts of the demagogue. He is not, and never has been, a working man. But, if we are to believe his great fellow-countryman, David Lloyd George, "he understands the British democracy here and beyond the seas." If he does not, it is not for want of trying. Though "born in Britain, he has spent his manhood in Australia," and spent it very largely in the society of trade unionists.

In Australia he became by profession a barrister; but he appears also as the organiser of the Maritime

Unions, as General Secretary of the Wharf Labourers' Union and of the Waterside Workers' Federation, as well as President of the Carters' Union. He is a master of direct and forcible speech, not remarkable for depth or subtlety of thought, but conveying the obvious with a robust common sense, and instinct with a genuine patriotism. He is as skilful as Mr. Gladstone in creating local links. When he speaks at Cardiff, he is pure Welsh; when he gets to Glasgow, he remembers that Australian Cabinets are mostly Scottish. The only thing he refuses to be is international. His severest scorn is poured out upon "syndicalists," who have "no nationality, religion, or principle." "In the name of unionism and labour" he casts them forth and rejoices that Australian unionism has contributed its thousands and even its ten thousands to the fighting forces.

He has taken a very strong line throughout on the defence question. He spent most of his time for the first two years of the war in making recruiting speeches. He pledged himself as Premier to introduce conscription; but when that issue was put to the Australian people and voted upon, not only at home but by the soldiers in the trenches, it was decisively rejected. A second attempt to introduce it met with the same fate. Moreover, the Labour Party, displeased at Mr. Hughes's action, rejected him as leader, and by a majority of 43 to 23 deposed him in favour of Mr. Tudor. He only succeeded in maintaining himself as Premier by effecting a coalition with Mr. Cook—who seems to be always "coalescing"—and a Liberal-Labour Government, with Mr. Hughes as Premier and Mr. Cook—become Sir Joseph—as Minister for the Navy, controls Australian affairs. Sir George Reid expressed doubts as to its stability; but even if it were short-lived, it would still have fared neither better nor worse than most Australian administrations.

Meanwhile Mr. Hughes remains a convinced Imperialist. He believes, he tells us, in an Empire which does not mean " territorial expansion nor increase of wealth, but wider opportunities for the development of the institutions of free government and of such economic and social conditions as are worthy of a great people. He realizes that Australia " is now the freest and most democratic country on God's earth," but that, if she is to preserve that freedom, she must be ready to fight for it. The war is as much Australia's as Great Britain's. It is a fight for the right of Australia to govern herself in her own way That is the burden of all Mr. Hughes's speeches and the keynote of his policy.

He has also decided views about the control of the Pacific, and on his way to Great Britain in 1918 took occasion to invite an American audience to consider a new version of the Monroe Doctrine. The Pacific contains countless islands, any or all of which, if in enemy hands, might become coaling-stations for raiders or bases for submarines. It must be " Hands off " in the Pacific. These islands must be in Australian keeping, or in the keeping of a " friendly and trustworthy nation." Mr. Hughes's forceful personality may be relied upon to bring his views before the Imperial War Cabinet and the British public. His frail health and small stature have never yet stood in the way of his imposing himself upon his hearers, though his popularity on this side of the world seems to be greater than in the Antipodes.

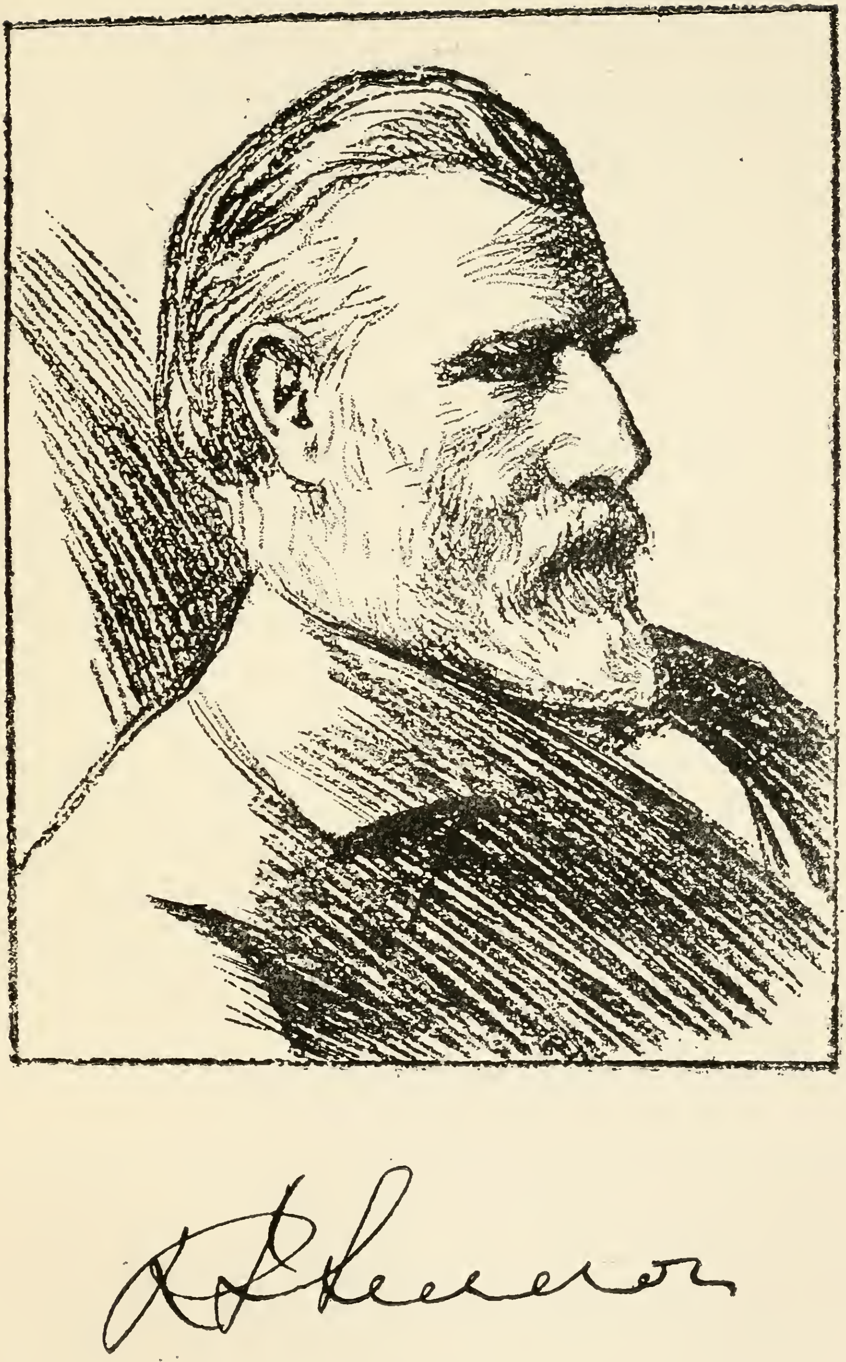
CHAPTER IV

SEDDON AND HIS SUCCESSORS

THE political history of New Zealand may be said to begin about the year of Seddon's birth, for in 1845 George Grey arrived in the new colony as its first efficient Governor. Its previous unhappy record as the subject of Wakefield's colonizing experiments and the New Zealand Company's land exploitation has already been sketched in the account of Grey's governorship. How he made peace with the Maoris, wrung a properly representative Constitution from a reluctant British Government, and then, when he tried to combine his own autocratic ways with his theoretic radicalism, failed to make a success of constitutional government—all this covers New Zealand's history from 1845 well on to 1880. And it is an interesting fact that the great Liberal Premier of New Zealand, who died only in 1906, began his parliamentary career as one of Grey's adherents.

Richard John Seddon (1845–1906).

Richard John Seddon had an adventurous youth. He was born at Eccleston in Lancashire, the son of a schoolmaster and a schoolmistress, who began as rival teachers of youth in the Lancashire parish and ended by amalgamation. His education was carried on by his father as far as the boy would consent to be educated; but he was headstrong and wild and prone to roam



the woods and fields. After a violent tussle he was allowed to have his way, and to go and work for a time on his grandfather's farm. He soon grew tired of this and permitted himself to be apprenticed to the only trade he had shown any aptitude for—mechanical engineering. At school he was always drawing; now his drawing was put to some purpose, though he was still only a lad of fourteen.

Four years later he emigrated to Australia, with his youth and his strength and a Board of Trade engineer's certificate as his only equipment. But the gold fever was raging in those days, and he believed that he had but to land at Melbourne and make his way up to the diggings to find a fortune awaiting him. He did not find it in the goldfields. There the life was rougher and the conditions harder than any English boy could have foreseen. But as he had a trade at his fingers' ends, and the colony was crying out for workmen, he soon got a job in the Victorian Government's railway workshops as a journeyman fitter. There he stayed for a year until he heard from an uncle, settled in New Zealand, that gold had been found on the West Coast of the South Island. He went at once to Hokitika, got work as a mining engineer, but gave this up to set up a store in one of the mining camps. This was in 1866. Three years later he was doing so well that he was able to go back to Melbourne and marry the bride who was waiting for him—Miss Spotswood, a girl of good family and education, whose father was a grandson of a former Governor of Bombay.

The keeper of a store in a mining community has a good many chances of acquiring influence, and young Seddon's genial ways, ready tongue and skill as an athlete soon won him popularity. He loved to be in the thick of things; debate and discussion were his

passion; he was clearly predestined for public life. By the time he was twenty-four he had become the recognized head-man of the district; he had made some study of law; and he was able to give up business and to enter into practice as a miner's advocate. His native shrewdness and remarkable mental acuteness made up for his imperfect legal training, and he soon made a name for himself. "Our Dick'll be Governor of New Zealand," said an old digger at a public meeting, and if Seddon was never Governor in name, there is no doubt that for thirteen years he governed in actuality.

A seat on the Arahura Road Board in 1869 was his first experience of public work. The Board had been very slack in its administration, and the miners complained with reason of bad roads and worse tracks. The older members resented the election of the youngster and, by way of making game of him, voted him into the chair. But Seddon was quite equal to the occasion. He at once proceeded to bluff the Westland County Council by inducing the Board to threaten to stop work unless the Council produced the funds. The Council was so startled that it obeyed, and the young Chairman became absolute dictator.

Parliamentary Life.

Seddon entered parliamentary life at a stirring moment in the fortunes of New Zealand. Sir George Grey, who for a good many years had lived in pensioned retirement at his beautiful home in the South Island, had re-entered politics and was leading the Radical attack upon the Conservative Party. which had long held office. He advocated a land tax for revenue, the reduction of customs duties—Mr Gladstone's free breakfast table—triennial elections and adult suffrage on the "one man one vote" principle. Fired by his

eloquence, the electorate carried him to power, and he became Premier in 1877. But he was better able to rouse the people than to govern them, when government meant compromise. Commercial depression fell upon the colony. The land tax disappointed expectations, unemployment was rife, and when Parliament met in 1879, Grey had to face a vote of "no confidence" and appealed to the country. Once more his silver tongue won him many adherents, amongst them young Seddon, proud, as he himself said, to be ranked as a "Greyhound." He stood as a Liberal candidate for his own district of Kumara and Hokitika and was returned second on the poll.

His first session was a stormy one. The House was more favourable to Grey's measures than to Grey. The old leader had reluctantly to recognize this, and offered his resignation. His place was taken by the Conservative leaders, Sir John Hall and Sir Harry Atkinson, who succeeded in passing Grey's Bill for securing triennial elections, and then set themselves to the task of restoring confidence and mending the colony's finances. The Conservative Party had held office so long that it was known as "the Continuous Ministry." After this short interlude of Liberal administration it got a new lease of life for ten years, and was responsible altogether for the affairs of New Zealand from 1870 to 1890. There was healthy opposition. Seddon and others like-minded formed a Young New Zealand Reform Party to keep a watchful eye upon the Government's measures. Sir Harry Atkinson, the Finance Minister, was the chief inspirer of the Government's policy, and, after Sir John Hall's retirement, the chief figure in New Zealand politics. But those politics were markedly parochial in character until Seddon's wider vision in later years transformed them.

The Shipping Strike.

This was in the nineties. In December 1890 the Progressives, as the Liberals then called themselves, put Atkinson out of office and made John Ballance Premier. It was the year of the great shipping strike, and New Zealand, as well as Australia, had experienced a revulsion of opinion in favour of the claims of labour. Seddon had long been championing the cause of the working man. New Zealand had again suffered a severe commercial depression, and, when no other remedy seemed efficacious, Sir Harry Atkinson had proposed a higher protective tariff and the increase of the duty on tea. Tea is notoriously a dangerous commodity to handle, and the Premier got a majority of only eight. His hard-won success was remembered against him, and in 1890 helped to turn him out.

Both in the House and out of it Seddon was outspoken on behalf of the strikers. He denied that they were banded together against law and order, and he called upon all lovers of fair play to consider their case on its merits. The more he looked into things, the more convinced he became that the workers would never have their rights if they could be exploited for private advantage. Hence began his long campaign in favour of State Socialism, which has since become the settled policy of New Zealand. He advocated immediate State purchase of the steamships and State ownership of the land and the coalmines; and though he could not translate this programme into fact, he did, as Minister for Public Works and Mines in Mr. Ballance's administration, let contracts direct to co-operative groups of working men and so got rid of the middleman.

Seddon had a liking for coming to grips both with his adherents and his opponents. He was always

touring the country, and he did not disguise his love of meeting his constituents upon convivial occasions. Hence "the jolly Minister," as they called him, generally found a banquet arranged for him, and could boast, when twitted by the Conservatives as a bagman, that he had, at any rate "bagged twenty-one votes of confidence." When Mr. Ballance's health failed, Seddon was practically acting Premier. In 1893, when Ballance died, Seddon became Premier in reality.

Premiership.

He held the premiership for thirteen years and combined it with almost every conceivable office. Hence his extraordinary knowledge of the colony's affairs, and his ability to guide and choose his lieutenants. His outlook broadened and his sense of responsibility quickened with office. One of his first tasks was to pass a measure for women's suffrage, in which he himself did not believe; but the colony was demanding it, Ballance had promised it and Seddon was too true a democrat to refuse to give effect to the popular will. His popularity was great, and he deserved it. Humanitarianism was his creed. "I believe that the cardinal aim of government is to provide the conditions which will reduce want and permit the very largest possible number of its people to be healthy, happy human beings"—Bentham's "greatest happiness of the greatest number" expressed in terms of practical politics—and Seddon did his strenuous best to bring it about. Before he died he could boast that in social legislation New Zealand led the world, and more nearly approached the ideal of the happy State than any other land.

To turn to imperial affairs, here Seddon had the gift of quick intuition which enabled him to forecast and formulate the popular will. He had visited England for the Diamond Jubilee and brought back a vision

of Empire. When the Boer War broke out he anticipated all other offers by cabling an offer of a New Zealand contingent He was equally prompt with his protest against the flooding of South Africa with Chinese labour. Like Grey, he saw that Great Britain had a great opportunity in the Pacific, and he was as gratified when New Zealand obtained control of the Cook Archipelago as he was chagrined when Germany was allowed to secure Samoa.

In 1902 he came to England for King Edward's coronation. In 1904 he made a tour along the west coast of New Zealand to celebrate his "political Jubilee." Two years later he visited Australia to discuss with Mr. Deakin, the Federal Premier, the questions of preferential trade within the Empire and concerted measures for Australasian defence, two questions very near to his heart. On the voyage back he died quite suddenly, to the deep grief of New Zealand, where men of all races and parties, Maori or white, mourned him alike

He was a man of large physique and great muscular strength, hearty and bluff in manner, overbearing perhaps, but essentially straight, and with a great capacity for getting things done. Frank, genial, self-confident, he had a considerable gift of effective oratory. Sir Joseph Ward has spoken of "his loud, cheery laugh and kindly greeting, his unfailing memory for names and faces." He had his enemies and detractors; what strong man has not? But to his friends of early days he was "Dick" to the last; no man was ever less ashamed of his humble origin. He was always fond of talking, a good fighting speaker who compelled respect and attention. "A man who largely taught the British worker to grasp the value of Empire," such was the Lancashire lad who became uncrowned king of our newest Dominion.

Sir Joseph Ward.

His imperial policy survived him. His lieutenant, Sir Joseph Ward, took up the reins of government and carried on for six years. But the elections of 1911 gave him so small a majority that he had very shortly to resign. Another colleague, Thomas Mackenzie, held office for five months ; but by that time the Radical-imperial impulse seemed to be spent, and the Opposition leader, Mr. W. F. Massey, came into power.

Mr. W. F. Massey.

In New Zealand Mr. Massey ranks as a Conservative ; here we should probably call him a Moderate Liberal. His first Cabinet contained mainly University graduates ; the long reign of Labour was temporarily suspended. But the 1915 elections gave him a majority of only two. He had to widen his platform and to form a "National" Government to deal with the national emergency of the war. What New Zealand's future policy will be must depend greatly on the after-war solution of imperial problems, such as the control of the Pacific and the inter-relations of Japan and America with the British Empire. These are not problems which any political prophet, even endowed with Seddon's daring, would venture to solve in advance. But they will inevitably come up for discussion in the Imperial War Cabinet, of which Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward, now his Finance Minister, are both active members.

EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN

CHAPTER I

GENERAL GORDON

(1833–1885)

He came of "the fighting Gordons"; it is one of the first things to remember about him. His ancestors had fought for Mary Stuart and had been out in the '15 and the '45. One of them laid his head on the block at the Market Cross in Edinburgh for the cause of Charles the Martyr, telling his enemies that "the only regret he had in dying was that he had not been the first to suffer in a cause which made death so sweet to him." To lead a forlorn hope, to champion a lost cause was in Gordon's blood. He was ever a fighter, but he was also a lonely thinker. A Celt of the Celts, with his blue eyes, "bright like diamonds," he had insight, imagination, mysticism bred in his very bones. That is why neither British soldiers nor statesmen ever quite understood him, whilst in every Eastern land the common people heard him gladly.

Charles George Gordon—"Chinese Gordon" as he was called for much of his life, Gordon of Khartoum as we have come to know him—was the fourth son of General Henry William Gordon of the Royal Artillery, one of Wellington's officers. His mother was a daughter of Samuel Enderby, a London merchant with a passion

for geographical adventure, who sent more than one expedition at his own expense to the Antarctic. Charles was born at Woolwich on January 28, 1833, and many of his childish memories were connected with the Arsenal, where he seems to have been up to every sort of boyish mischief. But his father was also stationed at Corfu, and it is related of the boy that, at nine years old and still unable to swim, he would nevertheless fling himself into deep water, trusting to some older companion to take him out. In his way he was stubborn and hated injustice—characteristics which marked him through life. Having been threatened once as a boy with the loss of a visit to a circus for some offence which he did not admit, he afterwards absolutely refused to be taken to it at all.

He went to school at Taunton and passed on to Woolwich, where he remained four years, having been put back six months for his commission because of some mischievous breach of discipline. In 1852 he was gazetted lieutenant of Engineers, much to the relief of his father, who said he felt "like one sitting upon a powder barrel" until his son was safely in the Army. It was in the Crimea that he saw his first active service. Always prompt, when he received his orders to go he "was off the same day." On New Year's Day, 1885, he reached Balaklava, and served through the siege of Sevastopol, being mentioned in dispatches. After peace was concluded he was attached to the international commission which had to settle the Bessarabian boundary between Russia and Turkey. He was ordered on into Asia Minor and took the opportunity ot studying the Armenians, his first chance of coming into close contact with an Eastern people.

Chinese Service.

His Chinese service began in 1860 when war broke out between China and Great Britain, and Gordon was sent to Tientsin. He was at the capture of Peking and remained with the British force of occupation in Northern China. Meanwhile the Tai-ping rebellion was gaining in strength, and the followers of the Tai-ping leader—a sort of Chinese Mahdi, who called himself "Tien Wang" or "Heavenly Chief"—were terrorizing many provinces and threatening Shanghai. The European settlers in alarm had improvised an army of defence, composed both of Europeans and Chinese and at first under the command of an American named Ward. It numbered two thousand and was of considerable service to the Chinese Imperial Government, whose troops, aided by French and British detachments, were endeavouring to press back the Tai-pings. Gordon was with the British force under Colonel Staveley; but when, in 1862, Ward was killed and Staveley was asked to provide a leader for the Shanghai force, he nominated Gordon.

It was the chance of his life. He had courage, determination and a genius for war. Now at the age of thirty he was given an army to command and a perfectly free hand in military operations. The Chinese Government, well pleased with the successes so far achieved by the Shanghai force, had decreed that it should be called the "Ever-victorious Army," a title which was somewhat in advance of its achievements. Gordon's practised eye saw a good deal to mend in it. Writing six months later to his brother, he says: "All my commanding officers of regiments resigned the night before we were to start for Quinsan, because I did not give them higher rank and pay; but I did not care, and though the men refused to move, I made

them go, and left the discontented majors behind. . . . I can say now that both officers and men, although ragged and perhaps slightly disreputable, are in capital order and well disposed." There were but three thousand of them, and his objective was Suchow, where there were fifty thousand; but he had made a minute study of the network of creeks and canals of the river delta, and he advanced slowly and methodically, taking every city in turn and sapping up to the centre of the revolt. Taitsan fell first, then Quinsan, where he made a night attack from an armed steamer with a crew of forty and put thousands to flight. He enrolled all his prisoners in his army and so replaced deserters, finding the new men much better than the old. In conjunction with Chinese imperial troops he invested Su-chow, and the "wangs," or chiefs, capitulated.

Gordon had promised them their lives, but in his absence the Chinese General Li Hung Chang had them beheaded. Gordon was terribly incensed. A promise to him had always a peculiar sanctity. At once he resigned his command of the Ever-victorious Army, and when the Emperor of China sent him a medal and a gift of money, he returned them both, writing on the back of the Emperor's rescript that he "was unable to receive any mark of His Majesty the Emperor's recognition." Li Hung Chang, who had at first regarded the coming of "this British Gordon" as "a direct blessing from Heaven," was exceedingly puzzled, but secretly congratulated himself that Gordon, whom he now described as "an honest man but difficult to get on with," any way could "not bring the crazy wangs back"!

About the money (10,000 taels = £3,000–£4,000) Gordon was adamant; but he allowed himself to reconsider the question of the command, chiefly out of

consideration for the miserable condition of the Chinese in the provinces where the Tai-pings had passed and where they were not yet finally subdued. He writes to his family that "your wish for me to return would not be expressed if you saw these poor people. The horrible furtive look of the wretched inhabitants hovering round one's boats haunts me . . . they are like wolves. The dead lie where they fall, and are in some cases trodden quite flat by the passers-by."

His pitifulness and his deep sympathy for the suffering were the secrets of his success in government, just as his instinctive knowledge "when to strike, where to strike and how to strike" was the secret of his success in war. Wherever he went he inspired trust. If it is true, as Sir William Butler says, that he taught the Chinese how to make war, it is equally true that he taught them to trust a European. He was of all men least given to boasting, and when he writes to his brother, "I have declined money in any shape, and I think the Chinese Government trust me more than any foreigner has ever been trusted," he is merely stating a fact in the simplest possible way. The proof of it came many years later when, in 1880, he revisited China at the invitation of Sir Robert Hart and positively insisted with the Chinese Government that it should not make war with Russia. "It would be sheer idiotcy," said this blunt adviser, and when the tactful interpreter tried to soften his wording, Gordon looked out "idiotcy" in the dictionary and pushed it across to the astonished Ministers, who listened and obeyed.

Gordon returned to England at the beginning of 1865, as poor as when he left it and, in spite of the fame of his Chinese exploits, no further advanced in the military service of Great Britain than to be brevet lieutenant-colonel. In a few months he was appointed

to command the Royal Engineers at Gravesend, and there he spent six years superintending the building of forts which he did not very much believe in, and doing a wonderful work amongst the ragged street urchins in the simplest way. As far as his military duties would allow he was always accessible to his boys, and he kept a great chart in his room, on which he followed the journeys of those whom he had managed to send to sea. His country seemed to have no special use for him ; it seldom had in the mid-Victorian period for a soldier who was also a thinker and inconveniently outspoken in his comments. Undoubtedly at more than one period in British history, even since the Crimea, the nation, which fears men of ideas, has had the generals it deserved. For, as Sir William Butler says, summing up the reasons for the neglect of Gordon, "the nation that will insist upon drawing a broad line of demarcation between the fighting man and the thinking man is liable to find its fighting done by fools and its thinking by cowards."

Governor of the Soudan.

Be that as it may, for the next fifteen years of Gordon's life he only served the British Empire indirectly by serving directly under foreign administrations. To a great many of the British public he was still almost an unknown man when, in 1884, he was singled out by the Gladstone Government to proceed to Khartoum on his famous last mission. But he had qualified for the desperate and glorious venture under Ismail, under the Cape Government, and in equatorial Africa. In 1874, with the consent of the British Government, he entered the service of the Khedive, and was sent to the Soudan to replace Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the equatorial provinces of Egypt. It meant two years and a half of

lonely work, part exploration and map-making, but still more administration and especially investigation into the horrors of the ever-extending trade in slaves. The iron entered deep into Gordon's soul, not only in the Soudan. In particular he revolted against what seemed to him the spoiling of the Egyptians in the interests of the bondholders. "If God wills, I will shake all this in some way not clear to me now," he wrote in 1874. Ten years later the news of his heroic death was to do more than shake a British Administration; it was to stir the British nation as it had not been stirred within living memory.

The wretchedness in the equatorial provinces was even worse than that of Upper Egypt. "No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands; heat and mosquitoes day and night all the year round. . . . The only possessions Egypt has in my province are two forts; . . . there are three hundred men in one and two hundred in the other. You can't go out in any safety half a mile." Death and sickness removed most of his staff; the slave-dealers, whom he tried to employ—what Soudanese chiefs were not slave-dealers? —played him false; he was absolutely alone. Yet "I am quite well," he writes, "and I have a conviction that, God willing, I shall do much in this country."

At the end of two years he returned to Cairo and informed the Khedive that without full powers over all the Soudan he did not wish to return. He proceeded to London and thence repeated this refusal. But Ismail granted the powers and held him to his promise. He went back, but with no illusions as to what lay before him: "To give your life to be taken at once is one thing; to live a life such as is before me is another and more trying ordeal. I have set my face to the work, and I will give my life to it." How strenuously he worked is still a Soudanese legend.

He was said to have a wonderful camel that could fly faster than the steeds of Mahommedan legend. Staff and secretaries toiled far behind. Laggard officials who had news of his coming had no time to don ceremonial garments before a richly garbed figure, attended by but one Arab sheikh, was already upon them. Marching right and left he secured all the wells and with them the control of the slave routes. In four months he had pacified revolting Darfur, and broken the power of the slave-kings.

Once again he had shown his genius for war and his incomparable power of handling native troops. He had a firm belief in the wisdom of employing natives —especially blacks—and in the neglect of artillery in guerrilla warfare, where all depends upon swiftness of movement and offering as little target as possible to marauding bands. But he had no illusions about war: " People have little idea how little glorious war is. It is organized murder, pillage and cruelty, and it is seldom that the weight falls on the fighting men; it is the women, children and old people." As he rode through a country where wretched groups of slaves—women and children, who fell out on the march —were left to die of hunger and thirst in the desert, his soul was sick within him: " I declare solemnly that I would give my life to save the sufferings of these people."

He risked his life again and again, for he did not know the meaning of fear. When he arrived at Dara, in the south of Darfur, where the chief slave-hunters were assembled in force, he was alone, the escort miles behind. He had ridden eighty-five miles in a day and a half, in intense heat, " a single, dirty, red-faced man on a camel, ornamented with flies. . . . No dinner after my long ride, but a quiet night forgetting my miseries. At dawn I got up, and putting on the golden

armour the Khedive gave me, went out to see my troops, and then mounted my horse and with an escort of my robbers of Bashi-Bazouks rode out to the camp of the other robbers . . . and rode through the robber bands. There were about three thousand of them. . . . The whole body of chiefs were dumbfounded at my coming among them." And well they might be! They were told to disarm and go home, and given two days to think about it. They gave in and went.

Basutoland and the Congo.

The scene recalls Cecil Rhodes's meeting with the chiefs of the Matabele, and indeed the two men, in their dealings with native tribes, had much in common. For a few short months they worked together, for after Gordon had resigned his Soudan governorship in 1880, had accepted and promptly given up again a secretaryship to Lord Ripon, the Viceroy of India—according to one story because he had to tell a deputation that the Viceroy had read their petition when he hadn't!—and, much to the annoyance of the British War Office, had paid a flying visit to China, he took service under the Cape Government to assist in the pacification of Basutoland. He was no doubt a little "difficult," and the average official could hardly be expected to follow the workings of a mind so independent in forming opinions and so frank about changing them, or to appreciate a character so absolutely careless of money or worldly advantage. But, as his brother says, it does seem as if the British Government would neither employ him themselves nor allow any one else to do so, so many and great were the difficulties they put in his way. Even when they sanctioned his appointment at the Cape, they refused him his Army pay. And when he asked their leave to resign his commission in the British Army to take service

on the Congo under the King of the Belgians, they said he could not retire because he had not been three years a major-general, and he could not commute the value of his commission as he was not a retired officer !

Nevertheless, so great was his desire to join Stanley and track the slave trade to its source, he was on the point of taking service under Leopold, when the opportunity to give his life for the deliverance of the people he loved came to him in another way. In 1880 he had given King Leopold some kind of a promise to come to his help, if his own country would let him. Whilst in South Africa, he had expressed to Rhodes his desire to keep that promise and to find in the Congo forests "the end of his earthly pilgrimage." In January 1884 he had at last settled matters with the War Office and had even arrived in Brussels, when the summons came to go to the Soudan and arrange for the withdrawal of the British garrisons, threatened by the victorious Mahdi, who had annihilated the Egyptian force sent up against him the previous autumn under Hicks Pasha.

Khartoum Mission.

Gordon loved the Soudanese and understood them. He had taught them that they had a right to exist and need not for ever be harried by Turk, Arab, or Bashi-Bazouk. "They are a good people, the poor Soudanese," he says, and though he acquiesced in the policy of the evacuation of the Soudan, upon which both the Gladstone Government and their representative in Egypt had determined, in his heart he disliked it. Perhaps for that reason he was not the right man to be their agent. Baring clearly did not want him ; indeed, he twice refused to accept him. But the Government were in a difficulty, and they jumped at the suggestion, first mooted in the Press

and then made by Wolseley, his lifelong friend, to send out the one man who knew the Soudan from end to end. Gordon never hesitated for a moment, though he went, as he himself knew, to his death. The mystic in him leapt to the summons, as the heart of a bridegroom goes out to his bride He started the same night, without waiting for his kit, intending to go by Suakim straight to Khartoum. By Baring's wish he was diverted to Cairo. Thence he went up the river to Khartoum and for ten long months held the fort and did what one man could, and more than other men would, to send away the garrisons to safety and to uphold the honour of England.

But from the first the venture was hopeless, a tragic tale of misunderstanding, delay, compromise, where only promptness and decision could have had a chance. Gordon was not all mystic, or "mediaeval knight-errant"; the soldier in him was prompt to decide and fertile in expedients. He wanted to have Zebehr Pasha sent to him; the Foreign Office refused. He wanted troops sent up to Suakim and Berber; he was told no such military measure could be sanctioned. He suggested getting the garrisons away through the equatorial provinces to the Congo; Baring asked him to condense his eleven last telegrams into one and to make his meaning clear. He was requested to suggest some way of getting himself into safety; he replied that to abandon the people in Khartoum would be "the climax of meanness," and unworthy of a gentleman. The tragedy would be less complete if it were not interwoven with irony. And yet one cannot withhold all sympathy from the puzzled Foreign Office and the bewildered officials in Egypt as the rapidly changing cipher messages flashed over the wires from the quick brain at Khartoum. At last came silence, not to be broken until the relief expedition, tardily

sanctioned from England, arrived three days too late.

The story of the end has been often told, by none more eloquently than by the man who neither understood nor liked Gordon and whom Gordon disliked, Evelyn Baring, Lord Cromer. The two men were as the poles asunder, in upbringing, in outlook, in their conception of Britain's task in Egypt. Gordon wrote in a private letter in 1874: "Downstairs in one of the many ante-chambers of the palace His Highness gave me (shall I ever lodge in palaces again? I hope not), I found Baring. Now, Baring is in the Royal Artillery, while I am in the Royal Engineers. Baring was in the nursery when I was in the Crimea. He has a pretentious, grand, patronizing way about him. . . . When oil mixes with water, we will mix together!"

It was just that. The two could not mix. To Baring, Gordon was rash, impulsive, without judgment, a mass of inconsistencies, "unsuited for the conduct of political affairs." To Gordon, Baring was the ideal embodiment of the British official in Egypt, and he hated the British officials, who seemed to him as a class to be fattening upon the misery of the Egyptians. And Gordon could be very obstinate, with that obstinacy, not of the stupid but of the single-minded, which is characteristic of the saints. Was Paul adaptable when he stood before Festus? Was not he, too, like Gordon, called a madman by the Governor whom he withstood?

Gordon's Death.

Yet Cromer, writing more than twenty years later, confesses that he cannot without emotion set down on paper the way in which this "youngest of the saints" met his death:—

"History has recorded few incidents more calcu-

lated to strike the imagination than that presented by this brave man, who, strong in the faith which sustained him, stood undismayed amidst dangers which might well have appalled the stoutest heart. Hordes of savage fanatics surged around him. Shot and shell poured into the town which he was defending against fearful odds. Starvation stared him in the face. 'The soldiers had to eat dogs, donkeys, skins of animals, gum and palm fibre, and famine prevailed. The soldiers stood on the fortifications like pieces of wood. The civilians were even worse off. Many died of hunger, and corpses filled the streets—no one had even the energy to bury them.' Treachery and internal dissension threatened him from within, whilst a waste of burning African desert separated him from the outward help which his countrymen, albeit tardily, were straining every nerve to afford. 'All the anxiety he had undergone had gradually turned his hair to silvery white.' 'Yet,' said an eye-witness, 'in spite of all this danger by which he was surrounded, Gordon Pasha had no fear.' 'Go,' he said, 'tell all the people in Khartoum that Gordon fears nothing, for God has created him without fear.' . .

"General Gordon was too rash and impulsive for the conduct of political affairs in this workaday world. But as the military defender of a beleagured city he was in his element. The fighting instinct, which was strong within him, had full scope for action. His example and precept, his bravery and resource, encouraged the faint-hearted and enabled him, even with the poor material of which he disposed, to keep a formidable enemy at bay for ten long months. His personal influence was felt by all the inhabitants of the town, who regarded him as their sole refuge in distress, their only bulwark against disaster. . . .

"The townspeople began to talk of capitulation.

General Gordon appealed to them, on January 25th, to make a determined stand for another twenty-four hours, by which time he thought that the English relief would arrive. 'What more can I say?' were his words to Bordeini Bey. 'The people will no longer believe me. I have told them over and over again that help would be here, but it has never come, and now they must see I tell them lies. If this, my last promise, fails, I can do nothing more. Go and collect all the people you can on the lines and make a good stand. Now leave me to smoke these cigarettes.'

"The end was very near. Early on the morning of January 26th, by which time Sir Charles Wilson's steamers had reached the foot of the Sixth Cararact, the dervishes made a general attack on the lines and met with but a feeble resistance from the half-starved and disheartened soldiers. Farag Pasha, the commandant, who was suspected of treachery, escaped to the Mahdist camp, and met his death a short time afterwards at the hands of an Arab with whom he had a blood feud. The palace was soon reached. General Gordon stood in front of the entrance to his office. He had on a white uniform. His sword was girt about him, but he did not draw it. He carried a revolver in his right hand, but he disdained to use it. . . . Taha Shahin was the first to encounter Gordon beside the door of the Divan, apparently waiting for the Arabs and standing with a calm and dignified manner, his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword. Shahin, dashing forward with the curse, '*Malaoun, el-yom yomak!*' ('O cursed one, your time is come!') plunged his spear into his body. Gordon, it is said, made a gesture of scorn with his right hand and turned his back, when he received another spear-wound, which caused him to fall forward, and was most likely his mortal wound. . . . His death occurred just before

sunrise. He made no resistance, and did not fire a shot from his revolver."

. . . . .

What did Gordon achieve? Above all that by his example and his sacrifice he stirred the British nation as nothing else had stirred them in a hundred years. He awoke them to a sense of their responsibility, to some revival of the crusading spirit, which had sent Livingstone to the heart of darkest Africa and urged Wilberforce to preach the emancipation of the slave. Henceforth there could be no question of abandoning the Soudan. Great Britain might withdraw for a while, but only, under Kitchener, to return and destroy for ever the cruel rule of the Mahdi and his like. And to those who feel that in Central Africa there may yet arise a kingdom built on righteousness and under international control, the memory of the man who forty years ago urged an advance of the European Powers upon the strongholds of slavery "under an international flag" must ever be an example and an inspiration.

CHAPTER II

LORD CROMER

(1841-1917)

Evelyn Baring, afterwards Earl Cromer, came of a family famous both in administration and in finance. Like most of the great financiers of the world, the Barings were of German extraction; some say they were also in origin Jewish. The founder of the English branch was John Baring, son of Franz Baring, a Lutheran minister of Bremen, who came to England in 1697 and established himself as a cloth merchant in Devonshire. His son, Francis, was sent to London and amassed considerable wealth, besides becoming an authority on questions of currency and finance. He was a director of the East India Company and in 1792–3 its chairman. Pitt made him a baronet. His second son, Alexander, was created Lord Ashburton in 1835. One of his grandsons, another Francis, became Lord Northbrook in 1866. Yet another grandson, Edward Charles Baring, was created Lord Revelstoke in 1885, and Evelyn Baring, his younger brother, became Lord Cromer in 1892.

This, however, is to anticipate the family distinctions. Evelyn Baring's father, Henry Baring, was a simple member of Parliament who had married *en secondes noces* the daughter of Vice-Admiral Windham, and had a large family. Evelyn was his father's ninth son, the sixth of the second marriage. His mother was a woman of culture, the friend of writers such

Gower

as Grote, and she had great influence over her son's literary development. He had the instincts of a scholar and a considerable literary gift. Even the early volumes of military essays which he published show a sense of form and style unusual in a young writer, especially one whose training had been rather technical than literary.

Young Baring went for a few years to a preparatory school and thence, as he was intended for the Royal Artillery, to the Ordnance School at Carshalton. He got his commission in his eighteenth year, was A.D.C. for a time to Sir Henry Storks, High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and accompanied him later to Jamaica, when Storks was sent to inquire into the outbreak suppressed with such vigour and questionable legality by Governor Eyre. No very remarkable opportunity came his way until, in 1872, he was offered the post of private secretary to his cousin, Lord Northbrook, then Viceroy of India. This post he held for four years, gaining invaluable experience of Indian administration, and showing, no doubt, an aptitude for administrative work since, in 1876, he was appointed British Commissioner of the Egyptian Public Debt Office.

Egyptian Debt Office.

It was a post of peculiar delicacy and difficulty, and the appointment of a young and comparatively untried major of artillery was severely criticized. But Evelyn Baring soon made himself felt, and though, as he himself says in his Introduction to *Modern Egypt*, he had to be some while in Egypt before he realized how little he understood his subject, he had the root of the matter in him, for he had lived long enough in the East to be aware that scarcely any European ever "arrives at a true estimate of Oriental wishes, aspirations and opinions."

Egyptian history, and especially the history of Egyptian finance, is extraordinarily difficult for a layman to follow ; but it must be borne in mind that Khedive Ismail, who combined reforming zeal with Oriental extravagance, had reduced himself and his country to bankruptcy. No further loans could be extracted from European moneylenders ; taxes were collected months in advance ; and a gigantic floating debt was causing such anxiety amongst the bondholders that Lord Beaconsfield's Government, which had purchased from Ismail a large block of Suez Canal shares, deemed it prudent to look after their own interests. As a result of the report of their emissaries Ismail agreed to appoint two Controllers-General, one English, one French, to superintend the incomings and outgoings of Egyptian administration. He also created the Commission of the Debt, a body which was to hold permanent authority until the debt should be extinguished.

To this Commission, which included also representatives of France, Austria and Italy, Major Baring was attached. Largely owing to his influence a searching inquiry into the Khedive's financial position was held in 1878, and as a result France and England, alarmed also by Ismail's tendency to intrigue for German support, got the Sultan of Turkey to issue an *iradè* deposing Ismail in favour of his son Tewfik. In the same year (1879) the dual control over Egyptian administration, already exercised by France and England, was put upon a more regular footing by Khedivial decree, and Evelyn Baring became the English Controller-General, with M. de Blignières as his French colleague.

From that time onwards, except for a three years' interval from 1880 to 1883, Baring, under whatever official designation, was the virtual ruler of Egypt. He has

himself summarized the difficulties of the task which lay before him. "So far as I am aware," he says, "no counterpart can be found to the special circumstances which have attended the work of Egyptian reform. Those circumstances have, in truth, been very peculiar. In the first place, one alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians. To these latter both the paramount races are to a certain extent unsympathetic. In the case of the Turks, the want of sympathy has been mitigated by habit, by a common religion, and by the use of a common language. In the case of the English, it has been mitigated by the respect due to superior talents, and by the benefits which have accrued to the population from British interference." In addition there was the hampering effect of international control, obliging the British representative, whatever he did, to keep his eye on the Chancelleries of Europe. Only an administrator of genius could have effected anything in these conditions. Fortunately for Egypt such an administrator was forthcoming.

Possibly, but for the change from the Beaconsfield to the Gladstone administration, Baring might have been left continuously in Egypt. In that case its history would probably have been less troubled. He seems to have been on the best of terms with his French colleague and with the new Khedive, who had appointed, as his Prime Minister, Riaz Pasha, a Minister favourable to reform, though not entirely convinced that the path to reform could only be found with European assistance. Still, by the autumn of 1879, Baring could report to Sir Edward Mâlet, the British Consul-General, that a good start had been made, and that only "time and a stable political situation" were required to

secure success. Unfortunately, the second of these conditions failed. In April 1880 the general election in England resulted in the overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield's Government and the return to power of Mr. Gladstone.

Lord Cromer has not himself left on record the motives which impelled him to accept, three months later, the offer of the post of Financial Member of Council to the Viceroy of India. But clearly he felt unsettled and despondent about the prospect of success in Egypt. Before going there at all he had had parliamentary ambitions; but it would have been lamentable if he had given to the House of Commons powers intended for diplomacy and administration. It is, perhaps, fortunate that Mr. Gladstone discouraged him by saying that all the principal questions interesting to Liberals had been solved. And this before Home Rule had so much as come upon the scene, and when the rise of a Labour Party was still in the future! Anyway to India he went and there he remained for three years, gaining, no doubt, most valuable experience, but interrupting what was to be his life's work, the building up of modern Egypt.

British Agent in Egypt.

When, in 1883, he returned to Egypt as British Agent and Consul-General, he found a situation changed greatly for the worse. Ismail, though spendthrift and prodigal, had at least maintained order and extended the authority of Egypt over the unruly tribes of the Soudan, where he had had the wisdom to employ Gordon as Governor. Tewfik, a weak man, had not only lost the Soudan, but he had been as nearly as possible overthrown by the mutinous Egyptian Army, led by Arabi, and only just saved by the British bombardment of Alexandria and Wolseley's victory

at Tel-el-Kebir. There was still a large British army of occupation, and Lord Dufferin, then British Ambassador at Constantinople, had been sent by the Gladstone Government to Egypt as High Commissioner to report on the general situation.

The Gladstone Government really wanted nothing so much as to be quit of Egypt and Egyptian affairs. But they were in a sad quandary. As H. D. Traill says in his *Life* of Lord Cromer: "The rulers of Egypt were rulers in spite of themselves. It was their poverty of resource and not their will that consented to their assuming the government of Egypt at all. If they could have got out of it on the morrow of Tel-el-Kebir they would gladly have done so; but being there, with the ruins of what was once an Egyptian Government all around them, and nothing in the world to take its place except the military force which they had with them, and the civil ability of which they had any amount at command, they could not quite bring themselves to walk straight out of the country and to leave it first to anarchy, and then to whatever other European Power should prove the quickest to step into their place." Remain in Egypt they must, but they hoped it might be in a restricted Egypt. The Soudan and the equatorial provinces, in open revolt against the Khedive, could be left to him to subdue, or, better still, to abandon. But he was neither commanded to abandon them nor supported in his efforts to subdue them. What he was allowed to do was to send an inadequate force under Colonel William Hicks—Hicks Pasha of the Egyptian Army—which force was to vanish into the desert and there to be annihilated by the soldiers of the Mahdi.

Baring had been but two months in the country and was in no way responsible for this expedition, which had as a matter of fact started from Khartoum

a few days before his arrival at Cairo. His considered judgment on the events which led up to it is to the effect that England could not have avoided the necessity of intervening in force in 1882 unless she were prepared to deliver Egypt over either to anarchy or to the misgovernment of the oppressive Turkish pashas. Between Egypt and Turkey there had never been much sympathy; the pashas merely regarded the Egyptians as their spoil. On the other hand, little was to be hoped from the quasi-Nationalist movement which helped to swell the ranks of Arabi's followers and combined with the discontent of the unpaid officers of the Egyptian Army to bring about his rebellion.

That rebellion "was, in a great degree, a movement of the Egyptians against Turkish rule"; but the Egyptians, as Baring points out, have never yet shown any capacity for self-government: "For centuries they have been a subject race. Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs from Arabia and Bagdad, Circassians, and finally Ottoman Turks, have successively ruled over Egypt, but we have to go back to the doubtful and obscure precedents of Pharaonic times to find an epoch when, possibly, Egypt was ruled by Egyptians. Neither, for the present, do they appear to possess the qualities which would render it desirable, either in their own interests or in those of the civilized world in general, to raise them at a bound to the category of autonomous rulers with full rights of internal sovereignty."

Kinglake had prophesied in *Eothen* that the Englishman would plant his foot firmly in the valley of the Nile. In 1882 the Englishman did it, but inadvertently, so to speak, and by accident, though hostile foreign criticism would never believe that any nation could simply drift, as Great Britain under Gladstone and Granville drifted, into a course of action so dis-

tinctly to its own advantage. But indeed Tel-el-Kebir had no sooner been fought than Lord Dufferin was informed that "Her Majesty's Government contemplated shortly commencing the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt."

Lord Dufferin's Report, however, made it clear that the British Government could not avoid the responsibility of restoring some sort of order to the finances and administration of the country. Even Lord Granville, who had a perfect genius for evading responsibility and more than a Civil Servant's aptitude for delaying a decision, was obliged, on the morrow of the Hicks disaster, to telegraph that "the withdrawal of troops was postponed." Postponed it remains until this day. But he would neither forbid the Khedive to act, nor invite the aid of Turkey, nor permit the British Army to intervene. Consequently the Egyptian Army blundered to its ruin ; the Soudan garrisons were left in deadly peril ; Gordon was sent on his ill-fated mission to save them ; and the British Government was at length driven to take action too late to save its emissary, its purse, or its own honour.

Soudan Policy.

The whole question of our Soudan policy, and his own share of responsibility for it, is dealt with very candidly and at length by Cromer in *Modern Egypt.* He makes it abundantly clear that he was no consenting party to the Gordon mission. He twice refused the offer of the Government to send Gordon, and only acquiesced the third time because he found himself in a minority of one as to Gordon's unsuitability. Apparently he would have preferred to send no British representative at all ; in any case he would have sent some one less impetuous and more amenable to orders. "A man who habitually consults the prophet Isaiah

when he is in a difficulty is not apt to obey the orders of any one," so he wrote of Gordon in a private letter to Granville. He gave in, but he has placed on record his regret that he did not abide by his earlier refusals. To have done so would have been to withstand a strong wave of popular feeling; but probably no man, since the old Duke of Wellington, cared less for popular feeling than did Cromer.

An instance in point is his attitude towards the question of the reconquest of the Soudan after the enforced evacuation, which followed upon the failure of the Gordon relief expedition. The Soudan had relapsed into barbarism. The slave trade was more active than ever. Other Powers were showing an inclination to press their claims. The British honour had been touched, first by the loss of Gordon, secondly by the abandonment of provinces for which, as virtual rulers of Egypt, Britons had acquired a quasi-responsibility. But to the cry of "Gordon must be avenged" Cromer turned a deaf ear. For years he took care in his Reports "to lay special stress on the desirability of inaction." Two things had to be done first. The Egyptian Army had to be re-made, and the Egyptian treasury had to be filled. To these administrative tasks Cromer bent all his energies.

Egyptian Finance.

By instinct and inheritance he was a financier, and his long administrative training had developed his gifts. He was much more than a financier; but still "his first object everywhere and always," as a friend said of him, "was to set things on a firm financial basis. Loosely kept accounts, vague statements as to the extent of a debit balance, his soul abhorred." He was, too, extraordinarily accurate. "Half the misfortunes in life are due to inaccurate statements"

was one of his sayings. And he had the pigeon-hole mind, which can store away facts and produce them when they are wanted, whilst concentrating for the moment on whatever *dossier* he had drawn out for consideration.

For a long time the Egyptian Administration had been starved whilst the bondholders were overpaid. In 1883 the revenues paid over to the Caisse de la Dette yielded a surplus of £800,000 after payment of interest in full. Meanwhile the Army was unpaid, and no money was forthcoming for the most urgent needs of the country. Lord Northbrook (another Baring sent to Egypt as Special Commissioner by the Gladstone Government, which, when in doubt, always sent out some fresh emissary), recommended a *coup d'état*. The Egyptian Government, acting on his advice, ordered the railway and customs services and the provincial Governors to pay their half-year's revenues, ear-marked for the Debt, into the Egyptian treasury. This step was, of course, a direct infringement of the Law of Liquidation, and the Powers objected. The case had to come before the Mixed Tribunals, who gave it against the Egyptian Government. But opinion was roused, and as a result a new loan of £9,000,000 was raised, backed by international guarantees, £8,000,000 to be applied to writing off three years' deficits.

The history of the odd million shows Lord Cromer's audacity as a financier and foresight as an administrator. In spite of the heavy indebtedness of the Egyptian Government, he dared to incur a further debt of £1,800,000 and to expend it upon irrigation. He was abundantly justified. The improvement in the state of the country and the condition of the Egyptian *fellaheen*, who were at the same time relieved from oppressive taxation and released from unpaid forced labour, showed itself in revenue returns, which

by prudent administration in four years from that time turned a deficit into a surplus and "raised Egyptian credit to a level only second to that of France and England."

Egyptian Army.

With regard to the Army, Cromer, though by early training a soldier, preferred to work through other instruments. The Egyptian is not a born fighter, and at Tel-el-Kebir the Egyptian soldiers had sufficiently proved their worthlessness. Gordon had formed an equally poor opinion of them in 1874, when fighting in Darfur. "The officers and men are a cowardly set . . . I have not the least confidence in them. . . . I cannot bear these Egyptian officers. They have no good quality. I like the blacks; now, these black soldiers are the only troops in the Egyptian service worth anything." But he was in the Soudan and able to raise troops on the spot. The Soudanese were not now available, and the army of the Khedive, though "it could mutiny, could not fight." There was nothing for it but to disband it, and Tewfik, acting under British advice, promulgated the laconic order: "*L'armée égyptienne est dissoute.*"

A new army had to be created somehow, and it was decided to create it under British leading. Sir Evelyn Wood was its first Sirdar (or Chief); Lord Grenfell, Lord Kitchener and Sir Reginald Wingate succeeded him. It was soon found that the fellah, if paid and fed and disciplined, could make a serviceable soldier; and when Kitchener in 1896 had reconquered Dongola and the Eastern Soudan, the black Soudanese were once more available as recruits for the Egyptian Army.

The story of the reconquest of the Soudan belongs really to the life-history of Kitchener. Lord Cromer's part in it, as he himself says, was "to abstain from

mischievous activity and to act as a check on the interference of others." He had perfect confidence in Kitchener, of whose gifts as an administrator and an economist he had the highest opinion. The success of this particular campaign depended very largely upon business qualities. Kitchener possessed those qualities, and Lord Cromer not only let him alone but encouraged him to disregard red tape. Of the British War Office he records that "it stood at one time in great need of improvement. It was costly. It was hampered by tradition. It was, to use an expressive French word, terribly *paperassier*; neither, for many years, was sufficient care taken, in every branch of the military service, to put the right man in the right place." Is sufficient care always taken even yet?

Egyptian Administration.

To follow Lord Cromer through every stage of the long process of reform would be tedious. When he went to Egypt, there was everything to do. Nowhere was there a more complete divorce between law and justice. French codes of law, grafted upon native rule by the courbash, had produced what Nubar called "a judicial babel," viz. a system whereby a man might languish for months or years in prison awaiting trial and then be released because a Sultan had decreed the release of "all persons against whom there is no charge." There are abuses still; but now a Committee of Surveillance, mainly British, watches over the proceedings of Native Courts of First Instance, and every fellah knows that, since the British have come, he cannot be flogged or tortured into confession.

The slave trade, which Ismail first forbade, has really almost ceased to exist. Prisons, hospitals, lunatic asylums approach a European standard of efficiency. Education is carried on by Government

schools. Corruption of minor officials, though not extirpated, is greatly reduced, since it is known that the English take no bribes. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* Go to Egypt and look at it. So might Cromer have proudly said when, in April 1907, his health obliged him to retire after a quarter of a century of arduous labour.

He did not say it, but he sat down and wrote *Modern Egypt*, a deeply interesting record of a great experiment in British Imperialism, and a still more interesting revelation of the personality of a great British administrator. There is a disarming frankness about it. At the same time there is more than a hint of Olympian detachment. One understands why Cromer was well served; one understands also why his philosophic aloofness and his diplomatic love of moving pawns, which were also human lives, revolted idealists like Gordon and inspired deep distrust in rebellious souls such as that of Wilfrid Blunt. "Personally I liked Lord Cromer," wrote Blunt. "He had a reputation for rudeness, but I do not think it was justified; at least, he was never rude to me. On the contrary, I found it a pleasure to talk with him, as I often did in later years at Cairo on public business. He was always so concise and to the point. He did not affect the mystery diplomatists mostly indulge in. . . . In talk with me he was generally sincere, whether in agreement or disagreement; our views were not often the same, but when they differed he did not resent speech in me as plain as his own. Above all he was quick to understand, and as quick to decide; it was the secret of his long success on his own lines in Egypt. . . .

"Such I found him personally. With a pen in his hand, however, and when writing with a view to publicity, Lord Cromer was by no means the plain, direct man I found him in his private talk. His yearly

Reports, so far from being straightforward, are models of insincerity, especially those written in his later years, when the habit of political make-believe had grown upon him with the double part he was daily called to play in the 'Veiled Protectorate.' No one knew better than he how, with a show of frankness, to conceal an inconvenient truth, and how by the admission of a minor error of judgment a larger mistake could be left undealt with. He understood, too, in great perfection the art, through praise of his subordinates, to praise, without seeming it, himself."

It is probably unjust to credit Lord Cromer with a desire for self-glorification. He was altogether too detached. But it is true that he could seldom praise unreservedly. The habit of criticism was too strong, and the reader of *Modern Egypt* soon comes to look for the little depreciatory phrase which creeps into his estimates, even the most laudatory, of his colleagues and helpers. Yet no man was ever better served, and no man trained more able administrators—Milner, Gerald Portal, Arthur Hardinge, to mention only three amongst many. Perhaps he had, as Blunt says, the defects of his qualities, "the excessive economy of time which limited his view to work immediately in hand, and his lack of the larger imagination which once or twice at critical moments left him blind." He was blind, one sometimes thinks, to the value of a sacrifice like Gordon's, which cost Britain a momentary defeat but lifted her task in Egypt to a higher plane. But his diplomatic skill and his imperturbability made him a national asset, to be sadly missed when the settlement of the Nearer East comes up in the Councils of Europe.

After his retirement he devoted himself much to literature, emerging from time to time to take some part in public movements, such as that for opposing

women's suffrage, a rather curious attitude for the man who had laid stress on the need of getting the women of Egypt to take a greater part in national life. Once at Queen's Hall, when militant suffragism was at its height, he addressed a great meeting and was interrupted at intervals by yells of "Votes for Women!" He remained quite unperturbed, merely pausing, when unable to make himself heard, and resuming, when silence was restored, at the very word where he had broken off. It was characteristic of the man.

His last public act was his chairmanship of the Commission appointed to inquire into the ill-fated Gallipoli campaign. Incidentally this involved some reflections upon the military judgment of his colleague and successor, Lord Kitchener. Thus by an irony of Fate the necessity for criticism pursued Cromer to the last. But the labour shortened his life, and he died before the Report appeared. So passed a great public servant, a Roman proconsul, of whom it could be said that, unlike the proconsuls of old, he had ruled for the glory of his country and the good of those under his rule, never for his own enrichment or his personal advantage. Amongst British Empire-builders he must always rank with the greatest.

CHAPTER III

LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

(1850-1916)

"I LIKE Baker's description of Kitchener," wrote Gordon in his Khartoum Journal, "one of the *few very superior* British officers, with a cool and good head and a hard constitution, combined with untiring energy." No better portrait in a sentence could be penned of the great soldier whose life was passed in the East until the need of his country called for his services at home on the outbreak of the greatest of all European wars. Gordon would have liked to have seen him Governor of the Soudan. He himself is thought to have been ambitious of the Viceroyalty of India. But England, in deadly peril, called him to the control of the War Office, and reposed in him a confidence she would have had in no other War Minister through the desperate anxiety of the first two years of war.

Horatio Herbert Kitchener had his early training, not in the playing-fields of Eton but in the hunting-field of County Kerry. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener had, on retirement from the Army, bought a small Irish estate, and there his second son was born on June 24, 1850. His mother was a Chevallier, a member of a Suffolk family of Huguenot descent. He was therefore English by extraction, but Irish by education and early association, and French in many of his sympathies, the inclination

towards France being strengthened by a period of schooling at Villeneuve before he was sent to a London crammer to be prepared for Woolwich.

He entered the Royal Military Academy in 1868 and got his commission in the Royal Engineers three years later. His studies had been interrupted, or rather varied, by a visit to France during the Franco-German War. Young Kitchener, going over to visit his father at Dinan, could not resist offering his services to the French military authorities. They attached him to General Chanzy's Army of the Loire, which was endeavouring in vain to relieve Paris. The young soldier was in more than one engagement, and is said to have made a perilous ascent in a war balloon in the company of two French officers. But he fell ill with pneumonia and was invalided home. He was proud of his French medal, and the recollection must have come vividly back to him, when war broke out in 1914, and he found himself almost the only British soldier with any experience at all of a European war.

Palestine and Cyprus.

After gaining his commission, he worked harder at military studies than was common among young officers in the seventies. It was a time of general peace in the British Empire, and the first chance of any work out of the common which came in his way was the offer in 1874 of a vacant post under the Palestine Exploration Fund. Kitchener at once accepted and spent the next few years with Captain Stewart and Lieutenant Conder, both also of the Royal Engineers, in a minute and careful survey of Palestine and the preparation of a gigantic map. The work, which was extraordinarily well done, involved a great deal of adventurous travel and a close study of the Arab race. Kitchener mastered the language and showed

a marked gift for ruling an Eastern people. He had one or two narorw escapes, especially at Safed in 1875, where the survey party were attacked by an Emir and his servants. Only Kitchener's alertness saved Conder's life.

From Palestine he went to Cyprus to undertake a survey of the island, recently acquired by Great Britain, and to reorganize the system of Land Registration. It was his first bit of administrative work, but he showed at once the "cool head" which Baker Pasha noted later in Egypt, and the aptitude for business which he seems to have inherited from his father, who, unlike most Irish landlords, made a great success of farming. In 1879, during an interval in the Cyprus survey, Kitchener went with Sir Charles Wilson to Anatolia as Assistant Military Consul. There was much to be done in trying to ameliorate the wretched condition of the Turks and Armenians, fleeing before the Russian invasion. It was useful further experience of Eastern peoples, and helped to prepare him for the important part he was to play in connection with the Egyptian Army.

Egyptian Service.

By a somewhat irregular prolongation of leave he managed to be present at the bombardment of Alexandria, whither he had gone from Cyprus to see what could be seen of the obviously impending trouble. He had been recalled by telegram, but a friendly newspaper correspondent kept the telegram back till the mail steamer had sailed and so secured him another week. He returned to Cyprus but volunteered for the Egyptian Army, and, as a major of Egyptian Cavalry, went with Wolseley's force through the campaign which ended at Tel-el-Kebir. When Sir Evelyn Wood came out from England at the end of 1882 to

re-make the Egyptian Army there was a rush of young officers to serve under him. Kitchener was amongst them. His knowledge of Arabic stood him in good stead, and he was appointed second in command of the Cavalry, his immediate chief being Colonel Taylor, late of the 19th Hussars.

Taylor soon realized his value. There is a story told by a newspaper correspondent of an early morning drive with Taylor to see Kitchener lick into shape the budding Egyptian officers. "He's quiet," whispered Taylor; "that's his way, but he's clever." Quiet Kitchener certainly was, for on the way there he said nothing at all. On arrival he stood in the centre of the riding ring, "his hands buried in his trousers pockets, quietly watching the emergence of the least unfit. 'We'll have to drive it into these fellows,' he muttered as if thinking aloud. It was his longest speech."

For the next year or two he was employed in intelligence work. Whilst Gordon was facing deadly peril at Khartoum, Kitchener was doing all that was possible amongst the more or less friendly sheikhs of Dongola to keep them from joining the Mahdi. It was dangerous work, not far removed from spy service; and it is reported that after once witnessing the execution of a spy with every refinement of Arab cruelty, Kitchener always carried about with him a small phial of cyanide of potassium. He had no intention of being brought to trial alive.

From 1886 to 1888 he was commandant at Suakim, and it fell to him to subdue the dervish force under Osman Digna. In an attack on their camp at Handoub in the summer of 1888 he was rather severely wounded and invalided home; but he got back at the end of the year in time to command the 1st Brigade of Soudanese troops in the battles of Gemaizeh and Toski (1889).

In 1892 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar. The appointment, which met with some criticism, was largely due to Lord Cromer, who from the first recognized the immense value of Kitchener's coolness and quiet masterfulness in the handling of Egyptian troops

The Soudan Campaign.

Cromer was, perhaps, less anxious than his Sirdar for a forward policy. But, by this time, the Home Government was favourable to an advance, and Kitchener was free to realize the ambition he had cherished ever since 1884—to avenge Gordon's death and to reconquer the Soudan. He set about it with characteristic thoroughness and was content to make haste slowly. Since 1892 he had been collecting an expeditionary force at Wady Halfa, for he had decided upon an advance by rail across the Nubian Desert, and the railway had to be made. It had been begun under Ismail, but Gordon stopped it, and the disused line had been torn up by the dervishes.

It was an immense undertaking. Material, labour, rolling stock, supplies of every kind had to be imported. Native labour could be used only for rougher work. Mechanics came chiefly from Italy, locomotives from England or America. The Director, Sir Percy Girouard, was a Canadian. The climate killed or invalided many of the staff ; but the Sirdar was unshaken ; the railway went on. It was characteristic of Kitchener, as Cromer wrote, that " he left as little as possible to chance. A first-rate military administrator, every detail of the machine with which he had to work received adequate attention. Before any decisive movement was made, each portion of the machine was adapted, so far as human foresight could provide, to perform its allotted task."

By 1896 he was ready, and the general plan of campaign, arranged at Cairo, was carried out to the

letter. In June the force moved forward. On June 6th ten thousand men, by a forced night march, surrounded the dervish camp at Firket and, taking them by surprise, routed them with great slaughter. Then followed three months of waiting whilst supplies came up—three months of exhausting heat, of cholera, of blinding sand-storms. Kitchener would not move till he was ready. On September 23rd he occupied Dongola.

There another long halt whilst the railway went on. By August 1897 the Sirdar could move on Abu Hamed and thence on Berber, which was occupied on August 31st, the dervish force having evacuated it. On January 1, 1898, Kitchener asked for British troops to be sent up to join his expedition. "The fight for the Soudan would appear to be likely to take place at Berber," so he telegraphed to Cromer. It took place farther on, for Mahmoud and his force retreated to the Atbara. There Kitchener followed. On April 8th (Good Friday) he attacked. After forty minutes of fighting Mahmoud was a prisoner, two thousand of his men lay dead, and many more surrendered or succumbed to wounds and thirst. . . . .

Still the Khalifa himself remained entrenched at Omdurman. Khartoum had yet to be taken. In July Cromer went home. Early in August the Sirdar, "whose calculations of time were never once at fault," sent him a message to be back at Cairo by September 1st. On September 2nd, Kitchener engaged the dervish force under the walls of Omdurman. Two days later the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted in Khartoum over the spot where Gordon fell. British honour was avenged. The Sirdar, to use Rosebery's phrase, "had written a new page in the history of England and wiped out an old one."

"For a quarter of an hour he was almost human," said an officer who watched him as he rode between the

cheering troops after the battle of Atbara. But for the most part he was the Man of Iron, the strong, stern, silent soldier of the Kitchener legend. "What a man the Sirdar is—if he is a man!" wrote another observer. To many he seemed more like a machine. G. W. Steevens, the brilliant war correspondent, drew his picture at this period:—

"Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his emotions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility; that also is irrelevant. Steady, passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant too: neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition — British Empire. Exhibit No. 1: *hors concours*, the Sudan Machine.

"It was aptly said of him by one who had closely

watched him in his office, and in the field, and at mess that 'he is the sort of feller that ought to be made manager of the Army and Navy Stores.' The aphorist's tastes lay perhaps in the direction of those more genial virtues which the Sirdar does not possess, yet the judgment summed him up perfectly. He would be a splendid manager of the Army and Navy Stores. There are some who nurse a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of anything."

There are endless stories of his ruthlessness and of the iron discipline he exercised in Egypt. He refused to have married officers on his Staff. With him devotion to work was to have no rival. He would not allow his officers to go down to Cairo. "If it were to go home, where they would get fit, and I could get more work out of them," why then it would be another matter! He could deal faithfully, even then, with the War Office. He had sent for a certain kind of gun; they proposed to send another kind. He refused. They persisted. He replied that he thanked them, but they might keep their guns; he could throw stones at the dervishes himself.

These are lighter matters. More serious examples of the hardness and severity he could display were his treatment of the captive Emir Mahmoud and his desecration of the Mahdi's tomb. He had Mahmoud's hands bound behind his back and marched him past the assembled troops, preceded by a banner "This is Mahmoud, who said he would take Berber." By his orders the Mahdi's tomb was broken open, and the body flung into the river. Both acts were done to impress a savage Eastern people; but one could wish these episodes absent from the record of a British General.

His handling of the Fashoda incident is a pleasanter recollection. He had always been sympathetic to the French, and when he heard that a force coming from the west was encamped up the Nile at Fashoda, he went at once in person to welcome it with friendly words and open admiration for its heroic enterprise. At the same time he saw to it that the flags of Great Britain and Egypt were hoisted and kept flying at every river station. He could not prevent an international difficulty; but at least he kept it clear of any taint of personal feeling. The French were the first to acknowledge his courtesy.

South African War.

For his great services in Egypt he was raised to the peerage as Lord Kitchener of Khartoum and granted £30,000 by Parliament. Little more than a year later Lord Roberts summoned him to South Africa as his Chief of Staff. It was in the dark days of British defeat at Magersfontein and on the Tugela. The two Generals landed at Capetown early in 1900. Then followed the Paardeberg campaign, the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith, and the march on Bloemfontein. Kitchener had done much to ensure Roberts's victories. When he arrived at the Cape, he was asked how he would reorganize the transport. "Reorganize it? I shall organize it." And he did, to such good purpose that the British Army by May was at Pretoria and well provided.

At the end of the year Roberts went home, believing the war "virtually closed," and leaving Kitchener as Commander-in-Chief. Much had been done, but the harder and more wearisome task of bringing the scattered and still strongly resisting Boer forces to submission was yet to be accomplished. With what

infinite patience and methodical thoroughness Kitchener accomplished it is fresh in men's memories.

It proved a harder task than had been anticipated. There were many sympathisers among the Cape Dutch. There was danger of a rising. Every still occupied Boer farm was an enemy rallying-point. Whole districts had to be cleared. The inhabitants had to be rounded up and driven before the army by the blockhouse system. It was distasteful work and needed a general with Kitchener's resolution. He was exposed to calumny both at the Cape and at home. It is infinitely to his credit that he carried his work through to the end without rousing excessive ill-feeling against the British. He could respect a gallant adversary, and in the end the Boer leaders met him with a confidence they would have shown to no other. He made peace where Milner failed. It was Kitchener's outstretched hand which Botha took after the Treaty of Vereeniging.

Indian Command.

The conquest of the Soudan and the pacification of South Africa were two bits of Empire-building which might have sufficed for one man's career. But Kitchener was to add to them the reorganization of the Indian Army, the working out of a scheme for Australian defence, and a term of office as British Agent at Cairo in succession to Sir Eldon Gorst, who had succeeded Lord Cromer. He went to India almost straight from South Africa and for seven years was Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. For the first three of these years Lord Curzon was Viceroy, and with Curzon Kitchener's relations were less happy than they were with Cromer. But Cromer, himself a soldier, was content, when he got a masterful Chief of the Army, to leave him alone to manage it. Curzon liked to

manage things himself, and resented too much independence on the part of his colleagues. There was a sharp collision between the two as to the position of the Military Member of Council, and Lord Curzon resigned. Kitchener continued his work in India for another four years.

Upon his retirement in 1909 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, a post created first for the Duke of Connaught with a view to giving its holder a general oversight over our colonial forces. Kitchener went in this capacity to Australia and New Zealand, and drew up reports for their Governments upon which their military forces could be modelled. But the post was not to his liking, and he gave it up in 1910. When Sir Eldon Gorst died in 1911, Kitchener was appointed to succeed him as British Agent in Egypt, and this post he still held when he was called to the War Office in August 1914.

British Agent in Egypt.

His term of administration in Egypt was a period of great unrest in the Moslem world. The Young Turks were in power in Constantinople; the Balkan States were all at war; the Arabs of Tripoli were fighting the Italians. Egyptian Nationalists were naturally in sympathy with these Mohammedan uprisings. But Kitchener's was a name to conjure with in Egypt, and though plots and machinations of secret societies from time to time came to light, and there was an ugly riot at Alexandria, no serious trouble resulted for the British or Egyptian Governments. Egypt preserved its neutrality. Meanwhile Kitchener worked hard for agricultural and educational improvements. He liked the Egyptian peasants and they liked him. He taught them how to improve their cotton crops, he toured the rural districts, and well earned his title

of "the friend of the *fellaheen*." Did he not even organize an infant-life-saving association by training the village barbers to dispense simple remedies?

War Office.

He was at home on summer leave when the great war burst upon Europe. He was on the eve of returning to Egypt. For a few days the Government delayed; but the nation would not be denied. Mr. Asquith was for the moment his own War Minister; there was a general cry for Kitchener. His appointment gave a feeling of confidence, which could have been gained no other way. At last, as had been foretold of him after Omdurman, he was "to manage the War Office."

We are still too near those days to be able accurately to gauge the extent of his achievement. He may have been overwhelmed to some extent by routine work; he was always a bad hand at delegating. The Minister of War cannot himself see to every detail, as the Sirdar could at Omdurman. To acknowledge that Kitchener tried to do it and failed is only to admit that he was human. But out of the mass of detailed work which he accomplished stands out the creation of Kitchener's Armies. And where all might have been flurry and confusion, Kitchener stood firm and made haste slowly.

He had said that the war would be "a long one." He had said that the first Expeditionary Force would be practically wiped out. He stood by and saw this happen; but he would not send out the new armies under-trained, or ill-supplied. He spoke little himself, and he remained unmoved if attacked; but his laconic utterances had always the ring of truth, and they carried conviction. Those who came face to face with him were impressed. He was neither unreasonable nor averse to listening to criticism. Almost his last

act was to meet his critics of the House of Commons in a private session and to send them away satisfied. On June 5, 1916, he sailed from the Orkneys for Russia, and the *Hampshire*, whether mined or torpedoed, sank that night in the stormy seas round Northern Scotland.

The greatness of the shock when the news came showed the greatness of the man. The nation felt it had lost a tower of strength. And foreign nations felt it too. Not only in Egypt was Kitchener's a name to conjure with. He had the grand manner and could speak with our Allies in the grand style. In France and Italy he was admired; in Germany and Austria he was respected. His death was a loss not to be measured in terms of his success or failure as a military administrator. He was no politician or platform speaker; but he was a man who did what lay before him to do, and expected every one else to do likewise. And out of his expectations have grown the New Armies. They are his finest Memorial.

INDIA AND THE FAR EAST

CHAPTER I

LORD CLIVE

(1725-1774)

THAT a prophet has no honour in his own country is an irony of everyday experience; but it has seldom been more strikingly illustrated than in the early life of Robert Clive. "The booby had some sense after all!" That was the comment of his father, when the victor of Arcot and the saviour of Madras paid his first visit home from India. True, as Colonel Malleson, one of his many biographers, reminds us, Clive's father had seen little or nothing of him from his earliest years. But it seems to have been the father's fault that the boy, whom he thought so unpromising, was brought up away from home. It is at any rate clear that young Clive felt no affection for this unsympathetic parent, but cherished a deep affection for a mother remarkable for good sense and sweet temper.

He was his father's eldest son, and his mother was a Gaskell, of Manchester. He was born at Styche, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire; but at three years old he was sent to be brought up by his mother's sister and her husband, and for years their house, near Manchester, was his home. His school-life, much interrupted by illness, was passed at various schools, at

none of which did he seem to do much good. Merchant Taylors' was one of them; but here he neglected his work to play pranks and was therefore sent to a private school in Hertfordshire, where he stayed until he was nominated to a clerkship in the East India Company's service.

This was in 1743. He had previously refused to follow his father's profession of the law. He panted for a life of action, and was bitterly disappointed on his first arrival in India to find that he was as much chained to a desk as he would have been at home, whilst at the same time he suffered keenly from the climate and from homesickness. Even the voyage out had been a disillusionment. It had lasted nearly two years. For nine months he had been detained at Rio. There he certainly learned Portuguese, and it stood him later in good stead. But he also used up his money and had to borrow at heavy interest from the captain. And when he arrived in Madras, he found that the friend to whom he carried letters of introduction was no longer there. It was a dreary beginning to so brilliant a career. Indeed, if tradition speaks the truth, the career was nearly ended before it was well begun. All his life he suffered from fits of black depression, and in one of these, soon after his arrival in India, he came near to anticipating the final tragedy. The pistol missed fire, and the victor of Plassey was saved to add India to the British Empire.

Deccan Wars.

Books were his only solace until the threatening aspect of affairs in India gave him his chance. The War of the Austrian Succession in Europe had its echoes in the East, where French and English both had trading settlements, insignificant compared with

the native population, but strong enough to afford welcome help to the warring Nawabs who sought their alliance. Dupleix, Governor of Pondicherry, was the head of the French; Morse, Governor of Madras, of the English. Each appealed to the Nawab Anwar-ud-din against the aggressions of the other, and he commanded them to continue as peaceful traders. But the rival fleets at sea were not content to remain inactive. In September 1745 the French fleet took Madras, and some of the English garrison, including Clive, fled to Fort St. David.

Dupleix had defeated the forces which the outraged Nawab sent to relieve Madras; but he could not subdue the stubbornly defended British fort. Four separate attacks failed, and the unequal warfare was only put an end to by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Clive meanwhile had accepted an ensign's commission and had decided on a military career in the East India Company's forces.

Peace was not likely to last long in a country whose native princes were always at war and had learned to seek the help of the Europeans. In 1749 French and English were again fighting in the Deccan over disputed successions, and Clive won his first military laurels, leading a storming party at the taking of Devikota. Out of thirty Europeans, he and three others alone survived; but the breach was made and held. He was soon to become accustomed to fighting against enormous odds. At Kanchipuram, outside Arcot, in 1751, he routed two thousand with two hundred English soldiers and three hundred Sepoys. He saved his guns, brought them into Arcot, and held that fort with extraordinary daring and tenacity for fifty days, until the French were forced to retire and Dupleix's long ascendancy in Hyderabad and the Carnatic gave place to that of the British.

Two years later Clive went home to receive the thanks of the Court of Directors, who assured him that they had "a just sense of his services" and voted him a diamond-hilted sword. He had earned a competence and meant to stay at home and enter Parliament. But, though returned for the borough of St. Michael in Cornwall, he was unseated on petition and decided to return to India. The Court of Directors sent him out as Lieutenant-Colonel to take the position of Governor of Fort St. David, with the reversion of the governorship of Madras. But no sooner had he arrived in Bombay than he was summoned by the Bombay Government to help in the punishment of the pirate chief, Angria, who was harrying the Malabar coast. This delayed him for some months, and it was not until June 20, 1756, that he reached Fort St. David. On that same day there occurred in Calcutta the horrible tragedy of the Black Hole, when, out of one hundred and forty-six Europeans crushed for the night into a room eighteen feet square, only twenty-three were taken out alive.

Conquest of Bengal.

When the news reached Madras the Governor dispatched all available forces to the Hoogly, placing Clive in command of the land army and Admiral Watson over the squadron. Clive had only eight hundred and thirty Europeans and twelve hundred Sepoys, whilst the Nawab, Suraj-ud-Dowlah, had thirty-four thousand men. Clive had taken Calcutta by surprise in January and was entrenched in the suburb of Kasipur. He made a feint of withdrawal. Later, under cover of a dense fog, he marched with his small force right into the Nawab's camp, held his own against all comers. The Nawab was so impressed with his military daring that he consented to sign a treaty, confirming the

English settlers in Calcutta in their privileges and compensating them for their losses.

But if the English were to maintain their position in Bengal and to achieve the predominance Clive coveted for them, it was necessary to get a firmer hold over Suraj-ud-Dowlah than the one treaty promised. Clive was already known by the Indian title *Sabut Jung*, "the fortunate in war." He had now to prove himself a match for Orientals in diplomacy. Unfortunately, he did it by employing Oriental methods of duplicity and cunning, not in his own person but in that of a native agent, one Aminchand, a Calcutta merchant of great wealth and no scruples.

A conspiracy against Suraj-ud-Dowlah was forming, headed by Jafar Ali Khan, his commander-in-chief. Clive, together with Admiral Watson and others, agreed to make Jafar Ali Khan Viceroy of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. His agent in the negotiations was Aminchand, and Aminchand fixed his own price at twenty lakhs of rupees. To dupe him he was shown a duplicate, but fictitious, treaty naming this sum. This Admiral Watson refused to sign. Nevertheless his name appeared on it, and when Clive, later, had to defend himself in the British Parliament, all he could say was that "to the best of his remembrance, he gave the gentleman who carried it leave to sign his (Watson's) name upon it." He maintained that the Admiral had left him free to do as he thought best, and that in the same circumstances he would have done the same again.

The dangerous and difficult position of the British in India in his days must be remembered in judging him. So consummate a General might, indeed, have marched straight upon Suraj-ud-Dowlah's capital, Moorshedabad, and seized the delta of the Ganges in the name of the East India Company. But holding it would

have been another matter, with the forces at his disposal. Both then and afterwards he judged that he must govern India through native instruments and find his advantage in native wars and jealousies. Still, the incident leaves an ugly blot upon the fair fame of British diplomacy.

Suraj-ud-Dowlah's rule was no doubt impossible, and Clive was right to seek some means of putting an end to it. The Nawab was assisting the French, with whom the British were again at war. Clive therefore marched straight from Chandernagore towards Moorshedabad. At Plassey he came up opposite the rival host. The odds were enormously against him. He had less than four thousand men and only nine field guns. The Nawab had fifty thousand foot, eighteen thousand horse, and fifty-three pieces of heavy ordnance, served by French artillerymen. Even Clive seems to have flinched. A council of war was held, and he and eight others voted for delay. Eyre Coote and six were for attacking. Clive, on second thoughts, agreed with them. The battle lasted all day. The native forces could not stand up against the British guns, whilst the British stood firm against the French artillery. Suraj-ud-Dowlah fled from the field. Clive entered Moorshedabad, and Jafar Ali became a British pensioner.

The whole account reads like a fairy tale. No wonder the victor of Plassey was offered by the admiring natives wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. But Clive, though conducted through the treasury with gold and jewels poured at his feet, would take no more than £160,000, whilst half a million was distributed amongst his army and navy. Later, when Jafar Ali at his death bequeathed him £70,000, Clive gave it to the army. Venality was not his weakness.

The French were pursued to Benares, Northern

Madras was subdued by Forde and Dutch aggression was defeated. "Dear Forde, fight them at once; I will send you the order-in-council to-morrow" was Clive's famous message. The army was drilled and reorganized. Calcutta was refortified. After four years of incessant labour Clive was forced to go home for rest, and those left behind felt "as if the soul was departing from the Government of Bengal."

Bengal Administration.

During this visit to England, Clive came in contact with the elder Pitt. He had already urged upon his consideration the question whether so rich a dominion as India promised to be might not be taken over by the Crown, which could pay a proportion of the revenues to the Great Mogul and rule itself in place of the native princes. Pitt knew Clive to be a "Heaven-born General," but seems to have doubted the wisdom of acquiring India for the Crown. Clive was disappointed with England's lack of interest, and when, in 1764, the Company asked him to go out again to restore order, he went readily.

Things had gone very badly in his absence. Jafar Ali had been succeeded by his nephew, Kasim, who had shown a desire to be independent and had organized an army on the European model. The Company's servants had stirred up trouble by claiming freedom from impost dues, and thus coming into conflict with native customs officers. A crisis was accelerated when the Nawab's officers fired upon a British boat. Bengal was at once in a blaze and discipline went to the winds. An English Civil officer with a small force seized Patna. He was soon defeated by the native army; two thousand of his followers were made prisoners and massacred. Naturally the English took vengeance and, under Major John Adams first

and then under Sir Hector Munro, pushed their frontier to Allahabad.

The military troubles were, however, less serious than the civil. The Company's officials had learned the pecuniary advantages to themselves of changes of Government, and what might be hoped for in "gifts" from aspirants to native thrones. Clive on arrival had to enforce an order, just issued by the India Office, forbidding the acceptance by Civil Servants of presents from natives. But he was unable to stop private trading, or to persuade the Company to pay their servants salaries which removed its necessity. He held a long inquiry, which revealed almost universal corruption and found himself obliged to insist on the retirement of five members of the Calcutta Council and to suspend the remaining three. His reforms with regard to army pay brought about something like a mutiny. Only a man of iron will could have carried them through. But he laid down for ever the principles of justice and incorruptibility which have since inspired the Indian Civil Service, and he took stern and swift measures to impress upon the army that they were not waging war in India for their private profit.

He came home for the last time in 1767. There followed seven years in England, during which he had to face many attacks in Parliament and outside as to his Indian administration. When examined by a Select Committee of the House he defended himself nobly: "My enemies may take from me what I have; they may, as they think, make me poor, but I shall be happy. . . . I have but one request to make to this House: that when they come to decide upon my honour they will not forget their own." The House absolved him by 155 votes to 95.

But the strain had told. He suffered at times acute agony from a malady contracted in India. He could

not sleep. He tried foreign travel, but returned no better. In November 1774 he died by his own hand in his house in Berkeley Square, according to one account quite quietly and deliberately, just going into another room and using the same knife with which he had mended a pen at the request of a girl friend of his family. Like a noble Roman, having no further use for life, he quitted it by the door "which stands always open."

The Duke of Wellington (1769–1852).

Clive was the first of the long line of "soldier, politicals" who ruled India, and the greatest. Next in rank, perhaps, stands Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington, who was appointed by his brother, the then Governor-General of India, to the supreme military and political command of Mysore. He had come out to India in 1796 and had devoted much time and study to its political affairs. In military matters he put on the mantle of Clive. Assaye was fought and won with nine thousand men against forty thousand of the combined forces of Sindhia and Berar. But in diplomacy he even surpassed his model, for his dealings with the Mahratta chiefs showed him the embodiment of the simple, straightforward, sympathetic, yet strong, administrator whom Clive's reforming zeal and prophetic insight had foreshadowed.

To his eternal honour it can be said that he kept himself free from Clive's worst faults. He met the native princes with understanding, but with unswerving good faith. And when, in 1805, he turned his back on the East and returned to take up the military command in Europe, he left behind him a reconciled, but subdued, Mahratta power and the reputation of having been one of the wisest and strongest heads that have served England in the East.

Mountstuart Elphinstone (1779–1859).

Among administrators trained in Wellesley's school, the most distinguished was Mountstuart Elphinstone, the fourth son of the eleventh Baron Elphinstone. He was born in 1779 and went to India in 1796. After occupying various subordinate posts, he became assistant to the British Resident at Poona, where the Raj of Berar held sway. This prince was one of the greatest of those Mahratta rulers with whom Wellesley was anxious to come to terms, and Elphinstone's appointment as diplomatist on Wellesley's mission gave him a chance of distinction. The negotiations of course failed, and the campaign followed which ended with Assaye. Elphinstone showed such skill and judgment with regard to tactics that Wellington told him he ought to have been a soldier; but administration and diplomacy were his bent, and he was happier as Resident at Nagpur (1804), or special envoy to Kabul (1808).

In 1811 he became Resident at Poona and had another chance to show his military ability when its prince declared war on the British in 1817. From 1819 to 1827 he was Lieutenant-Governor of Bombay. His greatest achievements were perhaps the Elphinstone code of law and the foundation of the system of State education in India. Before his time the English judges in India had been content to administer Hindoo law as far as they understood it. But the laws and customs of the various peoples had been very imperfectly collected and correlated. There was a great task to perform, and though it was not seriously taken in hand by Government until thirty years later, Elphinstone did a real public service by instituting and carrying through the compilation of an account of the mass of written law and tradition in ancient treaties, together with a summary of the decisions

of the Indian courts. Thus much he contributed towards a Civil Code. He did more for the Criminal Law, for he codified the Bombay regulations into a code, which held its place until the Indian Criminal Code took its place.

In 1820 he inaugurated a movement in Bombay for the education of the natives, to be carried on in the vernacular. He recommended the Court of Directors to establish a native college. They did not approve. But he continued to work for this object, and when he retired in 1827, "the native princes, chiefs, gentlemen and inhabitants of Bombay, its dependencies and allied territories" expressed their determination to commemorate his services by founding and endowing a native college to bear his name. Elphinstone College in Bombay city still keeps his memory green.

CHAPTER II

THE HEROES OF THE MUTINY

In the fifty years between the two Wellesleys and the brothers Lawrence there is no very outstanding figure in Indian administration. Clive and Wellington had won the Indian Empire, Lord Dalhousie came very near to losing it. Lord Minto, the Governor-General who came shortly after the Marquis of Wellesley, did much to consolidate the conquests made in Wellesley's time. Under Lord Ellenborough, Sind was annexed after Napier's brilliant campaigns. In 1848 came Dalhousie, whose unfortunate methods of dealing with the feudatory States of India aroused the outspoken criticism of experienced administrators such as Bartle Frere.

Dalhousie's aim was to make of the British Empire in India "a compact territory within a ring fence," and to enlarge it by annexing native States in case of failure of heirs or difficulty about the succession. No doubt such a method enabled him to extend to large districts the benefits of direct British rule. Its defect was the insecurity of tenure it afforded to native princes, and its utter failure to offer them any inducement to remain loyal. To those used to Clive's method of governing Eastern peoples through native delegates —believers in "peaceful penetration"—such a policy was most distasteful. To the native princes themselves it was naturally abhorrent. The annexations of Sattara, Jhansi, Nagpur and Oudh left a legacy of

ill-feeling which Nana Sahib, the dispossessed aspirant to Sattara, was to repay to the uttermost farthing.

Added to this was the rotten state of the Bengali army, which aroused serious uneasiness in successful leaders of native troops, such as Napier and Jacob of Sindian fame. During the Sikh wars of the preceding decade (1843–8) the Sepoys had shown a bad spirit, and there had been more than one actual outbreak of mutiny in Sind and at Ferozepur. Dalhousie himself had protested against the reduction in the number of British officers. Before the Mutiny actually broke out, he had gone home and had been succeeded as Governor-General by Lord Canning, whose hopes for a peaceful term of office were to have a rude awakening. Well was it for India and for the Empire that in the north-western corner of India a group of officers of exceptional valour and capacity had been trained by Sikh and Afghan troubles to meet so terrible a crisis.

There is no need here to recall the history of the Mutiny. What concerns us is to see what had gone to the making of those men who saved India. And as the heroic tale unfolds itself with the simplicity of a Greek epic, it drives home the lesson that, from the days of Clive down to our own, India has been a nursery of heroes. If in the Mutiny year they grew to the stature of giants, it was because of the greatness of their opportunity. Had the same call sounded before, or should it ever sound again, almost any of the servants of the old Company or of the younger Indian Civil Service would give the same response.

What manner of men were they, then, who defended Lucknow and made those forced marches to Cawnpore and Delhi? First among them were the brothers Lawrence—Sir Henry Lawrence, the elder of the two, and John Laird Mair Lawrence, afterwards Baron

Lawrence and Indian Viceroy. Next comes an older man, Sir Henry Havelock, who led the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow; and, youngest of the band, John Nicholson, the victor of Delhi, who met a glorious death as his troops entered that city. Indeed, of the four, only John Lawrence survived the Mutiny; Henry Lawrence and Havelock, men past middle life and lifelong friends, both died at Lucknow within a few months of each other.

Sir Henry Lawrence (1806–1857).
John, Lord Lawrence (1811–1879).

The Lawrences were another instance of the vigour and ability which, as our imperial records show, so often distinguish the members of large families brought up on slender means. But they came of fine stock. Their father, Colonel Alexander Lawrence, had volunteered for the forlorn hope at Seringapatam in 1799 and thereby won the friendship of Wellington. His wife, Letitia Knox, who became the mother of twelve sons and daughters, was a lineal descendant of the Scottish Reformer. Henry was born in Ceylon in 1806, John at Richmond in Yorkshire in 1811 after his father had left the Indian army. An older brother still, George Lawrence, had also a distinguished career in India, which is only overshadowed by the greater distinction of the others. What schooling could be afforded these boys out of an income never exceeding £500 a year they got first at Foyle College, Derry, and afterwards at Clifton. Through the kindness of a friend of their mother's, Mr. Huddlestone, a Director of the East India Company, Henry was given a commission in the Indian Army and John a writership in the Company's Civil Service. John, therefore, went to Haileybury and passed out with much distinction. Henry,

who had seen service in the Burmese War and was home on sick leave, took John back with him to India in 1829. For a time Henry also was transferred to the Civil Service, becoming revenue surveyor at Gorakhpur, whilst John served as assistant-collector under Sir Charles Metcalfe at Delhi.

Henry Lawrence, who throughout his life was distinguished by fervent piety and found a kindred spirit in Havelock, an ardent Baptist, seems to have exercised a strong influence not only over his younger brother but over all who served under him. When the ill-fated Afghan War broke out in 1838 he was in control of the district of Ferozepur. The force sent under General Sale to relieve the British prisoners at Kabul was itself soon closely besieged in Jellalabad, and Lawrence, recalled for a time to the Army, was sent to Peshawar to push up supports for Sale's relief. No one but he could manage the disorderly contingent of Sikhs who formed part of Colonel Pollock's relieving force. For his services in helping to force the Khyber Pass he was advanced to an important post at Lahore and later became British resident at the Court of Nepal. His articles in the *Calcutta Review*, which he started, attracted the attention of Lord Hardinge, who relied greatly on his advice through the Sikh War and during the reconstitution of the Sikh Government. When the Punjab was annexed in 1848 Henry Lawrence became first Chairman of the Board of Administration. Owing to a difference of opinion with Lord Dalhousie, he was replaced later by his brother John, and it is a fine feature in the characters of both that this led to no estrangement. "If you preserve the peace of the country and make the people happy, I shall have no regrets."

Meanwhile John Lawrence was steadily acquiring fame as an administrator. For twenty years he had

been magistrate and land revenue collector in different parts of the North-West Provinces, with his head-quarters at Delhi. But he had come out to India so young that he was still only thirty-five when he obeyed Dalhousie's order and set himself to bring peace and happiness to the turbulent Sikhs. He was a great believer in the system of leases for thirty years to native holders, who in return must cultivate the land and pay moderate dues to the Government. The Sikh peasantry, accustomed to the exactions of Ranjit Singh, found their burdens sensibly lightened. Agriculture flourished. Marauders were dealt with by irregular forces of native soldiers, levied by Lawrence for the purpose. The province was restored to order without one regular soldier. Roads were made, canals constructed and the frontier patrolled. When the Mutiny broke out, not only could Lawrence keep his own province firm in its loyalty, but he and his brave lieutenants furnished the force which saved India for the Crown.

The news of the outbreak at Meerut reached him at Rawalpindi. He had only twelve thousand Punjabi soldiers to thirty-eight thousand Hindustani. Could these be disarmed in time and the Punjabis kept loyal? Lawrence lost not a moment in beginning the disarming at Lahore. A week later it was accomplished also at Peshawar, only just in time, for four regiments stood ready to mutiny. Meanwhile, with the help of the Sikh chiefs and ably seconded by the fiery John Nicholson, he was raising native levies and sending them as rapidly as possible to swell the force intended to retake Delhi.

Henry Lawrence was in Lucknow. He had gone there in March at the urgent request of Lord Canning and had done wonders in smoothing administrative troubles. But he had only seven hundred European

soldiers. In a week from the outbreak at Meerut he had so organized the defence of the Residency that it held out through the four blazing months of that fearful Indian summer and in November could welcome Havelock's relieving force. But long before they could arrive Henry Lawrence was in his grave. On July 2nd a shell struck him as he lay exhausted after the day's work, and he died in forty-eight hours.

Henry Havelock (1795–1857).

Havelock was a man of a different type, one of Cromwell's Ironsides born two centuries too late. He was a soldier by profession, and a soldier whose chance came to him only after many years and at the end of his life. Like all the other Mutiny heroes, he had gone to India as a boy. He had been meant at first for the Law, a profession which might have suited his rather precise and formal type of mind. But for some not very clear reason his father, a well-to-do retired shipbuilder, cut off supplies, and in 1815 an elder brother got him a commission in the old 95th. He served in the Burmese, Afghan, and Sikh wars, and wrote histories of the first two in a laboured and pedantic style closely modelled upon the Greek and Roman historians. He had no luck in literature, and, if we are to believe some of his own letters, not much anywhere else, though this seems to be no more than the growl of an old soldier, who doggedly did his duty and thought it might be better recognized.

Duty was his first idea in life. Even on his wedding-day he went straight from the church to attend a court-martial, only rejoining his bride, the daughter of a missionary, just in time for "the nuptial banquet." And what he did himself, he expected from everybody else. It was all very well for irreverent young subalterns to jeer at "Havelock's saints." General Sale, who knew

what he was talking about, said, in the Afghan War, "I wish to God the whole regiment were 'Havelock's saints,' for I never see a 'saint' in the guardroom or his name in the defaulters' book!"

He had steadily worked himself up until, after nearly forty years' continuous Indian service, he became Adjutant-General of the troops in India in 1854. In 1857 he commanded a division in the campaign against Persia; but peace was made in April, and Havelock reached Bombay a fortnight after Meerut. He wanted to go by the shortest route to take up his duties as Adjutant-General. But, obeying superior orders, he went by sea to Calcutta. On the way the ship was wrecked off Ceylon. "The folly of man threw us on shore; the mercy of God found us a soft place near Caltura," wrote Havelock. He does not add, what was the case, that he himself aided that mercy not a little by keeping all the Europeans on board away from the spirit-room.

It had always been the fashion to laugh at him. Lady Canning wrote in her diary: "General Havelock is not in fashion, but all the same we believe that he will do well. No doubt he is fussy and tiresome, but his little old stiff figure looks as active and fit for use as if he were made of steel." And steel indeed he proved at Futtehpur on July 12th, at Cawnpore four days later, and in the blazing heat of August at Bithur. It was not his fault that his work at Cawnpore had to be vengeance, not deliverance—vengeance for the awful massacre of English women and children whom Nana's soldiers cut in pieces and flung into the well.

He might be bombastic in print, but in the field he had always the right word for his men. "The longer you look at it, men, the less you will like it. The brigade will advance!" So he cheered them on when the fate of Cawnpore was trembling in the balance.

"If you don't go at the village, I'll send men that will, and put an everlasting disgrace on you!" And the 64th Irish went forward. Cholera held his force back. By the middle of August one-third of his men were disabled. Major-General Sir James Outram's appointment to the command of a territorial division on August 5th would have displaced Havelock, who was only a brigadier commanding a field force; but, with a chivalry which does him honour, Outram waived his superior rank and left the command in Havelock's hands. Thus the soldiers who relieved Lucknow were still Havelock's men, and on September 25th Outram rode only as a volunteer beside the old General into the town. Two months later Havelock died. "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear" was his last farewell to Outram. That deep sense of his duty to God and his country was the keynote of his life.

John Nicholson (1822–57).

The youngest of the Mutiny heroes owed his training to Henry Lawrence. They met first in Afghanistan, where Nicholson had served under Colonel Palmer, who was forced by lack of food and water to surrender at Ghazni. It was an embittering and humiliating experience for a soldier. Nicholson is said to have flung his sword down at the feet of his captors with tears of grief and rage; and when they tried to take from him a locket containing his mother's hair, he threw it at the Sirdar's head. But he was only a boy, twenty years old. His father, an Ulster physician, had died when John, the eldest of his five sons, was but eight; and at seventeen his widowed mother was glad to accept for him, through the kind offices of her brother James Hogg, a cadetship in the Bengal Army. The Afghan War was his first service, and he

distinguished himself by the heroic defence of a house in Ghazni, where he and Lieutenant Crawford and two companies of native troopers were besieged for two days.

After six months of captivity in Kabul the Ghazni prisoners were set free on the approach of General Sales' relieving force, supported by Henry Lawrence's Sikh levies. On the march home young Nicholson had the shock of recognizing in the mutilated corpse of a young English subaltern his own younger brother. Alexander Nicholson had come out to India but a few months before. The two had met in the Khyber Pass. The younger was with the advanced troops and the elder in the rear-guard, a party of whom turned aside on espying a naked body beside the road.

At Kabul, Nicholson and Henry Lawrence had been mutually attracted, and Lawrence did not forget his young friend. A word said to Lord Hardinge got him the post of Political Officer in Kashmir. Soon afterwards he was made an Assistant Commissioner to Henry Lawrence at Lahore. It was a splendid training, and Nicholson proved worthy of it. When, a little later, he was given charge of Bannu, he made for himself amongst the natives something of a legendary reputation. Fearless, unsparing of himself, rapid in movement, he seemed to them to be everywhere at once, bringing swift and stern retribution to the evil-doer and impartial justice to all. He became a sort of demi-god, "Nikalsain," the latest addition to the Hindu Pantheon, and, though he himself would have none of this and dealt out kicks and contumely to inconvenient adorers, they prostrated themselves before him all the more.

His fiery temper, however, was a difficulty to his superiors; and he had an outspoken contempt for red tape, which had its inconveniences. Even Law-

rence, who loved him, expostulated with him. "Bear and forbear with natives and Europeans. . . . Don't think it is necessary to say all you think to every one. The world would be a mass of tumult if we all gave *candid* opinions of each other." He did not get on as well with John Lawrence as he had with his brother, though John Lawrence gave generous recognition to "the best district officer on the frontier." Nicholson, a first-rate leader of guerrilla warfare, was rather too fond of punitive expeditions, and Lawrence, not unnaturally since he was responsible, asked to be kept informed officially of all "incursions." "Don't send up any more men to be hanged direct," he pleaded with his subordinate, "unless the case is very urgent; and when you do, send an abstract of the evidence in English." It was a reasonable request, and one cannot entirely defend Nicholson's habit of kicking Government regulations across the floor.

But when the time came for swift decision and independent action, the leader of guerrilla warfare proved himself a general indeed. He was appointed in '57 to the command of a movable column, and in the July heat he marched forty-one miles in a single day to intercept and destroy the mutineers from Sialkot who were marching on Delhi. By August he had joined General Wilson outside the city, bringing with him a vigour and a determination which put new heart into the siege. Through floods, which scarcely allowed him to get his guns up, he led two thousand five hundred men against six thousand and defeated them at Najafgarh, thus preventing any attempt to attack the British positions on the Ridge from the rear. In September he compelled Wilson to decide on an assault and led the attacking column, one thousand strong. They forced the Kashmir Gate and obtained an entrance into the city. As he turned

to rally his exhausted men and to cheer them on to take the Lahore Gate, he was shot in the back.

He lingered nine days; but he had been shot through the lung, and there was little hope from the first. Perhaps, if he would have rested, there might have been a faint chance; but he could not rest. Fighting was still fierce in the streets, and he must needs know all. When he heard that an officer had suggested retirement, "Thank God," he said, "I have strength yet to shoot him, if necessary!"

"Brave, sagacious, and devoted to his profession, the Bengal Army contained no nobler and no abler soldier." So said Sir John Lawrence, in the considered phrasing of a general order. "So long as British rule shall endure in India, his fame can never perish. He seems especially to have been raised up for this juncture. . . . Without John Nicholson, Delhi could not have fallen." So Lawrence again, in his Mutiny Report. "Foremost in all brave counsel, in all glorious audacity, in all that marked a true soldier," was the tribute of another. "Like Wolfe at Quebec, his death marred the joy of a nation in the hour of victory."

To the natives whom he had ruled his end was like the passing of a god. "When they heard of his glorious death they came together to lament, and one of them stood forth and said there was no gain from living in a world that no longer held Nikalsain. So he cut his throat and died. . . . But another stepped forward and said that that was not the way to serve their great *Guru*; that if they ever hoped to see him again in a future state, and to please him while they lived, they must learn to worship Nikalsain's God." And forthwith they went to Peshawar to seek instruction. It is no religious fanatic who tells this tale, but a sober Scotsman, Sir Donald Macnabb, afterwards Commissioner of Peshawar. Let it be Nicholson's epitaph.

Lawrence as Viceroy.

Two years after the Mutiny Sir John Lawrence, "the saviour of India," went home to receive the thanks of Parliament and an additional life pension of £2,000 a year from the East India Company. He had done his country the further service of standing out against excessive vengeance and, as soon as possible, letting martial law be replaced by civil trial and milder penalties. By the end of the Mutiny year order once more reigned throughout the Delhi territory. And Lawrence, though a sincere Christian, was just as firm in repressing the intemperate zeal of those who desired once for all to abandon all toleration of "heathen" prejudices and "truckling" to Hindostani caste.

At home he was made a member of the newly created Indian Council. The Mutiny had sealed the fate of the East India Company. Henceforth India was to be governed by the Crown, acting through a Secretary of State, assisted by a Council. The Governor-General was now to be Viceroy. On November 1, 1858, it was proclaimed in India that Queen Victoria had assumed the government, and that Lord Canning was her representative. In 1859 peace was proclaimed, with an amnesty to all who had not directly helped in the murder of British subjects. In 1862 Canning quitted office, and Elgin, his successor, only lived for a year. Sir John Lawrence was appointed Viceroy and went out in January 1864.

No man knew India better, and none had more at heart the consolidation of the Empire and the promotion of peace. Land reform, irrigation and education were the three great branches of administrative work to which he gave his chief attention. He relied especially on the first, for he saw that to recognize the right of the cultivator to the fruits of his toil was the way

of all others to secure a contented peasantry. He was accused of trampling on the rights of the landlord; but the truth seems to be that he exercised even-handed justice and protected the weak. Justice was always his distinguishing characteristic, a virtue so much rarer than the more showy generosity.

The terrible Orissa famine of 1866 led him to press on irrigation work. Education was always near to his heart, and he was the first Indian administrator to extend its benefits to girls. He did much, too, for general sanitation and for the health of the Army, having the wisdom to avail himself here of the wise advice and experience of Florence Nightingale.

His foreign policy came in for a good deal of criticism. He was of the school of thought which did not believe in undue interference and was dead against a "forward policy." He believed in leaving the native princes free, within limits, to rule their own people after their own fashion; and he refused to be frightened by the bogey of a Russian advance into premature meddling with the question of the Afghan succession after the death of Dost Mohammed. He remembered how, in 1857, the old Amir had begged him never to take part in the strife which was sure to arise between his sons, and he maintained a policy of masterly inactivity for five years until Shere Ali was firmly seated on the throne. Then he offered him not only amity and goodwill, but help, financial and otherwise, to maintain good government.

He was never so popular or so beloved as his successor, Lord Mayo. He had much of the "dourness" of his Scottish forbears, and lacked the charm of his elder brother, Henry. The Army liked him; but in society he did not try to shine, and pomp and show were abhorrent to him. On his return home he was given a peerage, and for the rest of his life he devoted

himself to the cause of education at home, becoming Chairman of the first School Board of London and also of the Church Missionary Society. He died in 1879. The death of his widow, who lived to extreme old age, in 1918, snapped one of the last remaining links with the days of the Mutiny.

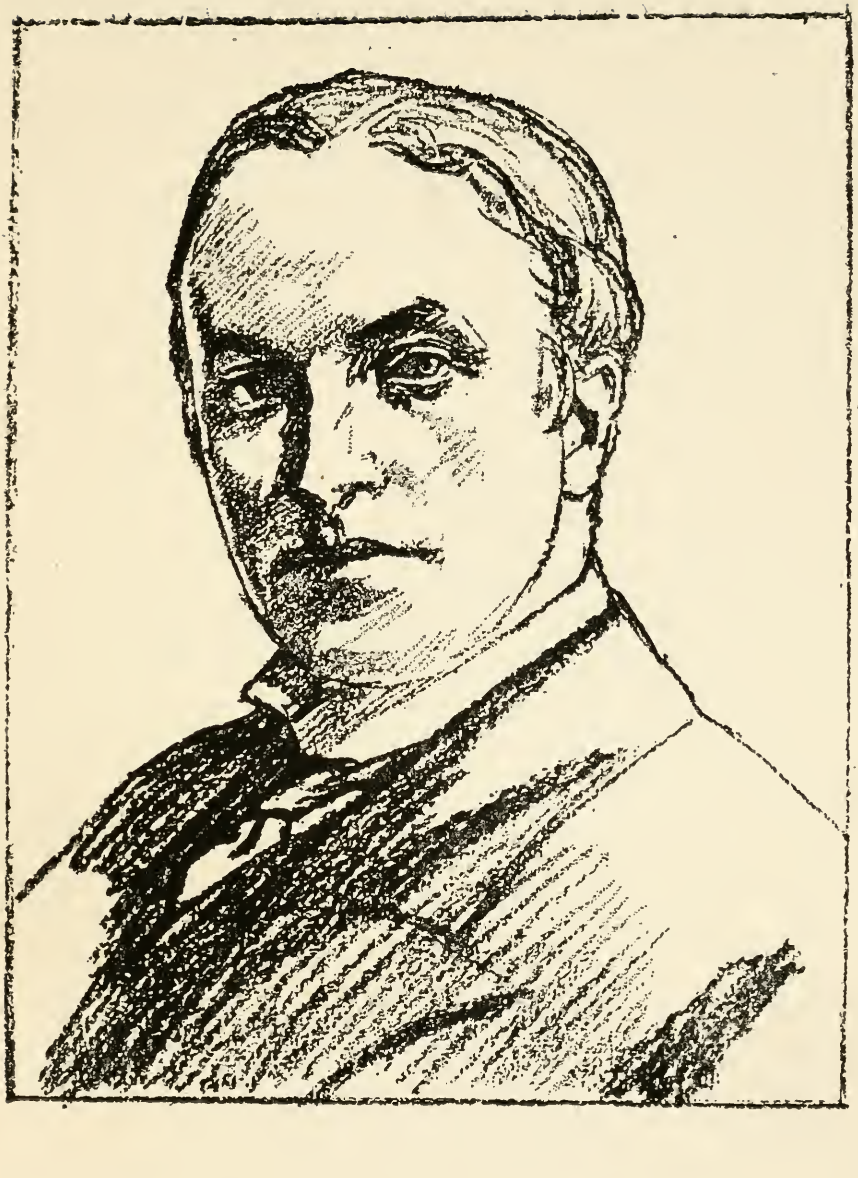
CHAPTER III

LORD CURZON

(1859-)

DURING the last fifty years, since the retirement of Lord Lawrence, India has seen many Viceroys ; names famous in politics and diplomacy—Lytton, Ripon, Dufferin, Lansdowne—will occur to all. But the name of Lord Curzon stands out with special prominence, both because of his untiring activities and because he represented the ideal of the younger school of Imperialists—efficient administration and the consolidation of the Empire. Lord Milner in South Africa was at the same time working for the same end ; but Milner had to deal with a nation in arms, a stubborn, independent people, who could be won only by tact and sympathy. He failed, for all his " efficiency." How far did Curzon succeed, with the more docile Eastern peoples ?

He had gone out to India as the youngest, except Dalhousie, of all the Viceroys, for he was not yet forty when he obtained the post which is generally won near the end of public life. It was a bold experiment on the part of Lord Salisbury ; but he had had unusual opportunities of judging of his young lieutenant, for Curzon had been initiated into politics as one of his private secretaries and later had understudied his chief at the Foreign Office. As the eldest son of a peer who was also a parish priest—Lord Scarsdale, the Rector of Kedleston in Derbyshire—George



Curzon of Kedleston

Nathaniel Curzon (b. 1859) was sent in the natural course of things to Eton. Thence he passed to Balliol College, Oxford, and, after a brilliant University career was elected Fellow of All Souls College in 1883. His distinctions were not only in the Schools. He was President of the Union and acquired some fame as a debater, as well as some social notoriety as a "personage." It is said that there was an Oxford parody of the verses which he addressed to the beautiful Miss Mary Leiter, whom he afterwards married; and that two lines of it ran—

> "My name is Nathaniel Curzon, Mary!
> I'm a very superior person, Mary!"

No doubt undergraduate humour is of an irresponsible and effervescent kind; but the fact remains that the future Viceroy had perhaps more than his fair share of the "Oxford manner," and he took himself very seriously. Lord Salisbury seems to have taken him seriously too, for within five years of entering the House of Commons (1886) he had become Under Secretary for India. The Salisbury Administration went out the next year (1892), and Curzon, who had no ties with the Liberals, spent the next three years in improving his acquaintance with the East, which he had already visited in 1887–8. Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, India, the Pamirs, Siam, Korea and the Far East, he visited them all, inquired indefatigably into their political conditions, and embodied the results of his investigations in several volumes of travels. In return the Royal Geographical Society bestowed on him their coveted Gold Medal.

He was home by 1895 and ready for a post in the new Salisbury Administration. Lord Salisbury was his own Foreign Minister, and it was no small compliment to Curzon to be chosen as his Under-Secretary and

representative in the House of Commons. Curzon's rise was rapid indeed, for only four years later he was appointed Viceroy of India, without having held any of the diplomatic posts or colonial governorships which are the customary stepping-stones to that honour. By this time he was married, and the beauty and fortune of his wife—the daughter of a Chicago millionaire—added to the brilliance of his prospects.

Indian Viceroyalty.

The Indian Viceroyalty had long been the goal of his ambition, though even he could hardly have hoped to attain it so early in his career. But from boyhood, as he said himself just before going out, he had "loved India, its people, its history, its government, the absorbing mystery of its civilization." And it is at least a curious coincidence that the residence of the Viceroy in Calcutta should have been copied, with certain additions, from Kedleston Hall, his boyhood's home. There is a story that when he first visited Calcutta, in December 1887, and was walking away from the Residence, he looked back and said, "The next time I enter those gates it shall be as Viceroy." But such stories are too often invented later to suit the event.

He went out at a troublous time. During Lord Elgin's term of office (1894–8) there had been two frontier wars and a terrible visitation of famine and plague. Moreover the awakening of the native intelligence under European education was sowing its necessary seeds of unrest. A change was passing over the East. Japan was taking her place amongst the Great Powers. Even China was stirring in her sleep, and it was not to be wondered at that in India the British right to control its destinies was no longer accepted without question. The preventive measures

taken against plague roused deep resentment, especially in Poona, where on the night of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee two English officials were murdered.

Lord Curzon, to give him the title which had just been bestowed on him, had, almost as soon as he arrived, to settle the difficult question of the fate of Chitral, occupied by us in 1895, and the settlement of the North-West Frontier generally. He had to take strong remedial measures against plague and famine. He had to keep a vigilant eye and a tight hand upon sedition. And he had to reform an administration, which had become, as Cromer said of the British War Office, terribly *paperassier*. He told Lord Salisbury he would want seven years to do it all, and he had his seven years and did most of it.

Frontier Policy.

For dealing with the frontier question he had many special qualifications. To begin with he had already visited it, which is more than can be said of most Viceroys. In 1888 he had first crossed Russian Turkestan by the Transcaspian Railway on the invitation of the Russian Government. In 1889 he went again, and this time he prolonged his journey through Persia, diverging into Asiatic Turkey, but finally coming down to the ports of the Persian Gulf and thence sailing to Bombay. He was a rapid observer—his enemies say a superficial one. It is certain that he would ride seventy miles or more in a day, and that the book which he published on Persia, "in the not, I hope, vainglorious hope that, until superseded by a better, it may be regarded as the standard work in the English language," was based upon only a six months' experience of a difficult country. But confidence does a good deal, and probably Curzon's methodical way of

attacking things enabled him to get more than most men out of a six months' tour.

His 1894 journey had an even more direct bearing on his future work. He landed in Bombay, went north through Kashmir to the Pamirs, explored the source of the Oxus, took Chitral on his way back, visited Kabul, staying a fortnight with Abdur Rahman, and came back at a whirlwind pace through Kandahar to Beluchistan. He wrote a book on the frontier question; but by the time it was ready to appear he was Viceroy, and Salisbury said that no Viceroy should write a book. So it was suppressed, and the fruits of his experience must be looked for, not in print but in his work.

The first good result was an economy of expenditure on frontier wars. He did not believe in occupying perilous advanced positions, and he made the hill tribesmen responsible for the defence of tribal country, whilst concentrating British forces further back as "a safeguard and support." He was so far successful that in his seven years of office he had only one serious trouble—with the Waziris—and spent only £250,000 against Lord Elgin's £5,000,000. Moreover he certainly did a good deal to encourage British trade with Persia; and he sent a mission to Tibet, which obtained a treaty from the Dalai Lama. It is due to him that India now has her North-West Frontier Province, including the disputed territory of Chitral, though belief in the Russian menace, which haunted the imagination of British statesmen of the Salisbury regime and inspired the Tibetan Mission, has been weakened by recent developments.

Partition of Bengal.

A much more doubtful part of Curzon's policy was the partition of Bengal. True, the idea did not origi-

nate with him. It seems to have first been mooted in 1901 by Sir Andrew Fraser, then Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, and papers about it had been actually circulating amongst Indian officials for over a year before it occurred to any one to mention it to the Viceroy. Lord Curzon was furious, and, on this occasion, not without justification. Imagine the feelings of the apostle of "efficient administration," the Chief who came out to India with the determination to place "every branch of Indian administration upon the anvil to test its efficiency and durability," when he found that a question of high policy had been discussed behind his back for fourteen months!

He expressed himself in no measured terms:—

"I really feel disposed to ask: Is there no such thing as a head of the Government, and what are secretaries for but to keep him acquainted with the Administration? . . . People sometimes ask what departmentalism is. Departmentalism is not a moral delinquency. It is an intellectual hiatus—the complete absence of apprehension of anything outside the purely departmental aspects of the matter under discussion. For fourteen months it never occurred to a single human being in the departments to mention the matter, or to suggest that it should be mentioned. Round and round like the diurnal revolution of the earth went the file, stately, solemn, sure and slow; and now, in due season, it has completed its orbit, and I am invited to register the concluding stage."

There speaks Curzon, the justly incensed Governor-General, but there speaks also Curzon the schoolmaster, taking grey-bearded Commissioners and Lieutenant-Governors to task as though they were schoolboys, just as at times he admonished native princes with titles of immemorial antiquity and was surprised when they resented it. Of course the document was not

intended for publication; but the *Statesman* got hold of it, and the "Round and Round Note," as Indian civilians irreverently nicknamed it, was priceless copy. No journalist born could have resisted the temptation to publish it.

In itself the partition of Bengal had much to be said in its favour; what is more doubtful was the time and the manner of the doing of it. Eastern Bengal, the region beyond the Ganges, comprising in the Mymensingh district alone 6,000 square miles and a population of 4,000,000, was immensely under-officered and notorious for disorder and crime. It is a beautiful and fertile country, rich in rice, jute and cotton, crossed by innumerable great rivers and waterways. Even in the dry season these rivers are often two miles wide; at that time of year they measure 14,000 miles in length and 24,000 miles in the rains. They carry a rich volume of trade, exposed to an organized system of piracy, the official records of which read like the most lurid romance of crime. It was no uncommon thing, writes an official of the Bengal Government, for boats and their crews to disappear altogether, "the *modus operandi* in such cases being to cut the boat quickly adrift from its moorings and when well in midstream to suddenly spring on the crew, who are either knocked on the head at once, or thinking that they are close to shore, will hastily jump out and be drowned." And he quotes two recent instances.

Crime of this kind was not peculiar to Eastern Bengal; but it was specially rife there, because of the absence of river police and the temptation offered by the valuable cargoes. From Eastern Bengal, too, came most of the young Anarchists arrested in Calcutta. The Bengalis of that district are bold and determined. Very many of them, though Hindu in race, were Mohammedan by religion, their forefathers having been

compulsorily converted by the early invaders. It was clear that a religious and racial question might arise, and Lord Curzon underestimated this difficulty. On the other hand, it was clear that the Bengal Government was overburdened, that the outlying districts of the province required more efficient administration, and that Assam, already an independent province, needed an outlet to the sea.

In proposing to attach the districts of Eastern Bengal to Assam, with Dacca as the capital, Lord Curzon meant to meet these difficulties. But a personal tour through the districts, where he was met by small boys carrying placards, " Do not turn us into Assamese," convinced him of the unpopularity of this scheme. He therefore amended it, and the new province of Eastern Bengal ultimately included the three great Bengal divisions of Chittagong, Dacca and Rajshahi, with Assam as an adjunct. Dacca remained the capital, and Sir Bampfylde Fuller, Chief Commissioner of Assam, became first Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal.

But in the meantime there had been an outcry throughout Bengal proper against the partition on the ground that it split in two " the Bengali nation," whatever that might be, and handed over a Hindu population to the mercy of Mohammedans. No doubt much of this agitation was factitious. A great deal of it came from the Calcutta Bar, which saw the prospect in the near future of a High Court at Dacca which would take business away from the High Court at Calcutta. Still, the Home Government were made uneasy. There was much discussion in Parliament, and the wisdom of Lord Curzon's scheme was openly questioned. The facts seem to be that the partition was effected at a time when Bengali opinion had been much excited by Lord Curzon's unpopular education

policy, and, in consequence, the Bengali leaders were ready to view with suspicion almost any action he undertook. Moreover, the vacillating attitude of the Home Government gave them at any rate ground for hope that a change of Viceroy might bring with it a change of policy.

Education Policy.

Education, especially University education, is a subject in which Lord Curzon has always taken special interest. Did he not after his return to England become Chancellor of Oxford University and devote the most careful attention to the question of its reform? He could not help seeing that the effect of introducing European ideals into Hindu schools and universities was not wholly good, and that the average Babu civil servant was not perhaps the happiest result of the higher education. "The rush of immature striplings to our Indian Universities, not to learn but to earn," to use his own phrase, was no doubt to be deplored; but his efforts to stem that rush, or to divert it, were interpreted as an attempt to restrict opportunities for higher education. When he wanted colleges to affiliate so as to bring them into closer relations with the State, he did so to enable the Government to exercise more efficient control. But his action was again interpreted as a desire to limit the teaching posts open to Bengali scholars. His aim was quality, not quantity; his opponents wanted to multiply salaried jobs. Here, as in the case of Bengal, he seems to have been right in principle; his best justification has been the adherence to his policy maintained by his successors.

His attitude to the native princes has already been touched upon. He has often been criticized, both for lack of sympathy and for love of ostentation. It fell to his lot to hold the great Durbar at the Coronation

of King Edward VII, and he made of it a memorable spectacle. To those who urge that an India, liable to be racked by plague and famine such as the visitations of 1896, can ill afford such displays, Curzon would have replied, like Beaconsfield, that Oriental nations must be impressed by Oriental means. The contention could easily be justified.

It is harder to justify such a *faux pas* as the circular letter of 1900, requiring princes and chiefs to apply to the Viceroy for leave before travelling abroad. This was putting them on the anvil with a vengeance! No wonder Lord Curzon's enemies accuse him of arrogance. A happier feature in his relations with the princes was his establishment of schools at Rajkoti, Ajmere and Lahore, where their sons could be educated on a carefully adapted variant of the English public school system. And his creation of an Imperial Cadet Corps to train the young chiefs for their hereditary profession of arms was a real public service.

In 1904 Lord Curzon's term of office would normally have ended. Few Viceroys have worked more strenuously, and his health was seriously impaired. He carried personal supervision almost to a fault. He is credited with having annotated every file submitted to him in his own hand; he allowed no one to draft a dispatch for him; nor would he even dictate to a secretary. He might well have taken his rest; but he had not yet accomplished the programme he had sketched out for himself, and when he was asked to undertake a second term of office he accepted. It might have been better for his reputation had he refused. He had to return alone. Lady Curzon was too ill to accompany him. He came back to face the stormy situation created by the Bengal partition scheme and the rise of the Nationalist agitation, and, worse than

all, he was soon at serious odds with his Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener.

Kitchener Controversy.

This difference of opinion, which led finally to Lord Curzon's resignation and embittered his whole career, arose over the relative position of the civil and military authorities in India. It had always been the custom for the Viceroy to have, as his second adviser on military matters, a soldier who sat on his Executive Council as Military Member. The Commander-in-Chief, as first adviser, was also a member of the Council. In theory the supreme military authority in India is the Governor-General in Council. In practice the Governor-General relied on the Military Member of Council and the Finance Minister for advice as to expenditure on military matters, and expected the Commander-in-Chief to send his proposals to the Military Department, where they were commented upon by the Military Member and sent on to the Viceroy. This practice to a great extent discounted the value of the Commander-in-Chief's theoretical right of direct access to the Viceroy. But it had been acquiesced in by Lord Roberts and Sir Power Palmer, as well as by previous Commanders, and the existence of this military department was intended to secure continuity of administration, especially with regard to the Native Army, in case the Commander-in-Chief might chance to have little previous Indian experience.

Now Lord Kitchener, fresh from almost unlimited power in Egypt and South Africa, and even more masterful by temperament than Curzon, was not a man to like, or even to put up with, divided authority. And Curzon, with his ambition to dictate always "a policy for every branch of administration," was not the man to subordinate the civil power to the military.

A collision between two such personalities was almost inevitable, and it came quickly.

Kitchener arrived in India at the end of 1902. Early in 1903 he was already submitting to the Viceroy a proposal for "the abolition of dual control." The Viceroy "wisely considered" (Kitchener's own words) that the new Commander-in-Chief's views would carry more weight if their expression were deferred. They were deferred; but Kitchener still wanted, and intended to have, a "free hand." In 1904 he threatened to resign if he did not get it, and the Home Government were alarmed. The English public believed wholeheartedly in Kitchener, and the Viceroy was a long way off. Lord Midleton, then Mr. Brodrick, was Secretary of State for India; and, whether at the War Office or the India Office, he had a peculiar talent for causing general irritation. Lord Curzon was in England that year, and presumably the whole situation was discussed. Yet a dispatch from the Secretary of State reached India just as the Viceroy returned, which suggested, amongst other things, that mobilization had been delayed by "dual control," a view in which Curzon can hardly have concurred.

Kitchener replied at once in a Minute, which declared that the whole system of Army administration in India was "faulty, inefficient, and incapable of the expansion necessary for a great war." He added that the Military Member of Council was really omnipotent and could, if he chose, frustrate the plans of the Commander-in-Chief. The Military Member, Sir Edward Elles, dissented and suggested some working amendments, but held that the Commander-in-Chief must frankly acknowledge his subordination to the Governor-General in Council. The Viceroy concurred. The Commander-in-Chief, in a curt Note, stuck to his point: "My arguments remain uncontroverted and are, I believe,

incontrovertible." The Government of India sent home a dispatch strongly deprecating any change in the relation of the Viceroy to his military advisers. The Secretary of State convened a sub-committee to consider the matter, but did not disclose this fact. The Committee recommended the conversion of the Military Department into one of Military Supply and held that it should have no power to veto any proposal put forward by the Commander-in-Chief, and that it should advise the Viceroy only "on questions of general policy, as distinct from purely military questions," a nice departmental distinction.

Resignation.

The Secretary of State on May 31st sent a dispatch to the Viceroy embodying the Committee's views and directing that the changes should be made and brought into operation by October 1st. The order was published in a Special *Gazette of India* on June 18th and made an extraordinary sensation. No one could fail to perceive the rebuff to the Viceroy, and it is not surprising that Curzon instantly resigned. There was an attempt at compromise, and he withdrew his resignation but not his resentment. A few weeks later he made a speech in which he said that the Government of India might be pardoned "if they were somewhat surprised at the manner in which it had been thought necessary to convey these orders." The report of this speech roused strong feeling at home. There was a further exchange of telegrams, especially about the appointment of a candidate of the Viceroy's selection to be the new Military Member. Curzon's nominee was declared by Mr. Brodrick to be "unacceptable" and he was asked by telegram "to consult Lord Kitchener as to who in his opinion is the best man for the post." Curzon

promptly resigned again, and who can wonder? This time he stuck to his decision.

It was a lamentable episode, though not without its humorous aspects. Probably it was unavoidable. Given a Viceroy so tenacious of his rights, and a Commander-in-Chief so little disposed to be interfered with; put both under a Secretary of State conspicuously distinguished by want of tact, and the result must be somebody's resignation, if not the resignation of all three. In this case Curzon went, and the Government, which by that time had shed Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire and a dozen or so minor lights, went too a few months later. Only Kitchener was left, and he continued to go on his masterful way, apparently on the best of terms with Lord Minto, until the end of his term of office in 1909.

As to the general question of the subordination of the military power to the civil, it was thrown into the melting pot in 1914, and no one can yet foretell in what shape it will emerge after the fiery trial of war. But it may be noted that Lord Morley, the next Secretary of State for India, though he probably agreed with Lord Curzon about nothing else in the wide world, was at one with him as to the justice of his contention that the civil power should be supreme over the military.

Lord Curzon came home at the end of 1905. He had remained, by request, to receive the then Prince and Princess of Wales, who visited India that autumn. For a couple of years he did little public work. They were marked by domestic sorrow, for Lady Curzon died in 1906 after a lingering illness. In 1908 he became Chancellor of Oxford University and was also elected a representative peer for Ireland. Henceforward he took an active part in debates and became a leading figure in the Upper House.

He also shed the light of his countenance upon

meetings of the Society for opposing Women's Suffrage, where he frequently presided in his best Viceregal manner. But when in 1917 the Reform Bill, which gave women the vote, was sent up to the Lords, backed by a strong majority in the Commons, he disappointed his anti-suffrage friends by withdrawing his opposition. People wondered what had converted him ; but probably his action was only a sign of the times, an acknowledgment that to the clearly expressed will of the people even Viceroys must bow.

CHAPTER IV

RAJAH BROOKE AND STAMFORD RAFFLES

JAMES BROOKE (1803–68) must have been one of the very few boys who have lived to see the dream of every boy come true. How many others are there who could fit up a ship, train a crew of bold mariners, sail with them to fight the pirates and become absolute monarch of an island State? And yet all this befell the adventurous young soldier of John Company in the Eastern Archipelago and in the reign of Queen Victoria.

He was born at Coombe Grove, near Bath, in 1803, the second son of Thomas Brooke, a servant of the East India Company. His mother, though shy and retiring, was a woman of character, and he received an excellent early training both from her and from his father's mother, with whom he lived at Reigate after he was sent home from India in 1815. Children stayed longer then in the East with their parents than is the custom now. Young Brooke was already twelve years old, and his English school-life could only be short, as he was intended for the Indian Army. He went to the old Grammar School at Norwich, where he seems to have been a leader amongst the boys. Valpy taught him classics, and old Crome taught him drawing, so he did not suffer from lack of distinction amongst his teachers; but his own chief title to remembrance in the school was the manner of his leaving it, for after one boy had run away to sea, he announced

his intention of doing likewise and was conducted by a procession of his admiring schoolfellows to the coach.

In May 1819 he got his commission in the Bengal Army and went out to join his regiment. For a few years he had no special history. In 1825 he was sent with his regiment to the valley of the Brahmaputra on the outbreak of the Burmese War. There he was somewhat seriously wounded and went home on prolonged leave, some of which was spent in European travel. On his return to India some years later, he resigned his commission. His family were in comfortable circumstances, and he chafed under orders. His ambition was to range far afield, especially in the East, and the voyage which he made, after resigning, through the Eastern Archipelago and along the Chinese coast determined the course of his future life. The scenery impressed him enormously; his letters home are full of it. He was ready to take any sort of risk. With a few other kindred spirits, he got into Canton in disguise during the Feast of Lanterns, a most dangerous escapade from which the party narrowly escaped with their lives.

His father's death in 1835 left him possessed of £30,000, and he determined to build and equip a yacht and to adventure his fortunes amongst the pirates of the East Indian islands. He had before this made an unsuccessful trading voyage to the China seas in the *Findlay*, a ship which his father bought for him somewhat reluctantly. The ship was too large and the command was divided. In looking back to this voyage, he says that "the project was in itself bold and hazardous. The description of vessel made it necessary to obtain returns very different from the ordinary routine of trade; and from the debt carelessly incurred at her outfit, this necessity was increased sevenfold." He goes on to say that he could

only have recouped himself by laying in a mixed cargo of dangerous goods, such as guns and powder, likely to be attractive to savages, and trade of that kind was not to his taste.

This time, in *The Royalist*, he hoped to do better. He chose the crew carefully, trained them himself for three years, and when both they and the yacht were fully tested, set sail in 1838 for the Indian Ocean. In a long Memorandum on the objects of his expedition he explains that he intended to carry on and extend the policy of Sir Stamford Raffles, the conqueror of Java and founder of Singapore.

Stamford Raffles (1781–1826).

A word must be said here of this interesting earlier Empire-maker, whose career bears a striking resemblance to that of Brooke and illustrates again the wonderful chances there were in those days for young men of spirit. Raffles, like Brooke, was a servant of the East India Company; but he started without Brooke's advantages of wealth and education. He was the son of a sea-captain and was born in 1781, on a merchantman. At the age of only fourteen he got temporary work in the East India Company's service and five years later became a junior clerk on their establishment. In 1805 he went to Penang and on his way out mastered the Malay grammar. It proved the way to rapid promotion. The illness of a colleague gave him a chance. From "acting secretary" he became secretary, as well as Malay interpreter. During a spell of illness he went to Malacca, mixed freely with the natives, learned their views and conveyed them in a direct letter to Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India. The result was a reversal of the East India Company's timid proposals of evacuation and the preservation of Malacca to the British Crown.

Raffles was still under thirty when he induced Lord Minto to undertake the conquest of Java, and he became its first Lieutenant-Governor. For five years he ruled it with splendid results, reducing and abolishing port dues and restraints on trade and yet increasing the revenue eightfold. It was his ambition to make Java the centre of a British Eastern Empire; but a timid Home Government gave it back to Holland in 1816. This destroyed Raffles's project of an alliance with the Japanese, whom he described as "a highly polished people, considerably advanced in science, highly inquisitive and full of penetration." Here is an interesting anticipation of the policy of the twentieth century, but the conception was too bold for 1816.

In 1817 Raffles, now knighted, was sent to administer Sumatra. He was frequently in conflict with the Dutch, whose efforts to obtain a monopoly of the East India trade he never ceased to combat. His boldest stroke against them was the acquisition for Britain of the site of Singapore, and the founding thereon of that city in 1819. In his later years he contributed largely to the foundation of the Zoological Society in London by the gift of his fine Sumatra collection. He died suddenly in 1826 on his forty-fifth birthday.

Brooke in Borneo.

With this example before him, Brooke set out for Borneo, where the British already held a strip of the northern coast, but where the same weakness of administration as had lost Sumatra and Java in Raffles's days were threatening also to relax their hold on the larger island. "The policy of the British in the Indian Archipelago has been marked by vacillation and weakness," says Brooke. "The East India Company, with a strong desire to rival the Dutch, aimed at doing so by indirect and underhand means. . . . It was in vain

that Sir Stamford Raffles urged on them a line of conduct which, had it been pursued, must eventually have insured the ascendancy of the British over the space from Borneo to New Holland."

Great Britain had had a settlement in Borneo since the seventeenth century. It was lost, but another was gained by treaty in 1774. This was destroyed by the natives, a bold and fearless set of pirates who rendered navigation, whether for British or Dutch, exceedingly perilous and trade almost impossible. From time to time the various Sultans of the island appealed for help to Dutch or British, and in return made concessions of territory which might, or might not, be maintained. After Raffles had founded Singapore greater efforts were made to keep on good terms with the Sultans for the sake of trade. Some of them were favourable to the British, and amongst these was the Raja Muda Hassim, uncle of the reigning Sultan of Brunei. To him Brooke proposed to address himself; and on his arrival he was warmly received. Muda Hassim hoped to get support from his presence, and was especially anxious to learn which was the stronger, Great Britain or Holland—which, in fact, was the rat and which the cat. Naturally Brooke told him that Britain was the cat!

Muda Hassim was engaged in hostilities with revolting Dyak tribes of the interior. Brooke offered his help, and at the head of his crew and a small force of Javanese he took part in a successful battle. For this he was granted the title of Raja of Sarawak, and the existing Raja was turned out. But Brooke had to threaten to use force before Muda Hassim kept his promises and got the Sultan to sign the concession.

For five years Brooke was engaged in introducing reforms into his province and in stopping the exactions of the Malays. In 1843 he could write: "The Dyaks

—*the poor oppressed Dyaks*—are quite fat and happy-looking; it maketh me complacent to witness it." But until the pirates were tracked to their lairs and as far as possible exterminated, neither peace nor prosperity was possible for Borneo. Many expeditions were undertaken with the help and co-operation of British men-of-war. The British Government offered "head-money" to those who took part in these expeditions; but this occasioned trouble later, owing to the alleged encouragement thereby afforded to indiscriminate head-hunting. Brooke was furiously attacked about it during a visit to England in 1851; and though the charges were regarded as "not proven," he was deprived of the governorship of Labuan, the island near Borneo, which had been conferred on him in 1847. Head-money was afterwards abolished.

He had been made a K.C.B. in 1848 during a visit home. At the same time he had arranged for a Church of England Mission to come out and help him in his work of civilization. Mr. McDougall, afterwards Bishop of Sarawak—"the fighting Bishop"—was its first head. It fell to his lot to have to help more than once in the defence of the Mission settlements when they were attacked by pirate hordes.

The civilizing work which Brooke did in Borneo is beyond dispute. The enlistment of native allies to help him to fight the pirates was, as he himself wrote, essential, unless Great Britain was prepared to increase her naval estimates and give more efficient help. No doubt native allies sometimes commit regrettable acts; but would it have been better to let the pirates work their will? Let him speak in his own defence, as he did in an outspoken private letter to his friend Mr. Temple: "It is true that war causes loss of life, and that many pirates lost their lives in fighting or in flight It is equally true that many unoffending people

would have lost their lives had the pirates been spared. . . . One severe lesson has nearly ended the system and has led to the submission of the pirates; undo what has been done, and the loss of life would be yearly larger than it has been to the pirates this year, and with the *slight difference* that it would fall on the unoffending instead of the offending."

No wonder that he could face his detractors with courage, a quality in which he was always conspicuous. In 1867, when his house in Sarawak was burnt by Chinese pirates, he attacked them with quite a small force, recovered the town of Kuching, and put the pirates to flight. In old age he retired to England and died in Devonshire, leaving to his nephew and successor the task of governing a now flourishing Bornese settlement.

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INDEX

Acadia, conquest of 35.
Afghanistan, Amirs of 296.
Afghan Wars 119, 285, 287, 289, 291, 296
African exploration 93–101.
,, Transcontinental Telegraph Co. 146.
Afrikander Bond 141, 150, 181, 186.
Alabama incident 64.
Alexandria, bombardment of (1882) 248, 261.
,, , riot at (1912) 269.
Allan, Sir Hugh 65, 75.
Alverstone, 1st Baron 87.
American Revolution 39–41.
Aminchand 277.
Antarctic continent, early views of 197.
Anwar-ud-din, Nawab 275.
Arabi Pasha 248, 250.
Arcot, siege of 275.
Ashburton, 1st Baron 244.
Asquith, H. H. 8, 10–11, 21, 270.
Assam, province of 305.
Assaye, battle of 281.
Atbara, battle of 264–5.
Athenian Empire 26.
Atkinson, Sir Harry 223–4.
Australia, Commonwealth of 208–19.
,, , exploration of 104–5, 193–8.
Australia, future of 219.
,, , history of 193–219.
Austrian Succession, war of the 274–5.

Bain treaty 190.
Baker, Sir Samuel White 97–8, 234.
Balfour, A. J. 8–10.
Ballance, John 224–5.
Banks, Sir Joseph 196.
Baring, Sir Evelyn : *see* Cromer, 1st Earl.
Barnato, Barney : *see* Isaacs, Barnett.
Barton, Sir Edmund 208, 211.
Barttelot, Major E. M. 101.
Basutoland, settlement of 136, 237.
Beaconsfield, 1st Earl of 17–18, 69, 84, 149, 246–7, 307.
Bechuanaland, annexation of 135–7.
Bengal, army of 119, 285.
,, , Clive's conquest of 276–80.
,, , partition of 302–6.
,, , people of 304–5.
,, , Eastern 304.
Bennett, James Gordon 99.
Beyers, Gen. 174, 190.
Blake, Edward 82.

Bloemfontein Conference 152, 183.
Blunt, Wilfrid 256–7.
Bombay Bank, failure of 122–3.
Bonar Law, A. 8, 20–2.
Borden, Sir Robert L. 84–92.
Borneo, British rule in 316–19.
Botany Bay, discovery of 196.
Botha, Gen. Louis 159, 162–76, 183, 186, 191, 268.
"Bounty immigrants" 199, 202.
Bourassa, Henri 90.
Brand, Pres. J. H. 141.
British Empire, character of 115–16, 121, 191–2, 219.
,, ,, , extension of 109, 134–40.
,, ,, , future of 31, 191–2, 219.
,, ,, , influence of 69, 121.
,, North American Act 62, 73.
,, South Africa Company 139.
Brodrick, W. St. John: *see* Midleton, 9th Viscount.
Brooke, Rajah James 313–9.
Brougham & Vaux, 1st Baron 49, 51–2.
Brown, George 61, 79.
Buller, Charles, M.P. 49, 52, 56–7.
,, , Sir Redvers 165.
Bulwer Lytton, Sir E.: *see* Lytton, Sir E. Bulwer.
Burgoyne, General 40.
Burke, R. O'H. 198.
Burmese War (1825) 287, 289, 314.
Burnham, 1st Baron 99.
Burton, Sir Richard 96–7.
Butler, Sir William 152, 233–4.

Cabot, John 33.
Calcutta, Black Hole of 276.
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry 158–9, 167, 171, 186.
Canada Act (1840) 31, 56.
,, , Dominion of 62.
Canadian history 33–92.
,, Pacific Railway 65–7, 74–7.
Canning, 1st Earl 285, 288, 295.
Carleton, Guy: *see* Dorchester, 1st Baron.
Carnarvon, 1st Earl of 109, 111–12, 117, 123–5.
Carrington, Sir Frederick 145.
Cartier, Sir Georges E. 61, 65.
,, , Jacques 33.
Cawnpore, relief of 290–1.
Cecil, Lord Robert 24–5.
Cetywayo 125–7, 163.
Chamberlain, Austen 18–20.
,, , Joseph 19, 143, 149–61, 185, 311.
Champlain, Samuel de 34.
Champlain, Lake, 34 40.
Chartered Company 137–40, 143.
Chatham, 1st Earl of 279.
Chatham Islands, sale of 107.
Chelmsford, 2nd Baron 124, 126.
Chinese labour 157–8, 167–8, 186–7, 226.
,, War (1860) 231–3.
Chitral expedition 301–2.
Cholmondeley, Henrietta 47.
Churchill, Winston, M.P. 14–15.
Clark, Champ 87.
Clemenceau, Georges 12.
Clergy reserves (Canada) 45, 55, 60.

Clive, Robert, 1st Baron 273–81, 284.
Colley, Sir George 128.
Colonial government, methods of 108–9, 111–16, 117, 123, 203.
Colonization, principles of 27–9, 54–7, 113–16.
Commonwealth of Australia 208–19.
Concentration camps, South African 155.
Conder, C. R. 260–1.
Congo State 99, 237–8.
Connaught, Arthur, Duke of 269.
Conscription (Australia) 218; (Canada) 90–1.
Constitutional Act (Canada, 1791) 42, 45.
"Continuous Ministry, The" 223.
Convict settlements 198–200, 202.
Cook, Capt. James 195–8.
,, , Sir Joseph 212, 215–16, 218.
Coote, Sir Eyre 278.
Cromer, 1st Earl 238–40, 244–58, 263–4, 268.
Curzon of Kedleston, 1st Earl 8, 268–9, 298–312.
Cyprus survey 261.

Daily Telegraph 99.
Dalhousie, 11th Earl of 120–1, 284–5, 287.
Dampier, William 193–5.
Deakin, Alfred 210–15, 226.
De Beers mines 132–4.
Deccan College 122.
,, wars 274–6.
Défricheur, Le 81.
De la Rey, Gen. 166, 172, 174.
Delhi, siege of (1857) 288, 293–4.
Deportation 51, 190.
Derby, 17th Earl of 23.
De Villiers, 1st Baron 170.
Devonshire, 8th Duke of 311.
De Wet, Christian 166, 170, 172, 174, 176, 191.
Diamond industry, South African 132–4, 136.
Dinizulu 163.
Diplomacy, colonial share in 64, 192.
Disraeli, Benjamin: *see* Beaconsfield, 1st Earl of.
Dominion Act: *see* British North American Act.
Dorchester, 1st Baron 33–43.
Dorion, Eric 81.
Dufferin, 1st Marquess of 65, 249, 251, 298.
Dupleix, Joseph François 275.
Durbar, Coronation 306–7.
Durham, 1st Earl of 30, 44–57.
Dutch East Indies 194–5, 315–317
Dyak tribes 317–19.

East India Company 274, 276, 279–80, 295, 315–17.
Edinburgh, Duke of 112.
Egypt, modern history of 245–67, 269–70.
Egyptian Debt, Commission of the 245–8, 252–4.
Elgin, 8th Earl of 59, 295.
,, , 9th Earl of 300, 302.
Ellenborough, 1st Baron 284.
Elles, Sir Edward 309.
Elphinstone, Mountstuart 120, 282–3.
Emigration, State-aided 28.
,, to Australia 199.

Emigration to Canada 56.
Emin Pasha 101.
Emmet, Cheere 163.
Empire, conceptions of 25–31, 121, 134–5, 149, 171, 191–2, 219.
Eothen (Kinglake) 250.
" Ever-victorious " Army 231.
Eyre, Governor E. J. 198, 245.

Family Compact, The 46, 55.
Fashoda incident 267.
Federation, Australian 114, 205, 210–11.
,, , Canadian 55, 61, 79.
,, , Imperial 91–2, 191–192.
,, , South African 112–115, 169–70, 188–9, 191–2.
Fisher, Andrew 213–17.
Fishery rights, Canadian 64, 87.
Forde, Francis 279.
Fort Garry : *see* Winnipeg.
France, New 35–6.
Franco-German War (1870) 260
Fraser, Sir Andrew 303.
Free Trade in Australia 204–5, 209.
,, ,, in Canada 82–3.
,, ,, , theory of 29, 160.
French, 1st Viscount 183–4.
Frere, Sir Bartle 54, 115–29.
,, , John Hookham 118.
Friends of the People, The 47.
Frontenac, Comte de 35.
Frontier question, Indian 301–2
Froude, John Anthony 124–5.
Fuller, Sir Bampfylde 305.
Fur trade, Canadian 33–4, 71–2.

Gallipoli Report 258.
Gawler, Governor 105.
George, David Lloyd : *see* Lloyd George.
Germain, Lord George 40.
German East Africa 135, 191.
,, Empire 27, 100.
,, South West Africa 147, 173–6, 191.
Germany, War with (1914) 89–91, 173–6, 190–2, 216, 259, 270–1.
Girouard, Sir Percy 263.
Gladstone, 1st Viscount 19, 172.
,, , W. E. 84, 109, 128, 204, 218, 222, 238, 247–9.
Glenelg, 1st Baron 53.
Glen Grey Act 142, 181.
Gold mining, Australian 208, 221.
,, ,, , South African 142–3, 157, 168, 172–3, 189.
Gordon, Gen. C. G. 136–7, 229–43, 251–2, 259, 262–3.
Gorst, Sir Eldon 268–9.
Goshen, republic of 136.
Grant, James Augustus 97.
Granville, 2nd Earl 251–2.
Grenfell, 1st Baron 254, 263.
Grey, 2nd Earl 48.
,, , Sir George 30, 102–16, 142, 202, 205, 220–3.
,, of Falloden, 1st Viscount 15–18.
,, College (Bloemfontein) 112.
Griqualand West, annexation of 133, 136.
Groote Schuur 147, 171, 176.

Habitants 36, 38, 45.
Haldane, 1st Viscount 16, 168.
Hall, Sir John 223.
Havelock, Sir Henry 286, 289–91.

Hertzog, Gen. 170, 172–3, 189.
Het Volk 168, 186.
Hicks-Beach, Sir Michael 126.
Hicks Pasha 238, 249, 251.
Hobson, Governor 106–7.
Hofmeyr, J. H. 141, 150, 181.
Hopetoun, 7th Earl of 210–11.
Howe, Joseph 63.
Hudson Bay Company 63, 70–4
Hughes, William Morris 214, 217–19.
Humanitarianism, effects of 30, 225.

Immigration, state aided 199–200, 202, 204, 205.
Imperial Cadet Corps 307.
,, defence 88, 168, 172–3, 189, 212–13, 215–19, 226, 269.
,, preference 83–4, 160, 212, 226.
,, War Cabinet 91, 219, 227.
Imperialism 25, 29, 109, 114–16, 149, 219, 226, 298.
India, future of 31.
,, , history of 273–312.
,, , overland route to 118–19
Indian Civil Service 280, 285, 303–4.
,, Criminal Code 283.
,, Mutiny 110–11, 119, 121–122, 284–95.
Irrigation, Australian 212.
,, , Egyptian 253.
,, , Indian 119, 296.
,, , South African 156.
Isaacs, Barnett 134.
Isandhlwana, battle of 126.
Ismail, Khedive 234–5, 246–8, 255, 263.

Jacob, Major John 119, 122.
Jafar Ali Khan 277–8.
Jameson, Starr Leander 139, 144–5, 150, 164, 170.
Java, British rule in 316.
Jesuits as missionaries 34.
Johannesburg, growth of 142–3.
,, , strikes at 173, 189–90.
Joubert, Piet 164–5.

Kaffir Wars 110–11, 124.
Kanchipuram, battle of 275.
Karachi, harbour of 121.
Kasim Ali Khan 279.
Khartoum, Gordon besieged in 239–43.
,, , Kitchener captures 264.
Kimberley, foundation of 132–134.
,, , siege of 146.
Kitchener of Khartoum, 1st Earl 22, 133, 166, 254–5, 258, 259–71, 308–11.
Kruger, Paul 142–4, 152.

Labour Party, Australian 209–12, 214–18.
Labuan, Governorship of 318.
Lambton, John George: *see* Durham, 1st Earl of.
,, , William Henry 47.
Land system, colonial 55, 105–6, 222–3.
Laurier, Sir Wilfrid 79–91.
Law, A. Bonar: *see* Bonar Law
Lawrence, Sir Henry 285–9, 291–2.
,, , John, 1st Baron 285–8, 293–4, 295–7.

Lawson, Edward: *see* Burnham, 1st Baron.
Leonard, Charles 144.
Li Hung Chang 232.
Linlithgow, 1st Marquess of: *see* Hopetoun, 7th Earl of.
Livingstone, David 94–6, 98–9, 142.
Lloyd George, David 8, 11–14, 21, 217.
Lo-bengula 137–40.
Long, Walter 24.
Loyalists, United Empire 41, 44–6, 198.
Lucknow, relief of 288–9, 291.
Lyne, Sir William 210–11.
Lyttelton, Alfred 157, 167, 186.
Lytton, Sir E. Bulwer 109, 111–12.

Macdonald, Sir John A. 58–69, 76, 79, 82–3, 201.
McDougall, Bishop (of Sarawak) 318.
McGee, D'Arcy 62.
Mackenzie, Alexander 82.
,, , Thomas 227.
,, , William Lyon 46.
Mahdi, The 238, 243, 249, 266.
Mahmoud (Mahdist emir) 264, 266.
Mahratta Wars 281–2.
Majuba Hill, battle of 128, 133, 153.
Malay states, early history of 315–19.
Manchester school 29.
Manitoba, incorporation of 63, 73.
Maori Wars 107–8, 113–14, 220.
Maritz, Col. Solomon 172, 174, 190–1.
Martin, Sir William 108.
Mashonaland, acquisition of 137–40.
Massey, W. F. 217, 227.
Matabeleland, acquisition of 137–40.
Matabele Wars 140, 145–6.
Matoppo Hills 130, 145, 147.
Mayo, 6th Earl of 296.
Melbourne, 2nd Viscount 44, 46, 52.
Melbourne Age, 212.
Mercier, Honoré 67.
Merriman, J. X. 170.
Meyer, Lukas 164–5.
Michell, Sir Lewis 124.
Midleton, 9th Viscount 309–11.
Milner, 1st Viscount 8, 149–62, 166–7, 185–6, 257, 268, 298.
Minto, 1st Earl of 284, 315.
Missionaries in Africa 93–6.
,, in Canada 34–5.
Mixed Tribunals, Egyptian 253.
Modern Egypt (Cromer) 245, 251, 256–7.
Moffat, Robert 94–5.
Molteno, J. C. 124.
Monroe doctrine 219.
Montagu, Edwin S., 20, 24.
Morley of Blackburn, 1st Viscount 152, 311.
Mountstephen, 1st Baron 75.
Muda Hassim, Raja 317.
Murray, Governor James 36–7.

Nana Sahib 285, 290.
Napier, Sir C. J. 284–5.
Napoleon, Louis (Prince Imperial) 127.
Native races, treatment of 100–1, 105, 111–12, 142, 171, 182, 191, 237.
Navy Bill, Canadian 89.

Navy, colonial contributions to 88–9, 172, 212, 215–16.
New Holland: *see* Australia.
,, South Wales, history of 196, 202–7.
New York Herald 99.
New Zealand, discovery of 196.
,, ,, , history of 106–9, 113–14, 220–7.
,, ,, Company 50, 106–7, 220.
Nicholson, John 286, 288, 291–292.
Nightingale, Florence 296.
Nile exploration 96–8.
Northbrook, 1st Earl of 244–5, 253.
Northern Pacific Railway 76.
North-West Passage 197.
Nubar Pasha 255.

Omdurman, battle of 264.
Ominchund: *see* Aminchand.
Opportunism 187.
Orange Free State 109, 141, 163, 172.
Osman Digna 262.
Outram, Sir James 291
Oxford University, Curzon Chancellor of 306, 311; Rhodes' estimate of 133, 147.
Oxley, John 197–8.

Pacific, future of the 109, 219, 226–7.
,, Railway Scandal 65, 75.
Palestine exploration 260–1.
Palmer, Sir Power 308.
Palmerston, 3rd Viscount 18, 48.
Papineau, Louis 46, 51.
Parkes, Sir Henry 201–7, 213.
Pelsaert, Francis 194.
Peters, Karl 101.
Phillip, Governor Arthur 199.
Pieters Hill, battle of 165.
Pitt, William (Elder): *see* Chatham, 1st Earl of.
Plassey, battle of 278.
Port Royal (Canada) 34.
Pretoria, Convention of 128.

Quebec, Dorchester's capture of 40.
,, , founding of 34.
,, , Wolfe's capture of 36.
,, Act 38.

"Radical Jack": *see* Durham, 1st Earl of.
Raffles, Sir Stamford 315–16.
Rebellion Losses Bill (Canada) 59.
Reciprocity question (Canada) 67–8, 83, 87–8.
Red River Rebellion 63, 72–4, 81.
Reform Bill (1832) 48.
Reid, Sir George Houston 206–10, 218.
Revelstoke, 1st Baron 244.
Rhodes, Cecil John 130–48, 150–1, 181–2, 237.
,, , Col. Frank 132.
,, , Herbert 131.
,, scholarships 147.
Rhodesia, acquisition of 135–40, 145–7.
Riaz Pasha 247.
Richelieu, Cardinal 34.
Riel, Louis 63, 67, 73, 81.
Ripon, 1st Marquess of 237, 298.
Roberts, 1st Earl 154, 165, 183, 267, 308.

Robinson, Sir Hercules: *see* Rosmead, 1st Baron.
Robinson Crusoe (Defoe), 193, 195.
Roman Empire 26.
Rosebery, 1st Earl of 69, 160, 264.
Rosmead, 1st Baron 138, 150.
Rowlands, John: *see* Stanley, Sir H. M.
Russell, Lord John 30, 49, 52, 56.

St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway 76.
Sale, Sir R. H. 287, 289, 292.
Salisbury, 3rd Marquess of 298–9, 301–2.
Salisbury (Rhodesia), foundation of 140
Saratoga, surrender at 41.
Sarawak, Raja of 317.
Sattara, annexation of 120–1, 284–5.
Sauer, J. W. 137, 170.
Schreiner, W. P. 152.
Scott, Thomas, execution of 63, 74.
Seddon, Richard John 220–6.
Selborne, 2nd Earl of 159, 167–169, 185–6, 188–9.
Selkirk, Alexander 195.
Selwyn, Bishop G. A. 108.
Seven Years War 36.
Shepstone, Sir Theophilus 110, 124, 126–7.
Shipping strike, Australian 213, 224.
Sikh Wars 285, 288–9.
Simpson, Sir George 71.
Sind, Amirs of 121.
Singapore, foundation of 315–16.
Slave Trade, African 95, 97, 235–6, 252, 255.
Smith, Donald A.: *see* Strathcona, 1st Baron.
Smuts, Gen. J. C. 153, 168, 170, 173, 177–92.
Socialism, state 224–5.
Soudan settlement 97, 234–7, 243, 249, 251–2, 263–4.
South Africa, history of 109–13, 123–8, 130–92.
,, ,, , Union of 134, 146, 169–71, 181, 187–8.
,, African War 139, 146, 153–7, 164–6, 182–8, 226.
,, Australia, beginnings of 105–6.
Speke, John Hanning 96–7.
Sprigg, Sir Gordon 124.
Stanley, Sir Henry Morton 98–101.
Steevens, G. W. 265–6.
Stellaland, republic of 136.
Stephen, George: *see* Mountstephen, 1st Baron.
Stewart, John 70.
Steyn, President 166, 170.
Storks, Sir Henry 245.
Strachan, John 46.
Strathcona, 1st Baron 66, 70–8.
Strathcona's Horse 77.
Stuart, Alexander 210.
,, , John McDouall 198.
Sturt, Capt. Charles 198.
Suraj-ud-Dowlah, Nawab 276–278.
Sydenham, 1st Baron 56, 59.

Taiping rebellion 231–3.
Tariff Reform movement 160–161.

Tasmania, discovery of 194.
Tel-el-Kebir, battle of 249, 251, 254, 261.
Tewfik, Khedive 246, 248, 254.
Thesiger, General F. A.: *see* Chelmsford, 2nd Baron.
Thompson, C. E. Poulett: *see* Sydenham, 1st Baron.
Tibetan mission (1903) 302.
Tien Wang 231.
Torres, Luis de 194.
Transvaal, history of 109–10, 124–7, 142–4, 151–9, 164–70, 182–8.
Tupper, Sir Charles 77, 86.
Turton, Thomas 49.

Ubombo, battle of 163–4.
Uitlander controversy 133, 142–3, 152–4.
Umgeni (s.s.) 190.
Union of South Africa 134, 146, 169–71, 181, 187–8.
Utrecht, Peace of 35.

Van Diemen's Land: *see* Tasmania.
Vereeniging, Treaty of 23, 155, 166, 184.
Viceroy, Indian, position of 295, 298, 300–1, 308–11.
Victoria (Aus.), history of 212.
Vryheid, republic of 164.

Waitangi, Treaty of 106–7.
Wakefield, Edward Gibbon 29, 50, 51, 56, 103–4, 106.
Walfisch Bay 175.
Ward, Sir Joseph 226–7.
War Office, British 109–11, 255, 259, 266, 270–1, 301.
Warren, Sir Charles 136.
Washington, Treaty of (1871) 64.
Watson, Admiral Charles 277.
,, , John Christian 213–14
Wellington, 1st Duke of 252, 281–2.
Wentworth, W. C. 203.
West Australia, beginnings of 104–5.
White, Sir George 165.
Wills, W. J. 198.
Wilson, Major Allan 140.
,, , Sir Charles 242, 261.
,, , President Woodrow 178, 192.
Wingate, Sir Reginald 254.
Winnipeg 73.
Wolfe, General 36, 37, 294.
Wolseley, 1st Viscount 63, 74, 127–8, 239, 248, 261.
Woman Suffrage 225, 258, 312.
Wood, Sir Evelyn 126, 254, 261.

Xavier de Laval Montmorency, François, 35.

Zulu Wars 110, 125–8, 163–4.

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